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THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK
OF POETRY.

THE HISTORY OF

OF ROME

THE
HOUSEHOLD BOOK
OF
POETRY.

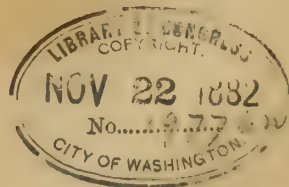
COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

CHARLES A. DANA.

A NEW EDITION—THOROUGHLY REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED.

With Illustrations.



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P R E F A C E .

THIS collection was first published in 1857, and has now for the second time been carefully revised and enlarged. Some two hundred poems, mostly modern, are now for the first time included in its pages; and, while a number that were included in the previous editions have been omitted, it is not believed that any one which can justly be described as of the very highest quality will be missed.

The public approbation of the work having been evinced, not only in the popular favor with which it has been received, but in the numerous other collections which have been more or less modelled upon it, the original purpose and arrangement have been carefully preserved in preparing it in the present more comprehensive form.

This purpose is, to comprise within the bounds of a single volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language. In executing this design, it has been the constant endeavor of the editor to exercise a catholic as well as a severe taste, and to judge every piece upon its artistic merits solely, without regard to the name, nationality, or epoch of its author. An especial effort has also been made to give every poem entire and unmutilated, as well as in the most authentic version which could be procured; though the earliest edition of an author has sometimes been preferred to a later one, in which the alterations have not always seemed to be improvements.

The arrangement of the book may be thought somewhat peculiar, but it is hoped that it will be found convenient for the reader, and not altogether devoid

of æsthetic congruity. The editor also flatters himself that, in classifying so many immortal productions of genius according to their own ideas and motives, rather than according to their chronology, the nativity or sex of their authors, or any other merely external order, he has exhibited the incomparable richness of our language in this department of literature quite as successfully as if he had followed the methods more frequently adopted in such compilations.

That every reader should find in these pages every one of his favorite poems, is perhaps too much to expect; but it is believed that, of those on which the unanimous verdict of the intelligent has set the seal of indisputable greatness, none of any epoch, whether of English, Scottish, Irish, or American origin, will be found wanting. With these remarks, this new edition of the work is submitted to the public, in the confident hope that, like its predecessors, it may be admitted as the familiar friend of many households, and become a daily companion both of young and old.

November, 1882.

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Clare, John.		Cornwall, Barry (BRYAN WALLER PROCTER).	
Born in Northamptonshire, England, July 13, 1793; died in 1864.		Born in Wiltshire, England, in 1787; died in London, Oct. 5, 1874.	
July	43	The Blood Horse	61
Claudius, Matthias. (GERMAN.)		The Sea	66
Born near Lubeck, Germany, in 1743; died in 1815.		The Stormy Petrel	67
Night Song. (<i>C. T. Brooks's translation.</i>)	100	The Hunter's Song	86
Clough, Arthur Hugh.		A Song for the Seasons	108
Born in Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1819; died in Florence, Italy, Nov. 13, 1861.		Song—Love me if I live	272
Qua Cursum Ventus	169	The Poet's Song to his Wife	343
Where Lies the Land	648	Softly Woo away her Breath	528
Despondency Rebuked	652	The Mother's Last Song	537
No More	738	Peace! What do Tears Avail?	541
Coffin, Robert Barry.		A Bridal Dirge	553
Lives in New York.		Hermione	676
Ships at Sea	647	A Poet's Thought	695
Coleridge, Hartley (son of S. T. COLERIDGE).		A Petition to Time	736
Born near Bristol, England, Sept. 19, 1796; died Jan. 19, 1849.		Sit down, Sad Soul	769
Song—The Lark	12	Life	769
November	94	Cotton, Charles.	
Song—She is not fair	250	Born in Derbyshire, England, in 1630; died in 1687.	
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.		The Retirement	49
Born in Devonshire, England, Oct. 21, 1772; died July 25, 1834.		Cotton, Nathaniel.	
The Nightingale	40	Born in St. Albans, England, in 1731; died in 1788.	
Hymn before Sunrise	110	The Fireside	341
Love	224	Cowley, Abraham.	
Cologne	460	Born in London in 1618; died July 28, 1667.	
The Devil's Thoughts	460	The Garden	46
Song—Hear, sweet spirit	595	The Chronicle	283
Rime of the Ancient Mariner	615	On Solitude	733
Kubla Khan	614	Cowper, William.	
Dejection: an Ode	726	Born in Hertfordshire, England, Nov. 15, 1731; died April 25, 1800.	
The Good Great Man	742	Boadicea	355
Collins, Ann.		Diverting History of John Gilpin	452
Lived in England about 1650.		On the Loss of the Royal George	519
The Winter being Over	706	Verses, supposed to be written by Alex. Selkirk	641
Collins, William.		On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture	653
Born in Chichester, England, Dec. 25, 1720; died in 1766.		Human Frailty	741
Ode to Evening	97	Joy and Peace in Believing	822
Ode—How sleep the brave	384	The Future Peace and Glory of the Church	835
Dirge in Cymbeline	551	Light Shining out of Darkness	844
The Passions	671	Walking with God	846
Colman, George, THE YOUNGER.		Craik, Dinah Maria (born MULOCK).	
Born in London, Oct. 21, 1762; died Oct. 26, 1836.		Born in Stoke-upon-Trent, England, in 1826.	
Sir Marmaduke	728	North Wind	106
Congreve, William.		Philip, my King	117
Born in Bardsey, England, in February, 1670; died in London, Jan. 19, 1729.		Too Late	329
The White Rose	248	Cranch, Christopher Pearse.	
Cook, Marc Eugene.		Born in Alexandria, D. C., March 8, 1813; lives in Cambridge, Mass.	
Born in 1854; died in Utica, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1882.		Stanzas—Thought is deeper	715
Nothing New under the Sun	731	Crashaw, Richard.	
Cooke, Philip Pendleton.		Born in Cambridgeshire, England, about 1600; died in 1650.	
Born in Martinsburg, Va., Oct. 26, 1816; died Jan. 20, 1850.		Song—To thy lover	255
Florence Vane	328	Temperance, or the Cheap Physician	719
Cooke, Rose Terry (born TERRY).		On a Prayer-Book	817
Born in Hartford, Conn., where she now lives.		Crawford, Mrs. Julia.	
Trailing Arbutus	31	Born in Ireland; died about 1855.	
Rêve du Midi	50	We Parted in Silence	300
Then	319	Croftut, William Andrews.	
The Fishing-Song	564	Born in Danbury, Conn., in 1836; lives in New York.	
		Clam-Soup	462

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Croly, George.		Dobell, Sydney.	
Born in Dublin in 1780; died in 1860.		Born in Peckham Rye, England, April 5, 1824; died Aug. 24, 1874.	
Leonidas.....	355	How's my Boy?.....	523
Pericles and Aspasia.....	356	Tommy's Dead.....	532
Dirge.....	784		
Cunningham, Allan.		Dobson, Austin.	
Born in Blackwood, Scotland, Dec. 17, 1784; died Dec. 29, 1842.		Born in England in 1840; lives in London.	
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.....	67	The Wanderer.....	287
Thou hast Vowed by thy Faith, my Jeanie.....	267		
The Poet's Bridal-Day Song.....	343	Doddridge, Philip.	
Hame, Hame, Hame.....	380	Born in London, June 26, 1702; died in October, 1751.	
My Ain Countrie.....	381	For New-Year's Day.....	792
Gane were but the Winter Cauld.....	548	God the Everlasting Light of the Saints.....	832
		The Wilderness Transformed.....	836
		How Gracious and how Wise.....	808
Curtis, George William.		Domett, Alfred.	
Born in Providence, R. I., in 1824; lives on Staten Island.		Born in England about 1815; lives in London.	
Egyptian Serenade.....	674	A Christmas Hymn.....	812
Damascenus, St. Joannes. (GREEK.)		Donne, John.	
Born in Damascus; died about 756.		Born in London in 1573; died there, March 21, 1631.	
Hymn. (<i>E. B. Browning's translation.</i>).....	802	A Lecture upon the Shadow.....	247
		The Will.....	775
Dana, Richard Henry.		Douglas of Fingland.	
Born in Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 15, 1787; died in Boston, Feb. 2, 1879.		Lived in Scotland in the seventeenth century.	
The Little Beach-Bird.....	70	Annie Laurie.....	267
Daniel, Samuel.		Dowland, John.	
Born in Somersetshire, England, in 1562; died in October, 1619.		An English musical composer; lived about 1600.	
Love is a Sickness.....	248	Sleep.....	765
To the Lady Margaret.....	704		
Darley, George.		Downing, Mary.	
Born in Dublin in 1785; died in London in 1849.		Born in Cork, Ireland, about 1830.	
The Gambols of Children.....	132	Were I but his own Wife.....	272
Love-Song.....	278		
Sylvia.....	279	Doyle, Sir James Hastings.	
		Born in England in 1810.	
Davis, Thomas Osborne.		The Private of the Buffs.....	415
Born in Mallow, Ireland, in 1814; died in Dublin, Sept. 16, 1845.			
The Welcome.....	272	Drake, Joseph Rodman.	
Fontenoy.....	382	Born in New York, Aug. 7, 1795; died Sept. 21, 1820.	
Davison, Francis.		The American Flag.....	391
Born in Norfolk, England, about 1575; died about 1618.		The Culprit Fay.....	585
Psaln XIII.....	839		
Psaln XXIII.....	840	Drayton, Michael.	
De Vere, Aubrey.		Born in Warwickshire, England, in 1563; died in 1631.	
Born in the county Limerick, Ireland, Dec. 16, 1814.		I give thee Eternity.....	245
Early Friendship.....	163	Let us Kiss and Part.....	256
Song—Sing the old song.....	279	Ballad of Agincourt.....	363
Sonnet—Sad is our youth.....	737		
Derzhavin, Gabriel Romanowitch. (RUSSIAN.)		Drummond, William.	
Born in Kasan, Russia, July 3, 1743; died July 6, 1816.		Born in Hawthornden, Scotland, Nov. 13, 1585; died Dec. 4, 1649.	
God. (<i>J. Bowring's translation.</i>).....	852	Song—Phœbus, arise.....	7
		To the Redbreast.....	107
Dibdin, Charles.		Sonnet—I know that all.....	245
Born in Southampton, England, in 1745; died in 1814.		Sonnets.....	707
Sir Sidney Smith.....	456	Sonnet—Of mortal glory.....	774
Tom Bowling.....	524		
The Anchorsmiths.....	645	Dryden, John.	
Dickens, Charles.		Born in Northamptonshire, England, Aug. 9, 1631; died May 1, 1700.	
Born in Portsmouth, England, Feb. 7, 1812; died June 9, 1870.		Alexander's Feast.....	666
The Ivy Green.....	93		
Diamond, William.		Dufferin, Lady.	
A theatrical manager; born in Bath, England; died in Paris in October, 1837.		Formerly Mrs. Blackwood; granddaughter of R. B. Sheridan; sister of Mrs. Norton; born in Ireland in 1807; died June 13, 1867.	
The Mariner's Dream.....	522	Lament of the Irish Emigrant.....	535
		Dunbar, William.	
		Born in Scotland about 1465; died about 1530.	
		All Earthly Joy returns in Pain.....	629
		Dwight, John Sullivan.	
		Born in Boston, Mass., May 13, 1813.	
		Sweet is the Pleasure.....	715

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Dyer, John.		Gay, John.	
Born in Wales in 1700; died in 1758.		Born in Devonshire, England, in 1688; died Dec. 11, 1782.	
Grongar Hill.....	94	Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan....	215
Eastman, Charles Gamage.		Gilman, Caroline (born HOWARD).	
Born in Fryeburg, Me., June 1, 1816; died in Burlington, Vt., in 1861.		Born in Boston, Mass., in 1794.	
A Snow-Storm.....	527	Annie in the Grave-yard.....	146
Dirge.....	552	Glazier, William Belcher.	
Eliot, George (Mrs. CROSS, born MARIAN EVANS).		Lives in Gardiner, Me.	
Born in Griff, Warwickshire, England, Nov. 22, 1820; died in London, Dec. 22, 1880.		Cape Cottage at Sunset.....	169
Oh, may I join the Choir Invisible.....	780	Glen, William.	
Elliott, Ebenezer.		Born in Glasgow, Scotland, Nov. 14, 1789; died there in December, 1826.	
Born near Sheffield, England, March 17, 1781; died Dec. 1, 1849.		Wae's Me for Prince Charlie.....	380
The Bramble Flower.....	33	Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von. (GERMAN.)	
A Poet's Epitaph.....	560	Born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Aug. 29, 1749; died in Weimar in 1832.	
Emerson, Ralph Waldo.		The Minstrel. (<i>J. C. Mangan's translation.</i>).....	694
Born in Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803; died in Concord, April 27, 1882.		Goldsmith, Oliver.	
The Rhodora.....	31	Born in the county Longford, Ireland, Nov. 29, 1728; died April 4, 1774.	
To the Humble-Bee.....	55	The Hermit.....	212
The Snow-Storm.....	107	Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.....	432
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Ode to Beauty.....	708	The Deserted Village.....	659
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Brahma.....	714	Born in Scotland in 1785; died July 9, 1838.	
Good-bye.....	717	Litany.....	809
Guy.....	718	Hymn—When gathering clouds.....	810
Bacchus.....	719	Gray, David.	
Fable.....	726	Born near Glasgow, Scotland, Jan. 29, 1828; died Dec. 3, 1861.	
Each and All.....	749	Sonnet—Die down, O dismal day!.....	108
The Problem.....	752	Gray, David.	
Faber, Frederick William.		Lives in Buffalo, N. Y.	
Born in England, June 23, 1814; died Sept. 26, 1863.		The Golden Wedding.....	344
The Land beyond the Sea.....	826	Gray, Thomas.	
Fenner, Cornelius George.		Born in London, Dec. 20, 1716; died July 30, 1771.	
Born in Providence, R. I., Dec. 30, 1822; died in Cincinnati, Jan. 4, 1847.		On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.....	137
Gulf-Weed.....	69	The Bard.....	363
Ferguson, Sir Samuel.		Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.....	784
Born in Belfast, Ireland, March 10, 1810; is a barrister in Dublin.		Greene, Robert.	
The Forging of the Anchor.....	645	Born in Norwich, England, about 1560; died Sept. 5, 1592.	
Fields, James Thomas.		Philomela's Ode.....	256
Born in Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 31, 1817; died in Boston, April 24, 1881.		Song—Sweet are the thoughts.....	701
Ballad of the Tempest.....	146	Gregory the Great, St. (LATIN.)	
Dirge for a Young Girl.....	553	Born in Rome about 540; died 604.	
Finch, Francis Miles.		Darkness is Thinning. (<i>J. M. Neale's translation.</i>).....	789
Born in Ithaca, N. Y., June 9, 1827; lives there.		Griffith, George Bancroft.	
The Blue and the Gray.....	398	Lives in Lempster, New Hampshire.	
Fletcher, Giles.		Our Fallen Heroes.....	397
Born in Kent, England, about 1550; died in 1610.		Habington, William.	
Panglory's Wooing Song.....	253	Born in Worcestershire, England, in 1605; died in 1645.	
Fletcher, Phineas.		Castara.....	253
Born in London in 1584; died about 1590.		Night.....	761
Hymn—Drop, drop, slow tears.....	812	Halleck, Fitz-Greene.	
Fortunatus, Venantius. (LATIN.)		Born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; died Nov. 17, 1867.	
A saint of the Latin Church; born near Venice in 530; died about 600.		Marco Bozzaris.....	412
Passion Sunday. (<i>Anonymous translation.</i>).....	800	On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.....	559
Freiligrath, Ferdinand. (GERMAN.)		Hamilton, William.	
Born in Detmold, Germany, June 17, 1810; died March 17, 1876.		Born at Bangour, Scotland, in 1704; died in 1754.	
The Lion's Ride. (<i>Anonymous translation.</i>).....	57	The Braes of Yarrow.....	489

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Harte, Bret.		Hoffman, Charles Fenno.	
Born in Albany, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1839.		Born in New York in 1806.	
Chiquita.....	60	Sparkling and Bright.....	173
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Harte, Walter.		Hogg, James.	
Born in 1700; died in Wales in 1774.		Born in Ettrick, Scotland, in 1770; died Nov. 21, 1835.	
Soliloquy.....	54	The Lark.....	12
Hawker, Robert Stephen.		The Moon was A-Waning.....	523
Born in Plymouth, England, in 1803; died in Cornwall in 1875.		Kilmeny.....	579
Song of the Cornish Men.....	383	Holmes, Oliver Wendell.	
Hazewell, Edward Wentworth.		Born in Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809.	
Born in Massachusetts in 1853; lives in Revere, Mass.		The Chambered Nautilus.....	72
Veteran and Recruit.....	384	A Good Time Coming.....	181
Heber, Reginald.		The Voiceless.....	562
Born in Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783; died in India, April 3, 1836.		The Steamboat.....	642
If thou wert by my Side.....	340	The Last Leaf.....	732
Epiphany.....	797	Hood, Thomas.	
Thou art Gone to the Grave.....	828	Born in London in 1798; died May 3, 1845.	
Heine, Heinrich. (GERMAN.)		Autumn.....	92
Born in Dusseldorf, Germany, Jan. 1, 1800; died in Paris, Feb. 17, 1856.		To a Child Embracing his Mother.....	119
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The Fisher's Cottage. (<i>Leland's translation.</i>).....	641	Fair Ines.....	268
Hemans, Felicia Dorothea (born BROWNE).		Ruth.....	275
Born in Liverpool, England, Sept. 25, 1794; died May 16, 1835.		Serenade.....	277
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Herbert, George.		The Bridge of Sighs.....	536
Born in Wales, April 3, 1593; died in February, 1633.		The Song of the Shirt.....	538
Man.....	757	The Death-Bed.....	541
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Easter.....	801	Song — A lake and a fairy boat.....	596
The Call.....	804	Song — O lady, leave.....	675
The Odor.....	805	Howe, Julia Ward (born WARD).	
The Flower.....	806	Born in New York in 1819.	
Herrick, Robert.		The Dead Christ.....	810
Born in London in 1591; date of death unknown.		Howitt, Mary (born BOTHAM).	
To Violets.....	29	Born in Utttoxeter, England, about 1804.	
To Primroses.....	29	Little Streams.....	25
To Blossoms.....	30	Broom Flower.....	32
To Daffodils.....	30	Cornfields.....	83
To Meadows.....	81	The Fairies of the Caldon Low.....	583
Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler.....	252	Hunt, Leigh.	
Night Piece.....	254	Born in Middlesex, England, Oct. 19, 1784; died Aug. 28, 1859.	
Gather ye Rose-buds.....	333	Chorus of Flowers.....	35
The Hag.....	461	Grasshopper and Cricket.....	54
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Delight in Disorder.....	674	To a Child during Sickness.....	121
To Perilla.....	732	Jaffar.....	168
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To Keep a True Lent.....	816	Jenny Kissed Me.....	293
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Heywood, Thomas.		An Angel in the House.....	769
Lived in England, under Queen Elizabeth and Charles I.		Hunter, Anne (born HOME).	
Song — Pack clouds away.....	12	Born in Hull, England, in 1742; died Jan. 7, 1821.	
Search after God.....	844	Indian Death-Song.....	387
Hill, Thomas.		Hutchinson, Ellen Mackay.	
Born in New Brunswick, N. J., Jan. 7, 1818.		A native of Rochester, N. Y. Lives in New York city.	
The Bobolink.....	15	Harvest.....	79
		A Cry from the Shore.....	648
		Hyslop, James.	
		Born in Scotland, July, 1798; died Dec. 4, 1827.	
		The Cameronian's Dream.....	374

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Ingelow, Jean.		Kingsley, Charles.	
Born in Boston, England, in 1830. Lives in London.		Born in Devonshire, England, June 12, 1819; died in London, Jan. 23, 1875.	
Divided	298	The Knight's Leap.....	386
Ingram, John Kells.		Song—O Mary, go and call the cattle home.....	498
Born in Ireland about 1820. Is a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.		The Fishermen.....	512
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Jackson, Helen Hunt (born FISKE).		Kinney, Coates.	
Born in Amherst, Mass., in 1831.		Born in Yates Co., N. Y., in 1826. Lives in Xenia, O.	
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Johnson, Samuel.		Knox, William.	
Born in Lichfield, England, Sept. 18, 1709; died in London, Dec. 18, 1784.		Born in Firth, Scotland, Aug. 17, 1789; died in Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1825.	
The Vanity of Human Wishes.....	721	Mortality.....	776
Jones, Ernest.		Knowles, Herbert.	
A leading Chartist; lived in England.		Born in Canterbury, England, in 1798; died in 1817.	
Moonrise.....	99	Lines Written in Richmond Churchyard, Yorkshire	778
Jones, Sir William.		Lamb, Charles.	
Born in London, Sept. 28, 1746; died April 27, 1794.		Born in London, Feb. 18, 1775; died Dec. 27, 1834.	
Ode—What constitutes a state.....	418	The Christening.....	114
Jonson, Ben.		The Gipsy's Malison.....	118
Born in London, June 11, 1574; died Aug. 16, 1637.		The Old Familiar Faces.....	170
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Song—Still to be neat.....	674	Lamb, Mary.	
Judson, Emily (born CHUBBUCK).		Born in London in 1765; died May 20, 1847.	
Born in Eaton, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1817; died in Hamilton, N. Y., June 1, 1854.		Choosing a Name.....	114
Watching.....	342	Landon, Lætitia Elizabeth. (Mrs. Maclean.)	
Keats, John.		Born at Chelsea, England, in 1803; died in Africa, Oct. 16, 1838.	
Born in London in 1796; died Feb. 24, 1821.		The Shepherd Boy.....	126
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On the Grasshopper and Cricket.....	54	The Awakening of Endymion.....	279
To Autumn.....	86	Landon, Walter Savage.	
Fancy.....	103	Born in Warwickshire, England, in 1775; died in Florence, Italy, Sept. 17, 1864.	
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Ode on a Grecian Urn.....	697	The One Gray Hair.....	731
Keble, John.		Memory.....	733
Born in Gloucestershire, England, April 25, 1792; died March 29, 1866.		An Old Poet to Sleep.....	765
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The Elder Scripture.....	792	Born in Philadelphia, Aug. 15, 1824.	
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Kemble, Frances Ann.		Ballad.....	483
Born in London in 1811.		Lemon, Mark.	
Absence.....	281	Born in London, Nov. 30, 1809; died May 23, 1870.	
Kenyon, John.		Old Time and I.....	483
Died in London in 1857.		Leonidas, of Alexandria. (GREEK.)	
Champagne Rosé.....	173	Born in the year 59; died in 129.	
Key, Francis Scott.		On the Picture of an Infant. (<i>Rogers's translation.</i>)	120
Born in Frederick Co., Md., Aug. 1, 1779; died in Baltimore, Jan. 11, 1843.		Leyden, John.	
The Star-spangled Banner.....	390	Born in Denholm, Scotland, Sept. 8, 1775; died in Batavia, island of Java, Aug. 21, 1811.	
King, Henry.		Sabbath Morning.....	9
Bishop of Chichester, England; born in 1591; died in 1669.		Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.....	640
The Exequy.....	547	Locker, Frederick.	
Life.....	772	Born in Greenwich, England, in 1824.	
		The Cuckoo.....	16
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Lockhart, John Gibson.		Lyttelton, Lord.	
Born in Glasgow in 1792; died at Abbotsford, Nov. 25, 1854.		Born in Hagley, England, Jan. 17, 1709; died there, Aug. 22, 1773.	
The Broadwords of Scotland.....	381	Tell Me, my Heart.....	249
Logan, John.		Lytton, Edward Robert Bulwer.	
Born in Scotland in 1748; died in December, 1788.		Born in Herts, England, Nov. 8, 1831.	
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Born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807; died in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.		Macaulay, Lord.	
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The Warden of the Cinque Ports.....	557	Mackay, Charles.	
The Village Blacksmith.....	643	Born in Perth, Scotland, in 1812.	
The Arsenal at Springfield.....	650	The Good Time Coming.....	180
The Light of Stars.....	760	What Might be Done.....	182
The Slave Singing at Midnight.....	764	McMaster, Guy Humphrey.	
A Psalm of Life.....	768	Born in Bath, Steuben County, N. Y., in 1829.	
King Robert of Sicily.....	769	Carmen Bellicosum.....	889
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The Burial of the Poet.....	774	Born in Cork, Ireland, about 1793; died Aug. 20, 1842.	
Lovelace, Richard.		St. Patrick, of Ireland, my Dear.....	472
Born in Kent, England, in 1618; died in 1658.		The Irishman.....	473
The Grasshopper.....	53	Mallett, David.	
To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars.....	254	Born in Scotland about 1700; died April 21, 1765.	
To Althea, from Prison.....	255	A Funeral Hymn.....	546
To Lucasta.....	255	Marlowe, Christopher.	
Orpheus to the Beasts.....	309	Born in Canterbury, England, Feb. 26, 1564; died June 16, 1593.	
Lover, Samuel.		The Milk-Maid's Song.....	258
Born in Dublin in 1797; died July 6, 1868.		Martin, Ada Louise.	
The Angel's Whisper.....	116	Sleep.....	103
Rory O' More.....	288	Marvell, Andrew.	
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PART I.

POEMS OF NATURE.

O VAST rondure, swimming in space,
Covered all over with visible power and beauty ;
Alternate light and day, and the teeming, spiritual darkness ;
Unspeaking, high processions of sun and moon, and countless stars, above ;
Below, the manifold grass and waters, animals, mountains, trees ;
With inscrutable purpose, some hidden, prophetic intention ;—
Now first, it seems, my thought begins to span thee.

WALT WHITMAN.

POEMS OF NATURE.

Description of Spring.

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green bath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowres' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

The Airs of Spring.

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air,
That with kind warmth doth repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevelled tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest,
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant, flowery birth,
Canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he nip the early bud;
If he blast what's fair or good;
If he scatter our choice flowers;
If he shake our halls or bowers;
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain,
To bind him in an iron chain.

THOMAS CAREW.

Return of Spring.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small.
And he whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright, embroidered train
Of butterflies, that on the plain,

Of each sweet herblet sip;
 And ye, new swarms of bees, that go
 Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,
 To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call
 A hearty welcome on ye all:
 This season how I love,
 This merry din on every shore,
 For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
 Forbade my steps to rove.

PIERRE RONSARD (French).

Anonymous Translation.

Spring.

Dir down upon the northern shore,
 O sweet new year, delaying long;
 Thou doest expectant nature wrong,
 Delaying long; delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
 Thy sweetness from its proper place?
 Can trouble live with April days,
 Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,
 The little speedwell's darling blue,
 Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new year, delaying long,
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
 That longs to burst a frozen bud,
 And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drowned in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail,
 On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky
 To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too: and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

When the Hounds of Spring.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,
 With a clamor of waters, and with might;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of thenight.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees and cling?
 Oh that man's heart were as fire and could spring
 to her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins;
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassarid;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

March.

THE cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising;
 There are forty feeding like one!

 Like an army defeated
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon
 There's joy on the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;

Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing;
 The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

April.

LESSONS sweet of Spring returning,
 Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
 May I call ye sense or learning,
 Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?
 Be your title what it may,
 Sweet and lengthening April day,
 While with you the soul is free,
 Ranging wild o'er hill and lea;

 Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
 To the inward ear devout,
 Touched by light with heavenly warning,
 Your transporting chords ring out.
 Every leaf in every nook,
 Every wave in every brook,
 Chanting with a solemn voice,
 Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
 Winding shore or deepening glen,
 Where the landscape in its glory,
 Teaches truth to wandering men.
 Give true hearts but earth and sky,
 And some flowers to bloom and die,
 Homely scenes and simple views
 Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
 Where the waters gently pass,
 Every way her free arms flinging
 O'er the moss and reedy grass;
 Long ere winter blasts are fled,
 See her tipped with vernal red,
 And her kindly flower displayed
 Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
 Patiently she droops awhile,
 But when showers and breezes hail her,
 Wears again her winning smile.

Thus I learn contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stormy vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside dear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
Of the greenest, darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining —
All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

JOHN KEBLE.

Spring.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultured field and winding stream
Are freshly glittering in his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine;
Clusters bright festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury.

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

ANACREON.

Song: On May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee; and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

A Drop of Dew.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
(Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 'twas born)
Round in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere;
Restless it rolls, and insecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, ex-
press
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.

Dark beneath, but bright above ;
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go !
 How girt and ready to ascend !
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards bend.

Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
 White and entire, although congealed and chill —
 Congealed on earth, but does dissolving run
 Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Song.

PHŒBUS, arise,
 And paint the sable skies
 With azure, white, and red,
 Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
 That she thy career may with roses spread,
 The nightingales thy coming each where sing
 Make an eternal spring.
 Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
 Spread forth thy golden hair
 In larger locks than thou was wont before,
 And, emperor-like, decree
 With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
 Chase hence the ugly night,
 Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
 This is that happy morn,
 That day, long-wished day,
 Of all my life so dark,
 (If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
 And fates my hopes betray,)
 Which, purely white, deserves
 An everlasting diamond should it mark.
 This is the morn should bring unto this grove
 My love, to hear, and recompense my love.
 Fair king, who all preserves,
 But show thy blushing beams,
 And thou two sweeter eyes
 Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
 Did once thy heart surprise :
 Nay, suns, which shine as clear
 As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.
 Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.
 If that ye winds would hear
 A voice surpassing, far, Amphion's lyre,
 Your furious chiding stay ;

Let Zephyr only breathe,
 And with her tresses play,
 Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
 The winds all silent are,
 And Phœbus in his chair
 Ensaffroning sea and air,
 Makes vanish every star :
 Night like a drunkard reels
 Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
 The fields with flowers are decked in every hue,
 The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue :
 Here is the pleasant place,
 And nothing wanting is, save she, alas !

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Spring.

Now the lusty Spring is seen ;
 Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
 Daintily invite the view.
 Everywhere, on every green,
 Roses blushing as they blow,
 And enticing men to pull ;
 Lilies whiter than the snow ;
 Woodbines of sweet honey full —
 All love's emblems, and all cry :
 Ladies, if not plucked, we die !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

May.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale ;
 The winds that fan the flowers,
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
 Tell of serenest hours,—
 Of hours that glide unfelt away
 Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
 From his blue throne of air,
 And where his whispering voice in music falls,
 Beauty is budding there ;
 The bright ones of the valley break
 Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
 And the wide forest weaves,
 To welcome back its playful mates again,
 A canopy of leaves ;

And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west-wind play,
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

Song to May.

MAY, queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plummy flight,
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed:
And for the mournful bird
Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
May, be thou blessed!

LORD THURLOW.

Summer Longings.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May:
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

Night is nigh gone.

HEY, now the day's dawning;
 The jolly cock's crowing;
 The eastern sky's glowing;
 Stars fade one by one;
 The thistle-cock's crying
 On lovers long lying,
 Cease vowing and sighing;
 The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing
 With gowans all glowing,
 And white lilies growing,
 A thousand as one;
 The sweet ring-dove cooing,
 His love notes renewing,
 Now moaning, now suing;
 The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling,
 In scented flowers smelling,
 To kind love compelling
 Our hearts every one;
 With sweet ballads moving
 The maids we are loving,
 Mid musing and roving
 The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women
 The young knights are dreaming,
 With bright breastplates gleaming,
 And plumed helmets on;
 The barbed steed neighs lordly,
 And shakes his mane proudly,
 For war-trumpets loudly
 Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,
 The warriors all glowing,
 And, snorting and blowing,
 The steeds rushing on;
 The lances are crashing,
 Out broad blades come flashing
 Mid shouting and dashing;
 The night is nigh gone.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Version of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Morning in London.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This city now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will;
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Sabbath Morning.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still.
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
 And echo answers softer from the hill;
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn:
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
 The sun a placid yellow luster throws;
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move.
 So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

JOHN LEYDEN.

The Merry Summer Months.

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty,
 song, and flowers;
 They come! the gladsome months that bring thick
 leafiness to bowers.
 Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark
 and care aside;
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful
 waters glide;

Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt
tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the
hand;

And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is
sweet and bland;

The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courte-
ously;

It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and
welcome thee;

And mark how with thine own thin locks—they
now are silvery gray—

That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering,
"Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon
sky,

But hath its own winged mariners to give it mel-
ody;

Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all
gleaming like red gold;

And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry
course they hold.

God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above
this earth,

Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a no-
bler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound—from yon-
der wood it came!

The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his
own glad name.

Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all
his kind,

Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft west-
ern wind;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are
void of art;

But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep
founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-
crazed wight like me,

To smell again these summer flowers beneath this
summer tree!

To suck once more in every breath their little souls
away,

And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's
bright summer day,

When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reck-
less, truant boy

Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a
mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but O! I'm
proud to think

That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet de-
light to drink;—

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm,
unclouded sky,

Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days
gone by.

When summer's loveliness and light fall round
me dark and cold,

I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a heart that
hath waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Morning.

HARK—hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies:

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise,

Arise, arise!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

To the Skylark.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest,

Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden,
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower;

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from
the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and fresh, and clear, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream;
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound;
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Lark.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place —
 O to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy — love gave it birth!
 Where, on thy dewy wing —
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven — thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place —
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

Song.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
 That bids a blithe good-morrow;
 But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
 To the soothing song of sorrow.
 O nightingale! What doth she ail?
 And is she sad or jolly?
 For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
 So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
 No worldly thought o'ertakes him:
 He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
 And the daylight that awakes him.
 As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
 The nightingale is trilling;
 With feeling bliss, no less than his,
 Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh
 Peers through her lavish mirth;
 For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
 And hers is of the earth.
 By night and day she tunes her lay,
 To drive away all sorrow;
 For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
 And woe may come to-morrow.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Song.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
 Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow;
 And from each hill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow.

Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

The Angler's Trysting-Tree.

SING, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
 Meet the morn upon the lea;
 Are the emeralds of the spring
 On the angler's trysting-tree?
 Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
 Are there buds on our willow-tree?
 Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
 Have you met the honey-bee,
 Circling upon rapid wing,
 'Round the angler's trysting-tree?
 Up, sweet thrushes, up and see,
 Are there bees at our willow-tree?
 Birds and bees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
 Are the fountains gushing free?
 Is the south wind wandering
 Through the angler's trysting-tree?
 Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
 Is there wind up our willow-tree?
 Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
 Wile us with a merry glee;
 To the flowery haunts of spring,
 To the angler's trysting-tree.
 Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
 Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?
 Spring-and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

The Angler.

O! the gallant fisher's life,
 It is the best of any;
 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
 And 'tis beloved by many;

Other joys
 Are but toys;
 Only this
 Lawful is;
 For our skill
 Breeds no ill,
 But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,
 Ere Aurora's peeping;
 Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
 Leave the sluggard sleeping;
 Then we go,
 To and fro,
 With our knacks
 At our backs,
 To such streams
 As the Thames,
 If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
 For our recreation;
 In the fields is our abode,
 Full of delectation,
 Where, in a brook,
 With a hook—
 Or a lake,—
 Fish we take;
 There we sit,
 For a bit,
 Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
 We have paste and worms too;
 We can watch both night and morn,
 Suffer rain and storms too;
 None do here
 Use to swear,
 Oaths do fray
 Fish away;
 We sit still,
 Watch our quill:
 Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
 Make our bodies swelter,
 To an osier hedge we get,
 For a friendly shelter;
 Where—in a dyke,
 Perch or pike,

Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or, we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

Verses in Praise of Angling.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And Grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery;
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty;
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may
shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his
mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to too hasty fates;
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldling like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek:
We all pearls scorn
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh, may you be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these
mountains;
And peace still slumber by these purling foun-
tains,
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The Angler's Wish.

I IN these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
 Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
 To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
 And then washed off by April showers;

Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,
 And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
 Earth, or what poor mortals love.

Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
 There sit by him, and eat my meat;
 There see the sun both rise and set;
 There bid good morning to next day;
 There meditate my time away;

And angle on; and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAB WALTON.

The Bobolink.

BOBOLINK! that in the meadow,
 Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
 Keepest up a constant rattle
 Joyous as my children's prattle,
 Welcome to the north again!
 Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
 Welcome to mine eye the sight
 Of thy buff, thy black and white.
 Brighter plumes may greet the sun
 By the banks of Amazon;
 Sweeter tones may weave the spell
 Of enchanting Philomel;
 But the tropic bird would fail,
 And the English nightingale,
 If we should compare their worth
 With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
 June and Summer nearing fast,
 While from depths of blue above
 Comes the mighty breath of love,

Calling out each bud and flower
 With resistless, secret power,
 Waking hope and fond desire,
 Kindling the erotic fire,
 Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
 With mysterious, pleasing themes;
 Then, amid the sunlight clear
 Floating in the fragrant air,
 Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
 By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,
 Like a full heart's overflow,
 Forms the prelude; but the strain
 Gives no such tone again,
 For the wild and saucy song
 Leaps and skips the notes among,
 With such quick and sportive play,
 Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring!
 Thy melodies before me bring
 Visions of some dream-built land,
 Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
 I might walk the livelong day,
 Embosomed in perpetual May.
 Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
 For thee a tempest never blows;

But when our northern Summer's o'er,
 By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
 The wild rice lifts its airy head,
 And royal feasts for thee are spread.
 And when the Winter threatens there,
 Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
 But bear thee to more southern coasts,
 Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
 Take from me all taints of sadness;
 Fill my soul with trust unshaken
 In that Being who has taken
 Care for every living thing,
 In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.

THOMAS HILL.

To the Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!

Thou messenger of Spring!

Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful vistant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vail,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

To the Cuckoo.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice? •

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same that in my schoolboy days
I listened to—that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Cuckoo.

We heard it calling, clear and low,
That tender April morn; we stood
And listened in the quiet wood,
We heard it, ay, long years ago.

It came, and with a strange, sweet cry,
A Friend, but from a far-off land;
We stood and listened, hand in hand,
And heart to heart, my Love and I.

In dreamland then we found our joy,
And so it seemed as 'twere the Bird
That Helen in old times had heard
At noon beneath the oaks of Troy.

O time far off, and yet so near!
 It came to her in that hushed grove,
 It warbled while the wooing throve,
 It sang the song she loved to hear.

And now I hear its voice again,
 And still its message is of peace,
 It sings of love that will not cease—
 For me it never sings in vain.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

The Cuckoo and the Nightingale.

THE God of Love,—*ah benedicite!*
 How mighty and how great a lord is he!
 For he of low hearts can make high; of high
 He can make low, and unto death bring nigh;
 And hard hearts, he can make them kind and free.

Within a little time, as hath been found,
 He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound:
 Them who are whole in body and in mind,
 He can make sick; bind can he and unbind
 All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
 Foolish men he can make them out of wise—
 For he may do all that he will devise;
 Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
 And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

In brief, the whole of what he will he may;
 Against him dare not any wight say nay;
 To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
 To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;
 But most his might he sheds on the eve of May.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,
 That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
 Now, against May, shall have some stirring,—
 whether
 To joy, or be it to some mourning; never,
 At other time, methinks, in like degree.

For now, when they may hear the small birds' song,
 And see the budding leaves the branches throng,
 This unto their remembrance doth bring
 All kinds of pleasure, mixed with sorrowing;
 And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
 Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and
 home;

Sick are they all for lack of their desire;
 And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,
 So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

In sooth, I speak from feeling; what though now
 Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;
 Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,
 Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every day,—
 How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
 Through all this May, that I have little sleep;
 And also 'tis not likely unto me,
 That any living heart should sleepy be,
 In which Love's dart its fiery point doth steep.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
 I of a token thought, which lovers heed:
 How among them it was a common tale,
 That it was good to hear the nightingale
 Ere the vile cuckoo's note be utterèd.

And then I thought anon, as it was day,
 I gladly would go somewhere to essay
 If I perchance a nightingale might hear;
 For yet had I heard none, of all that year;
 And it was then the third night of the May.

As soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
 No longer would I in my bed abide;
 But straightway to a wood, that was hard by,
 Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
 And held the pathway down by a brook-side;

Till to a lawn I came, all white and green;
 I in so fair a one had never been:
 The ground was green, with daisy powdered over;
 Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
 All green and white, and nothing else was seen.

There sat I down among the fair, fresh flowers,
 And saw the birds come tripping from their
 bowers,
 Where they had rested them all night; and they,
 Who were so joyful at the light of day,
 Began to honor May with all their powers.

Well did they know that service all by rote ;
 And there was many and many a lovely note—
 Some, singing loud, as if they had complained ;
 Some with their notes another manner feigned ;
 And some did sing all out with the full throat.

They pruned themselves, and made themselves
 right gay,
 Dancing and leaping light upon the spray ;
 And ever two and two together were,
 The same as they had chosen for the year,
 Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sat upon,
 Was making such a noise as it ran on,
 Accordant to the sweet bird's harmony ;
 Methought that it was the best melody
 Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

And for delight, but how I never wot,
 I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
 Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly ;
 And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
 Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,
 And who was then ill satisfied but I ?
 Now God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,
 From thee and thy base throat keep all that's good ;
 Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
 In the next bush that was me fast beside,
 I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
 That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
 Echoing through all the greenwood wide.

Ah ! good sweet Nightingale ! for my heart's cheer,
 Hence hast thou stayed a little while too long ;
 For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
 And she hath been before thee with her song ;
 Evil light on her ! she hath done me wrong.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray :
 As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
 Methought I wist right well what these birds meant,
 And had good knowing both of their intent
 And of their speech, and all that they would say.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake :
 Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,
 And, prithee, let us that can sing, dwell here ;
 For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
 Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

What ! quoth she then, what is't that ails thee
 now ?
 It seems to me I sing as well as thou ;
 For mine's a song that is both true and plain,
 Although I cannot quaver so in vain
 As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

All men may understanding have of me,
 But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee ;
 For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry :
 Thou sayest OSEE, OSEE, then how may I
 Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be ?

Ah ! fool, quoth she, wist thou not what it is ?
 Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,
 Then mean I, that I should be wondrous fain
 That shamefully they one and all were slain,
 Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

And also would I that they all were dead,
 Who do not think in love their life to lead,
 For who is loth the God of Love to obey
 Is only fit to die, I dare well say ;
 And for that cause OSEE I cry ; take heed !

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,
 That all must love or die ; but I withdraw,
 And take my leave of all such company,
 For my intent it neither is to die,
 Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

For lovers, of all folk that be alive,
 The most disquiet have, and least do thrive ;
 Most feeling have of sorrow, woe, and care,
 And the least welfare cometh to their share ;
 What need is there against the truth to strive ?

What ! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind,
 That, in thy churlishness, a cause canst find
 To speak of Love's true servants in this mood ;
 For in this world no service is so good,
 To every wight that gentle is of kind.

For thereof comes all goodness and all worth ;
And gentleness and honor thence come forth ;
Thence worship comes, content, and true heart's
pleasure.

And full-assured trust, joy without measure,
And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth ;

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
And seemliness, and faithful company,
And dread of shame that will not do amiss ;
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to die.

And that the very truth it is which I
Now say,—in such belief I'll live and die ;
And, Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,
If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

Good Nightingale ! thou speakest wondrous fair,
Yet, for all that, the truth is found elsewhere ;
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis,
And Love in old folk a great dotage is ;
Who most it useth, him 'twill most impair.

For thereof come all contraries to gladness ;
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness,
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonor, shame, envy importunate,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness.

Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not fair :
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,
Unless it always stay with him, I wis
He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

And therefore, Nightingale ! do thou keep nigh ;
For, trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are ;
Then shalt thou raise a clamor as do I.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, bird ill beseen !
The God of Love afflict thee with all teen.
For thou art worse than mad a thousand-fold ;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been naught, if Love had never been.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,
And he from every blemish them defendeth :
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyalty and worshipful desire ;
And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth.

Thou Nightingale ! the Cuckoo said, be still,
For Love no reason hath but his own will ;—
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy ;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

With such a master would I never be,
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
And knows not when he hurts and when he
heals ;
Within his court full seldom truth avails,
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,
And said : Alas that ever I was born !
Not one word have I now, I'm so forlorn :
And with that word, she into tears burst out.

Alas, alas ! my very heart will break,
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak
Of Love, and of his holy services ;
Now, God of Love ! thou help me in some wise,
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

And so, methought, I started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
Which at the Cuckoo hardly I cast,
That he for dread did fly away full fast ;
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
Kept crying : "Farewell !—farewell, Popinjay !"
As if in scornful mockery of me ;
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,
And said : Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,
That thou wert near to rescue me ; and now
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
That all this May I will thy songstress be.

Well satisfied, I thanked her; and she said:
By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st
me;
Yet if I live it shall amended be,
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

And one thing will I counsel thee also:
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw;
All that he said is an outrageous lie.
Nay, nothing shall bring me thereto, quoth I,
For Love and it hath done me mighty woe.

Yea, hath it? Use, quoth she, this medicine:
This May-time, every day before thou dine,
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,
Although, for pain thou mayst be like to die,
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and pine.

And mind always that thou be good and true,
And I will sing one song, of many new,
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry.
And then did she begin this song full high,
"Beshrew all them that are in love untrue."

And soon as she had sung it to an end,
Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend;
And, God of Love, that can right well and may,
Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,
As ever he to lover yet did send.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me;
I pray to God with her always to be,
And joy of love to send her evermore;
And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore,
For there is not so false a bird as she.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,
To all the birds that lodged within that dale,
And gathered each and all into one place,
And them besought to hear her doleful case;
And thus it was that she began her tale:

The Cuckoo,—'tis not well that I should hide
How she and I did each the other chide,
And without ceasing, since it was daylight;
And now I pray you all to do me right
Of that false bird, whom Love cannot abide.

Then spake one bird, and full assent all gave:
This matter asketh counsel good as grave;
For birds we are—all here together brought;
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;
And therefore we a Parliament will have.

And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
And other Peers whose names are on record.
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
And judgment there be given; or, that intent
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
Under a maple that is well beseen
Before the chamber-window of the Queen,
At Woodstock, on the meadow green and gay.

She thankèd them; and then her leave she
took,
And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;
And there she sat and sung, upon that tree,
"For term of life Love shall have hold of me,"
So loudly that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,—
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,—
Who did on thee the hardness bestow
To appear before my Lady? But a sense
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness
To show to her some pleasant meanings, writ
In winning words, since through her gentleness
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
Though I be far from her I reverence,
To think upon my truth and steadfastness;
And to abridge my sorrow's violence
Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,
She of her liking proof to me would give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, day of gladness !
 Luna by night, with heavenly influence
 Illumined ! root of beauty and goodness !
 Write, and allay, by your beneficence,
 My sighs breathed forth in silence,—comfort give !
 Since of all good you are the best alive.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Version of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Black Cock.

GOOD-MORROW to thy sable beak,
 And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,
 Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
 Cock of the heath, so wildly shy !
 I see thee slowly cowering through
 That wiry web of silver dew,
 That twinkles in the morning air
 Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
 Who, peeping from her early bower,
 Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
 Her braided hair and morning smile.
 The rarest things, with wayward will,
 Beneath the covert hide them still ;
 The rarest things, to light of day
 Look shortly forth, and break away.

One fleeting moment of delight
 I warmed me in her cheering sight ;
 And short, I ween, the time will be
 That I shall parley hold with thee.
 Through Snowden's mist, red beams the day ;
 The climbing herd-boy chants his lay ;
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring ;
 Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The Birds of Killingworth.

It was the season when through all the land
 The merle and mavis build, and building sing
 Those lovely lyrics written by His hand
 Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart
 King ;

When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
 The banners of the vanguard of the Spring ;
 And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
 And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
 Filled all the blossoming orchards with their
 glee ;
 The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
 Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;
 And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
 Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
 Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said,
 "Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
 Speaking some unknown language strange and
 sweet
 Of tropic isle remote, and, passing, hailed
 The village with the cheers of all their fleet ;
 Or, quarrelling together, laughed and railed
 Like foreign sailors landed in the street
 Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
 Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
 In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;
 And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
 Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
 That mingled with the universal mirth,
 Cassandra-like prognosticating woe :
 They shook their heads, and doomed with dread-
 ful words
 To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
 To set a price upon the guilty heads
 Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
 Levied black-mail upon the garden-beds
 And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
 The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds,
 The skeleton that waited at their feast,
 Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
 With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
 The Squire came forth,—august and splendid
 sight !
 Slowly descending, with majestic tread,

Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society."

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read with fervor Edwards on the Will:
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In summer on some Adirondack hill:
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy whose belfry crowned
The Hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore:
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown,
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round:
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound.
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small,
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant
throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong.

Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the reviewers,
From his republic banished without pity
The poets: in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a committee,
The ballad-singers and the troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush, that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song,—

"You slay them all! and wherefore? For the
gain
Of a scant handful, more or less, of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet
Searching for worm or weevil after rain,
Or a few cherries that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings
these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who
taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
As in an idiot's brain remembered words

Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?

Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl

Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,

Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take

Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know

They are the winged wardens of your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,

And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service as your man-at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,

And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and reverence

For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,

Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,

Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less

The self-same light, although averted hence,

When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,

You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience
went

A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves;

The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent

Their yellow heads together like their sheaves:

Then have no faith in fine-spun sentiment

Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees.

The birds were doomed; and as the record shows,

A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,

Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,

But in the papers read his little speech,

And crowned his modest temples with ap-
plause:

They made him conscious, each one more than
each,

He still was victor, vanquished in their cause:

Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,

O fair Almira, at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began:

O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.

Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their
breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,

While the young died of famine in their nests:

A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,

The very St. Bartholomew of birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;

The days were like hot coals; the very ground

Was burned to ashes: in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around

The cultivated fields and garden-beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found

No foe to check their march, till they had made

The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly

Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun
down

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,—

Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,

Who shook them off with just a little cry:

They were the terror of each favorite walk,

The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient; but a few

Confessed their error, and would not complain;

For, after all, the best thing one can do,

When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew

It would not call the dead to life again:

As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,

Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look,
 The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Dooms-Day Book.
 A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
 While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
 Lamenting the dead children of the air.

But the next Spring, a stranger sight was seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
 As great a wonder as it would have been
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue :
 A wagon overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
 All full of singing-birds came down the street,
 Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were
 brought

By order of the town, with anxious quest,
 And, loosened from their wicker prison, sought
 In woods and fields the places they loved best,
 Singing loud canticles, which many thought
 Were satires to the authorities addressed ;
 While others, listening in green lanes, averred
 Such lovely music never had been heard.

But blither still and louder carolled they
 Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
 It was the fair Almira's wedding-day ;
 And everywhere, around, above, below,
 When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
 Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
 And a new heaven bent over a new earth
 Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Arethusa.

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks

Streaming among the streams ;
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams,
 And, gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold,
 With his trident the mountains strook
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks ; with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind,
 It concealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below ;
 The beard and the hair
 Of the river-god were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,
 As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair !"
 The loud Ocean heard,
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer ;
 And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam ;
 Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream.
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main,
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
 Where the ocean powers
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones;
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones;
 Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of colored light;
 And under the caves,
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night—
 Outspeeding the shark,
 And the sword-fish dark,
 Under the ocean foam;
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain cliffs
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks
 Like friends once parted,
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap
 From their cradles steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill;
 At noontide they flow
 Through the woods below,
 And the meadows of asphodel;
 And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore;
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky,
 When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Little Streams.

LITTLE streams are light and shadow;
 Flowing through the pasture meadow,
 Flowing by the green way-side,
 Through the forest dim and wide,
 Through the hamlet still and small—
 By the cottage, by the hall,

By the ruin'd abbey still;
 Turning here and there a mill,
 Bearing tribute to the river—
 Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing,
 Flowering plants in them are growing;
 Happy life is in them all,
 Creatures innocent and small;
 Little birds come down to drink,
 Fearless of their leafy brink;
 Noble trees beside them grow,
 Glooming them with branches low;
 And between, the sunshine, glancing
 In their little waves, is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,
 Beautiful and fair as any;
 Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
 Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
 Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
 And the water-violet.
 There the flowering-rush you meet,
 And the plummy meadow-sweet;
 And, in places deep and stilly,
 Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,
 Sound forth welcomes to the weary,
 Flowing on from day to day,
 Without stint and without stay;
 Here, upon their flowery bank,
 In the old time pilgrims drank,
 Here have seen, as now, pass by,
 King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
 Those bright things that have their dwelling,
 Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
 Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
 Up in mountain-hollows wild,
 Fretting like a peevish child;
 Through the hamlet, where all day
 In their waves the children play;
 Running west, or running east,
 Doing good to man and beast—
 Always giving, weary never,
 Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY HOWITT.

The Water! The Water!

THE Water! the Water!

The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.

The Water! the Water!

That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart,
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!

The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder-tree.

The Water! the Water!

That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!

The merry, wanton brook
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.

The Water! the Water!

That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!

The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The Water! the Water!

That murmured in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear,
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been 'shriven.

The Water! the Water!

Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.

The Water! the Water!

Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green;
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!

My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parchèd lip to drink.

The Water! the Water!

Of mine own native glen;
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again,
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!

The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've longed
To find my silent grave.

The Water! the Water!

O, blest to me thou art!
Thus sounding in life's solitude
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!

The mournful, pensive tone
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.

The Water! the Water!

That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Song of the Brook.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.



THE END OF THE WORLD.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skinning swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Question.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter was changed suddenly to Spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with the sound of waters murmuring,
Along a shelvy bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in a
dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies—those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets,
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth,
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew bush-eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colored May;
And cherry-blossoms, and white caps whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge,
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked
with white;
And starry river buds among the sedge
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues which in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
 Within my hand ; and then, elate and gay,
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
 That I might there present it ! Oh to whom ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

To a Mountain Daisy.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN
 APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purple east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm —
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade !
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred ;
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date ;
 Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom !

ROBERT BURNS.

To the Small Celandine.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies ;
 Let them live upon their praises ;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory ;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story :
 There's a flower that shall be mine,
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star ;
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout !
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little flower ! I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;
 Since we needs must first have met,
 I have seen thee, high and low,
 Thirty years or more, and yet
 'Twas a face I did not know;
 Thou hast now, go where I may,
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
 In the time before the thrush
 Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood,
 Travel with the multitude;
 Never heed them; I aver
 That they all are wanton wooers;
 But the thrifty cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
 Joys to spy thee near at home;
 Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming spirit!
 Careless of thy neighborhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane; there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring Hours!
 Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no;
 Others, too, of lofty mien;
 They have done as worldlings do,
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requited upon earth,
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,

Serving at my heart's command,
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
 I will sing, as doth behoove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To Violets.

WELCOME, maids of honor,
 You do bring
 In the Spring,
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
 Fresh and fair;
 Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,
 And so graced,
 To be placed,
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
 By and by
 Ye do lie,
 Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

To Primroses,

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew?
 Alas! ye have not known that shower
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warped, as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullaby?
 Or, that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?
 No, no; this sorrow, shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read:—
 "That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
 forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

To Blossoms.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
 And, after they have shown their pride
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

To Daffodils.

FAIR daffodils! we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon:

Stay, stay
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a Spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing:
 We die,
 As your hours do; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Daffodils.

I WANDERED, lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd—
 A host of golden daffodils
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company;
 I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Trailing Arbutus.

DARLINGS of the forest!
 Blossoming, alone,
 When Earth's grief is sorest
 For her jewels gone—
 Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds
 have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
 Like the morning sky,
 Or, more pale and saintly,
 Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
 Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin,
 Hymns your solitude;
 And the rain comes sobbing
 Through the budding wood,
 While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be
 more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
 Out of air and dew,
 Starlight unimpassioned,
 Dawn's most tender hue,
 And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for
 you?

Fairest and most lonely,
 From the world apart;
 Made for beauty only,
 Veiled from Nature's heart
 With such unconscious grace as makes the dream
 of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
 An immortal shade,
 Then would I to-morrow
 Such a flower be made,
 And live in the dear woods where my lost child-
 hood played.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The Rhodora.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook:

The purple petals fallen in the pool
 Made the black waters with their beauty gay—
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
 Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask; I never knew,
 But in my simple ignorance suppose
 The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought
 you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Nature.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
 Because my feet find measure with its call;
 The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
 For I am known to them, both great and small.
 The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows
 Expects me there when Spring its bloom has given;
 And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
 For he who with his Maker walks aright,
 Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
 His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
 Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
 And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
 Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

JONES VERY.

Song of Spring.

LAUD the first Spring daisies;
 Chant aloud their praises;
 Send the children up
 To the high hill's top;
 Tax not the strength of their young hands
 To increase your lands.
 Gather the primroses,
 Make handfuls into posies;
 Take them to the little girls who are at work in mills:
 Pluck the violets blue,—
 Ah, pluck not a few!
 Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven
 the violet instils?

Give the children holidays,
 (And let these be jolly days),
 Grant freedom to the children in this joyous
 Spring;
 Better men, hereafter,
 Shall we have, for laughter
 Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes
 ring.

Send the children up
 To the high hill's top,
 Or deep into the wood's recesses,
 To woo Spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,
 In this splendid weather,
 Worship God (for he is God of birds as well as
 men):
 And each feathered neighbor
 Enters on his labor,—
 Sparrow, robin, redpoll, finch, the linnet, and the
 wren.

As the year advances,
 Trees their naked branches
 Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green ap-
 parel.

Insect and wild beast
 Keep no Lent, but feast;
 Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy's in-
 creased,
 And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud
 carol.

Ah, come and woo the Spring;
 List to the birds that sing;
 Pluck the primroses; pluck the violets;
 Pluck the daisies,
 Sing their praises;
 Friendship with the flowers some noble thought
 begets.

Come forth and gather these sweet elves,
 (More witching are they than the fays of old),
 Come forth and gather them yourselves;
 Learn of these gentle flowers whose worth is more
 than gold.

Come, come into the wood;
 Pierce into the bowers
 Of these gentle flowers,
 Which, not in solitude

Dwell, but with each other keep society:
 And with a simple piety
 Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good.
 Or, upon Summer earth,
 To die, in virgin worth;
 Or to be strewn before the bride,
 And the bridegroom, by her side.

Come forth on Sundays;
 Come forth on Mondays;
 Come forth on any day;
 Children, come forth to play:—
 Worship the God of Nature in your childhood;
 Worship Him at your tasks with best endeavor;
 Worship Him in your sports; worship him ever;
 Worship Him in the wildwood;
 Worship Him amidst the flowers;
 In the greenwood bowers;
 Pluck the buttercups, and raise
 Your voices in His praise!

EDWARD YOUL.

The Broom Flower.

On the Broom, the yellow Broom,
 The ancient poet sung it,
 And dear it is on summer days
 To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
 The flowers have not their fellow;
 I know where they shine out like suns,
 The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
 In luxury's silken fetters,
 And flowers as bright as glittering gems
 Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
 In modern days or olden;
 It groweth on its nodding stem
 Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
 Shine out its glittering bushes,
 And down the glen, where clear as light
 The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest ; but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it ;
I love it, for it loves the Broom —
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron :

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man and woman ;
The Broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

Oh the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

The Bramble Flower.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake !
So, put thou forth thy small white rose ;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are,
How delicate thy gauzy frill,
How rich thy branchy stem,
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them ;

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush !
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn flower is dead ;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head ;

But thou, wild bramble, back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair Spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake, once more
Thou bidd'st me be a-boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The Brier.

MY brier that smelledst sweet,
When gentle Spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins ;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

What ! hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee, sweet-breathing brier,
Hung fondly, ill or well ?
And yet, methinks, with thee
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might
dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you ;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet ; but, freed
From life, you then are prized ; thus prized are
poets too.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

To the Wandelion.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the
way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold !
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold —
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth ! — thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish
 prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas;
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease.
 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand;
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tent,
 His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass;
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue,
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap; and of a sky above,
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth
 move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
 thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long;
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he did bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy
 peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Violet.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet,
 Thine odor, like a key,
 Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
 A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
 Blows through that open door
 The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low,
 And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
 And that beloved hour,
 When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
 Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
 The lark sings o'er my head,
 Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass!
 I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
 From which I ever flee?
 O vanished Joy! O Love, that art no more,
 Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
 Hath searched, and stung to grief
 This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
 Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

The Rose.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired!
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

Chorus of Flowers.

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty
saith;)
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple
breath:
All who see us love us—
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces,
races.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe to make our passage
clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips
appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top,
sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling through
the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bride-
groom pass.
Age, the withered clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his child-
hood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how Heaven loves color;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and
green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to be
seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of
her flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travelers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden
truce;
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian
vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest
calm.
Even the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the
presuming.

And oh ! our sweet soul-taker,
 That thief, the honey-maker,
 What a house hath he, by the thymy glen !
 In his talking rooms
 How the feasting fumes
 Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of
 men !
 The butterflies come aping
 Those fine thieves of ours,
 And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flow-
 ers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous !
 What fair service duteous
 Round some idol waits, as on their lord the
 Nine.
 Elfin court 'twould seem,
 And taught, perchance, that dream
 Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights
 divine.
 To expound such wonder
 Human speech avails not,
 Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory
 exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
 Matchless works and pleasures,
 Every one a marvel, more than thought can say.
 Then think in what bright showers
 We thicken fields and bowers,
 And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton
 May ;
 Think of the mossy forests
 By the bee-birds haunted,
 And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as
 enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours ;
 Fruits are born of flowers ;
 Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the
 Spring ;
 The lusty bee knows well
 The news, and comes pell-mell,
 And dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome
 antheming ;
 Beneath the very burden
 Of planet-pressing ocean,
 We wash our smiling cheeks in peace — a thought
 for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus — missings
 Of Cytherea's kissings,
 Have in us been found, and wise men find them
 still ;
 Drooping grace unfurls
 Still Hyacinthus' curls,
 And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill ;
 Thy red lip, Adonis,
 Still is wet with morning ;
 And the step that bled for thee the rosy brier
 adorning.

Oh ! true things are fables,
 Fit for sagest tables,
 And the flowers are true things — yet no fables
 they.
 Fables were not more
 Bright, nor loved of yore ;
 Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every old
 pathway.
 Grossest hand can test us,
 Fools may prize us never,
 Yet we rise, and rise, and rise — marvels sweet for
 ever.

Who shall say that flowers
 Dress not heaven's own bowers ?
 Who its love, without us, can fancy — or sweet floor ?
 Who shall even dare
 To say we sprang not there,
 And came not down, that Love might bring one
 piece of heaven the more ?
 O pray believe that angels
 From these blue dominions
 Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
 golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

Flowers.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
 As astrologers and seers of eld ;
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars above;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
 Writ all over this great world of ours,
 Making evident our own creation,
 In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
 Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
 Of the self-same, universal being
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
 Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
 Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
 Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night;

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
 Workings are they of the self-same powers
 Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing —
 Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
 And in Summer's green emblazoned field,
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
 In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant;
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand —
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Hymn to the Flowers.

DAY-STARs! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
 As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty
 Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that
 swingeth
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
 Which God had planned:

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply —
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
 Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the
sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preach-
ers,

Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostle! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread
hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers, though made for
pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

To the Nightingale.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. Oh, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

JOHN MILTON.

Address to the Nightingale.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by-and-by;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapped in lead:
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled,

Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if stores of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call;
 And with such-like flattering,
 "Pity but he were a king."
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 But if Fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown:
 They that fawned on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need;
 If thou sorrow he will weep,
 If thou wake he cannot sleep.
 Thus, of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk;
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burned
 mirth!
 Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth—
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known—
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret;
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs;
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
 dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee!
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;
 Already with thee tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild:
 White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's oldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of bees on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown.
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn :
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements opening on the
 foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell,
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the Fancy can not cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music — do I wake or sleep ?

JOHN KEATS.

Philomela.

HARK ! ah, the Nightingale !
 The tawny-throated !
 Hark ! from that moonlit cedar what a burst !
 What triumph ! hark — what pain !
 O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
 Still — after many years, in distant lands —
 Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
 That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world
 pain —
 Say, will it never heal ?
 And can this fragrant lawn,
 With its cool trees, and night,
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
 And moonshine, and the dew,
 To thy racked heart and brain
 Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold,
 Here, through the moonlight on this English
 grass,
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?

Dost thou again peruse,
 With hot cheeks and seared eyes,
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame ?

Dost thou once more essay
 Thy flight ; and feel come over thee,
 Poor fugitive, the feathery change ;
 Once more ; and once more make resound,
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale ?

Listen, Eugenia,
 How thick the bursts come crowding through the
 leaves !
 Again — thou hearest !
 Eternal passion !
 Eternal pain !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Nightingale.

No cloud, no relict of the sunken day
 Distinguishes the West ; no long thin slip
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge ;
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
 But hear no murmuring ; it flows silently
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still ;
 A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
 And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song —
 " Most musical, most melancholy " bird !
 A melancholy bird ! Oh, idle thought !
 In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
 But some night-wandering man, whose heart was
 pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with him-
 self,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrow) — he, and such as he,
 First named these notes a melancholy strain.
 And many a poet echoes the conceit —
 Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he had better far have stretched his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,

By sun or moonlight; to the influxes
Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements,
Surrendering his whole spirit; of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality—
A venerable thing!—and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the Spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood;
And the trim walks are broken up; and grass,
Thin grass and kingcups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales. And far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than
all—

Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might
almost

Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright
and full,

Glistening, while many a glowworm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve,
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove,)
Glides through the pathways—she knows all their
notes,

That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon,
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve;
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain
again!

Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's
dream,)

I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon; and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swarm with undropped
tears,

Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale; but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! fare-
well.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Nightingale's Departure.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu !
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !
 Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 And pour thy music on "the night's dull
 ear."
 Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
 The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
 And still protect the song she loves so well.
 With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
 Through the long brake that shades thy mossy
 nest ;
 And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
 The gentle bird who sings of pity best :
 For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
 And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

To a Waterfowl.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of
 day,
 Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seekst thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall
 bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
 flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The Voice of the Grass.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 By the dusty roadside,
 On the sunny hill-side,
 Close by the noisy brook,
 In every shady nook,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere ;
 All around the open door,
 Where sit the aged poor ;
 Here where the children play,
 In the bright and merry May,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 In the noisy city street
 My pleasant face you'll meet,
 Cheering the sick at heart
 Toiling his busy part —
 Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 You cannot see me coming,
 Nor hear my low sweet humming ;
 For in the starry night,
 And the glad morning light,
 I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 More welcome than the flowers
 In Summer's pleasant hours :
 The gentle cow is glad,
 And the merry bird not sad,
 To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 When you're numbered with the dead
 In your still and narrow bed,
 In the happy Spring I'll come
 And deck your silent home —
 Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 My humble song of praise
 Most joyfully I raise
 To Him at whose command
 I beautify the land,
 Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

July.

LOUD is the Summer's busy song,
 The smallest breeze can find a tongue;
 While insects of each tiny size
 Grow teasing with their melodies,
 Till noon burns with its blistering breath
 Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute
 Is on a sudden lost and mute ;
 Even the brook that leaps along,
 Seems weary of its bubbling song,
 And, so soft its waters creep,
 Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep.

The cricket on its bank is dumb ;
 The very flies forget to hum ;
 And, save the wagon rocking round,
 The landscape sleeps without a sound.
 The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough
 Hath not a leaf that danceth now.

The taller grass upon the hill,
 And spider's threads, are standing still ;
 The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing
 Which to the water's surface cling,

Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
 As stones beneath them in the stream.

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs
 Unruffled keep their seedy crowns ;
 And in the over-heated air
 Not one light thing is floating there,
 Save that to the earnest eye
 The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
 And flowers e'en within the shade ;
 Until the sun slopes in the west,
 Like weary traveller, glad to rest
 On pillowed clouds of many hues.
 Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain
 Hum with their summer songs again,
 A requiem to the day's decline,
 Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine
 As welcome to day's feeble powers
 As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLARE.

Midsummer.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
 The purple hills of Paradise.

O, softly on yon banks of haze
 Her rosy face the Summer lays !

Becalmed along the azure sky
 The argosies of cloudland lie,

Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
 Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
 The meadow sides are sweet with hay.

I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
 Just where the field and forest meet,—

Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
 The ancient oaks austere and grand,

And fringy roots and pebbles fret
 The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.

With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.

Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.

The cattle graze; while warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,

And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;

Quickly before me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail;

High up the lone wood-pigeon sits.
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.

Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,

The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,

The squirrel leaps among the boughs
And chatters in his leafy house.

The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,

Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.

O, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;

A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;

The holy silence is His voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

Song.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Come to these Scenes of Peace.

COME to these scenes of peace,
Where to rivers murmuring,
The sweet birds all the Summer sing,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease.
Stranger, does thy heart deplore
Friends whom thou wilt see no more?
Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless, severed love?
Thee the stream that gushes clear,
Thee the birds that carol near,
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
And dream of their wild lullaby;
Come to bless these scenes of peace,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The Greenwood.

O! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—
O! then 'tis sweet,
In some retreat,

To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 'tis winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat,—
O! then 'tis sweet
To sit and sing

Of the friends with whom, in the days of Spring,
We roamed through the greenwood together.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The Garden.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.

Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow:
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

ANDREW MARVELL.

The Garden.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless,
 With the full choice of thine own happiness;
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
 With prudence, how to choose the best:
 In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
 (Things, which thou well dost understand;
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
 Thy noble, innocent delight;
 And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost
 meet
 Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
 The fairest garden in her looks,
 And in her mind the wisest books.
 O, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
 For empty shows and senseless noise;
 And all which rank ambition breeds,
 Which seems such beauteous flowers, and are such
 poisonous weeds?

When God did man to his own likeness make,
 As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
 By the great potter's art refined,
 Could the divine impression take,
 He thought it fit to place him where
 A kind of Heaven too did appear,
 As far as Earth could such a likeness bear:
 That man no happiness might want,
 Which Earth to her first master could afford,
 He did a garden for him plant
 By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
 As the chief help and joy of human life,
 He gave him the first gift; first, even before a
 wife.

For God, the universal architect,
 'T had been as easy to erect
 A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower
 That might with Heaven communication hold,
 As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
 He wanted not the skill or power;
 In the world's fabric those were shown,
 And the materials were all his own.
 But well he knew what place would best agree
 With innocence and with felicity;
 And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain;
 If any part of either yet remain,

If any part of either we expect,
 This may our judgment in the search direct;
 God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

O blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
 From all th' immoderate heat,
 In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
 This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
 This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage;
 Everywhere else their fatal power we see;
 They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
 They neither set, nor disappear,
 But tyrannize o'er all the year;
 Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
 The birds that dance from bough to bough,
 And sing above in every tree,
 Are not from fears and cares more free
 Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
 And should by right be singers too.
 What prince's choir of music can excel
 That, which within this shade does dwell?

To which we nothing pay or give;
 They, like all other poets, live
 Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains;
 'Tis well if they become not prey.
 The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
 And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play;
 Nature does all this harmony bestow,
 But to our plants art's music too,
 The pipe, theorb, and guitar, we owe;
 The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
 When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
 The trees danced round, and understood
 By sympathy the voice of wood.

These are the spells that to kind sleep invite,
 And nothing does within resistance make,
 Which yet we moderately take;
 Who would not choose to be awake,
 While he's encompassed round with such delight,
 To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and
 sight?
 When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep
 A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
 The odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
 As the most soft and sweetest bed;
 Not her own lap would more have charmed his
 head.

Who, that has reason and his smell,
 Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
 Rather than all his spirits choke,
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
 And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
 In pestilential clouds, a populous town?
 The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
 Than all the female men, or women, there
 Not without cause, about them bear.

When Epicurus to the world had taught,
 That pleasure was the chiefest good,
 (And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood),

His life he to his doctrine brought,
 And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought:

Whoever a true epicure would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
 Vitellius's table, which did hold
 As many creatures as the ark of old;
 That fiscal table, to which every day
 All countries did a constant tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford

Than Nature's liberality,
 Helped with a little art and industry,
 Allows the meanest gardener's board.
 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
 For which the grape or melon she would lose;
 Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
 Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,

Yet still the fruits of earth we see
 Placed the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
 None courts, or flatters, as it does, the eye.
 When the great Hebreu king did almost strain
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth, and brain,
 His royal southern guest to entertain;

Though she on silver floors did tread,
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,

To hide the metal's poverty;
 Though she looked up to roofs of gold,
 And nought around her could behold

But silk, and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonish tapestry,
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
 Though Ophir's starry stones met everywhere her
 eye;

Though she herself and her gay host were drest
 With all the shining glories of the East;
 When lavish Art her costly work had done,

The honor and the prize of bravery
 Was by the garden from the palace won,
 And every rose and lily there did stand
 Better attired by Nature's hand.

The case thus judged against the king we see,
 By one, that would not be so rich, though wiser far
 than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense

Such various pleasures to the sense;
 Here health itself does live,
 That salt of life which does to all a relish give,
 Its standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth,
 The body's virtue and the soul's good-fortune,
 health.

The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,
 Did its immortal head to Heaven rear;
 It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood;
 Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;

Nor will it thrive too everywhere:
 It always here is freshest seen,
 'Tis only here an evergreen.
 If, through the strong and beauteous fence
 Of temperance and innocence,

And wholesome labors, and a quiet mind,
 Any diseases passage find,
 They must not think here to assail
 A land unarmed or without a guard;
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
 Before they can prevail:

Scarce any plant is growing here,
 Which against death some weapon does not
 bear.

Let cities boast that they provide
 For life the ornaments of pride;
 But 'tis the country and the field,
 That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
 Where do we finer strokes and colors see
 Of the Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look
 Upon the third day's volume of the book?
 If we could open and intend our eye,

We all, like Moses, should espy
 Even in a bush the radiant Deity.

But we despise these, his inferior ways,
(Though no less full of miracle and praise.)

Upon the flowers of Heaven we gaze;
The stars of Earth no wonder in us raise;
Though these perhaps do, more than they,
The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stored with beauty, power, and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so ordered, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for Art.

We nowhere Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree.
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It overrules and is her master, here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does
refine.

It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before.
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?
And the wild giants of the wood receive

What law he's pleased to give?
He bids th' ill-natured crab produce
The gentle apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss.
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear;
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,
Though she refused Apollo's suit;
Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself, to see

That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.
Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made.
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.

"If I, my friends," said he, "should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,

'Tis likelier, much, that you should with me
stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away;
And trust me not, my friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost
a god."

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Inscription in a Hermitage.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstained with wine,
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The black-bird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies,
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my customed round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portrayed with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed.
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,
And at the close the gleams behold
Of parting wings, be-dropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty state?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm oblivion's humble grot?
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff, and amice gray,
 And to the world's tumultuous stage
 Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THOMAS WARTON.

The Retirement.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may
 We never meet again;
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
 And do more good in one short day,
 Than he who his whole age out-wears
 Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
 Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
 How beautiful the fields appear!
 How cleanly do we feed and lie!
 Lord! what good hours do we keep!
 How quietly we sleep!
 What peace, what unanimity!
 How innocent from the lewd fashion,
 Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
 Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
 O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
 O ye groves, and crystal fountains!
 How I love, at liberty,
 By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend.
 With thee I here converse at will,
 And would be glad to do so still,
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
 Is it, alone
 To read, and meditate, and write,
 By none offended, and offending none!
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease;
 And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
 Princess of rivers, how I love
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
 And view thy silver stream,
 When gilded by a Summer's beam!
 And in it all thy wanton fry
 Playing at liberty,
 And, with my angle, upon them,
 The all of treachery
 I ever learned industriously to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
 The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
 Are puddle-water, all, compared with thine;
 And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted
 are
 With thine, much purer, to compare;
 The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
 Are both too mean,
 Beloved Dove, with thee
 To vie priority;
 Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
 And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise
 To awe the earth and brave the skies!
 From some aspiring mountain's crown
 How dearly do I love,
 Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
 And, from the vales, to view the noble heights
 above;
 O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,
 And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
 What safety, privacy, what true delight,
 In the artificial night
 Your gloomy entrails make,
 Have I taken, do I take!
 How oft, when grief has made me fly,
 To hide me from society
 E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
 In your recesses' friendly shade,
 All my sorrows open laid,
 And my most secret woes intrusted to your pri-
 vacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
 What an over-happy one

Should I think myself to be —
Might I in this desert place,
(Which most men in discourse disgrace,)

Live but undisturbed and free!
Here, in this despised recess,

Would I, maugre Winter's cold,
And the Summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old:

And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

CHARLES COTTON.

Reve du Midi.

WHEN o'er the mountain steeps
The hazy noontide creeps,
And the shrill cricket sleeps
Under the grass;
When soft the shadows lie,
And clouds sail o'er the sky,
And the idle winds go by,
With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass;

Then, when the silent stream
Lapses as in a dream,
And the water-lilies gleam
Up to the sun;
When the hot and burdened day
Stops on its downward way,
When the moth forgets to play,
And the plodding ant may dream her toil is
done;

Then, from the noise of war
And the din of earth afar,
Like some forgotten star
Dropt from the sky;
With the sounds of love and fear,
All voices sad and dear,
Banished to silence drear,
The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale
Breathes its mysterious tale,
Till the rose's lips grow pale
With her sighs;

And o'er my thoughts are cast
Tints of the vanished past,
Glories that faded fast,
Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,
Where his sweet treasure swings,
The honey-lover clings
To the red flowers,
So, lost in vivid light,
So, rapt from day and night,
I linger in delight,
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Hymn to Pan.

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the Hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit and
hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx,—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow,
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms! O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossomed beans and popped corn;
The chuckling linnæ its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low-creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh-budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,

By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown —
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O Harkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating! Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars, routing tender corn,
Anger our huntsmen! Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms!
Strange ministrant of undescribèd sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors!
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge — see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings — such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven
That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal, a new birth;
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown — but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And, giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

JOHN KEATS.

To Pan.

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honor and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honored. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The Birch-Tree.

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sunshine,
Among thy leaves that palpitate for ever;
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb
for ever!

While all the forest, witchèd with slumberous moon-
shine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended, —
I hear afar thy whispering, gleaming islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung
silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
Dripping about thy slim white stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some
startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers ;
 Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping :
 Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
 And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weep-
 ing
 Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy
 keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
 So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences ;
 Thy shadow scarce seems shade ; thy pattering
 leaflets
 Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
 And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
 Thou sympathizest still ; wild and unquiet,
 I fling me down, thy ripple, like a river,
 Flows valleyward where calmness is, and by it
 My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Willow Song.

WILLOW ! in thy breezy moan
 I can hear a deeper tone ;
 Through thy leaves come whispering low
 Faint sweet sounds of long ago —
 Willow, sighing willow !

Many a mournful tale of old
 Heart-sick Love to thee hath told,
 Gathering from thy golden bough
 Leaves to cool his burning brow —
 Willow, sighing willow !

Many a swan-like song to thee
 Hath been sung, thou gentle tree ;
 Many a lute its last lament
 Down thy moonlight stream hath sent —
 Willow, sighing willow !

Therefore, wave and murmur on,
 Sigh for sweet affections gone,
 And for tuneful voices fled,
 And for Love, whose heart hath bled —
 Ever, willow, willow !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

The Belfry Pigeon.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell
 The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
 In summer and winter that bird is there,
 Out and in with the morning air ;
 I love to see him track the street,
 With his wary eye and active feet ;
 And I often watch him as he springs,
 Circling the steeple with easy wings,
 Till across the dial his shade has passed,
 And the belfry edge is gained at last ;
 'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat ;
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;
 And I often stop with the fear I feel,
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
 Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
 When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
 When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
 When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
 When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
 When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
 Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
 Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
 He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
 Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
 He takes the time to smooth his breast,
 Then drops again, with filmèd eyes,
 And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be
 A hermit in the crowd like thee !
 With wings to fly to wood and glen,
 Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;
 And daily, with unwilling feet,
 I tread, like thee, the crowded street,
 But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
 Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar ;
 Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
 Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
 And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,
 I could my weary heart unfold ;

I would I could look down unmoved
 (Unloving as I am unloved),
 And while the world throngs on beneath,
 Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
 And never sad with others' sadness,
 And never glad with others' gladness,
 Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
 And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

The Grasshopper.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. CHARLES COTTON.

O THOU, that swing'st upon the waving ear
 Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
 Drunk every night with a delicious tear
 Dropped thee from heaven, where now thou'rt
 reared;

The joys of air and earth are thine entire,
 That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
 And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
 To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then;
 Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,
 And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
 Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle! golden ears are cropt;
 Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night;
 Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
 And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
 Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
 Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
 Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create
 A genuine summer in each other's breast;
 And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
 Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
 As vestal flames; the north wind, he
 Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve and
 fly
 This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
 Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
 But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
 Shall cry he hath his crown again.

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
 From the light casements where we play,
 And the dark hag from her black mantle strip
 And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
 That asking nothing, nothing need;
 Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
 That wants himself, is poor indeed.

RICHARD LOVEFACE.

The Grasshopper.

HAPPY insect, what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All the summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plow,
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently enjoy;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,

(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

ANACREON. (Greek.)

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

The Fly.

OCCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF THE
AUTHOR'S CUP.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away!

Both alike, both mine and thine,
Hasten quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer; mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

WILLIAM OLDYS.

A Soliloquy.

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! ever blest
With a more than mortal rest,
Rosy dews the leaves among,
Humble joys, and gentle song!
Wretched poet! ever curst
With a life of lives the worst,
Sad despondence, restless fears,
Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer thou
Warblest on the verdant bough,
Meditating cheerful play,
Mindless of the piercing ray;
Scorched in Cupid's fervors, I
Ever weep and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,
Ready Nature waits thee still;
Balmy wines to thee she pours,
Weeping through the dewy flowers,
Rich as those by Hebe given
To the thirsty sons of heaven.

Yet, alas! we both agree.
Miserable thou like me!
Each, alike, in youth rehearses
Gentle strains and tender verses;
Ever wandering far from home,
Mindless of the days to come
(Such as aged Winter brings
Trembling on his icy wings),
Both alike at last we die;
Thou art starved, and so am I!

WALTER HARTÉ.

On the Grasshopper.

HAPPY songster, perched above,
On the summit of the grove,
Whom a dewdrop cheers to sing
With the freedom of a king;
From thy perch survey the fields,
Where prolific Nature yields
Nought that, willingly as she,
Man surrenders not to thee.
For hostility or hate
None thy pleasures can create.
Thee it satisfies to sing
Sweetly the return of Spring;
Herald of the genial hours,
Harming neither herbs nor flowers.
Therefore man thy voice attends
Gladly — thou and he are friends;
Nor thy never-ceasing strains
Phœbus or the Muse disdains
As too simple or too long,
For themselves inspire the song.
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
Ever singing, sporting, playing,
What has nature else to show
Godlike in its kind as thou?

ANACREON. (Greek.)

Translation of WILLIAM COWPER.

On the Grasshopper and Cricket.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.

That is the Grasshopper's— he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,— he has never done
 With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

The Grasshopper and Cricket.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June—
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricky tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!
 O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine: both, though small, are
 strong

At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
 In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Humble-Bee.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee!
 Where thou art is clime for me.
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek;
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid zone!
 Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines;
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
 Joy of thy dominion!
 Sailor of the atmosphere;
 Swimmer through the waves of air,

Voyager of light and noon,
 Epicurean of June!
 Wait, I prithee, till I come
 Within earshot of thy hum,—
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze
 Silvers the horizon wall;
 And, with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With the color of romance;
 And infusing subtle heats
 Turns the sod to violets,—
 Thou in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets, and bilberry bells,
 Maple sap, and daffodels,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern, and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
 And brier-roses, dwelt among:
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher,
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
 When the fierce north-western blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,

Thou already slumberest deep ;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Spice-Tree.

THE Spice-Tree lives in the garden green ;
 Beside it the fountain flows ;
 And a fair bird sits the boughs between,
 And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
 Within the bounds of an earthly king ;
 No lovelier skies have ever shone
 Than those that illumine its constant Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three ;
 On each a thousand blossoms grow ;
 And, old as aught of time can be,
 The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
 The fount that builds a silvery dome ;
 And flakes of purple and ruby fire
 Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
 And azure wings bedropt with gold,
 Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
 But sings the lament that he framed of old :

"O Princess bright ! how long the night
 Since thou art sunk in the waters clear !
 How sadly they flow from the depth below !
 How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear ?

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
 And the skies are sunny above ;
 I would that all could fade and fall,
 And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

"O, many a year, so wakeful and drear,
 I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee !
 But there comes no breath from the chambers of
 death,
 While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red ;
 The tree shakes off its spicy bloom ;
 The waves of the fount in a black pool spread ;
 And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long shrill cry,
 Into the sable and angry flood ;
 And the face of the pool, as he falls from
 high,
 Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount ;
 Higher and higher the waters flow —
 In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
 And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
 Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
 And tones of music circle around,
 And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
 Falls in dew on the grassy floor ;
 Under the Spice-Tree the garden's Queen
 Sits by her lover, who wails no more.

JOHN STERLING.

The Arab to the Palm.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,
 O Beddowee girl, beloved so well ;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
 Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee ;

Next to ye both, I love the Palm,
 With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm ;

Next to ye both, I love the tree
 Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
 With love, and silence, and mystery !

Our tribe is many, our poets vie
 With any under the Arab sky ;
 Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem
 Cairo's citadel-diadem
 Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance,
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance —

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs,

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame, and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the wooed is ever won!

If I were a king, O stately Tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite;

With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase.

And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays —

New measures sung to tunes divine;
But none, O Palm, should equal mine!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Tiger.

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Lion's Ride.

THE lion is the desert's king; through his domain
so wide

Right swiftly and right royally this night he means
to ride.

By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink,
close crouches the grim chief;

The trembling sycamore above whispers with every
leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see
no more

The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom
is speckled o'er

With kraal fires; when the Caffre wends home
through the lone karroo;

When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the
stream thegnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste — what see
ye? The giraffe,

Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid
lymph to quaff;

With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he
kneels him down to cool

His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the
foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound — a roar — a bound — the lion sits
 astride
 Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so
 ride?
 Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of
 state
 To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits
 elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged
 with ravenous greed;
 His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the
 steed.
 Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and sur-
 prise,
 Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leopard
 flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the
 moonlit plain!
 As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring
 eyeballs strain;
 In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast
 his life is fleeting;
 The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumult-
 uous beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the
 path of Israel traced —
 Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the
 waste —
 From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-spout
 from ocean,
 A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the
 courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture
 whirs on high;
 Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and
 sly,
 And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in
 the horrid race;
 By the foot-prints wet with gore and sweat, their
 monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with
 fear, the while
 With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's
 painted pile.

On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and
 strength remain!
 The steed by such a rider backed, may madly
 plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and
 breathes his last;
 The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the
 rider's fell repast.
 O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is de-
 scribed:
 Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of
 beasts doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. (German.)

Anonymous translation.

The Oasis of Sidi Khaled.

How the earth burns! Each pebble under foot
 Is as a living thing with power to wound.
 The white sand quivers, and the footfall mute
 Of the slow camels strikes but gives no sound,
 As though they walked on flame, not solid ground!
 'Tis noon, and the beasts' shadows even have fled
 Back to their feet, and there is fire around
 And fire beneath, and the sun overhead.
 Pitiful Heaven! what is this we view?
 Tall trees, a river, pools, where swallows fly,
 Thickets of oleander where doves coo,
 Shades, deep as midnight, greenness for tired eyes.
 Hark, how the light winds in the palm-tops sigh!
 Oh, this is rest! oh, this is paradise!

WILFRID SCAWEN BLOUNT.

The Lion and the Giraffe.

WOULDEST thou view the lion's den?
 Search afar from haunts of men,
 Where the reed-encircled rill
 Oozes from the rocky hill,
 By its verdure far desied
 'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
 Couchant, lurks the lion grim;
 Watching till the close of day
 Brings the death-devoted prey.

Heedless at the ambushed brink
 The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
 Upon him straight the savage springs
 With cruel joy. The desert rings
 With clanging sound of desperate strife;
 The prey is strong, and strives for life.
 Plunging off with frantic bound
 To shake the tyrant to the ground,
 He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
 With glaring eye and headlong haste,
 In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
 Rides proudly, tearing as he flies.
 For life, the victim's utmost speed
 Is mustered in this hour of need.
 For life, for life, his giant might
 He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
 And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
 Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
 'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
 His streaming blood, his strength is sinking;
 The victor's fangs are in his veins,
 His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains;
 His panting breast in foam and gore
 Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.
 He falls—and, with convulsive throes,
 Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
 —And lo! ere quivering life is fled,
 The vultures, wheeling overhead,
 Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,
 Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Afar in the Desert.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years;
 And shadows of things that have long since fled
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
 Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon;
 Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
 Companions of early days lost or left—
 And my native land—whose magical name
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;

The home of my childhood; the haunts of my
 prime;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
 When the feelings were young, and the world was
 new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
 All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
 And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
 My high aims abandoned,—my good acts un-
 done—
 Aweary of all that is under the sun—
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may
 scan,
 I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and
 strife—
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear—
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and
 folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are
 high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
 The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
 Away—away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest
 graze,
 And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild
 vine:
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
 O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their
 nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
 Away—away—in the wilderness vast
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and
 fear;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
 And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,
 And the blank horizon, round and round,
 Spread—void of living sight or sound.
 And here, while the night-winds round me
 sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
 "A still small voice" comes through the wild,
 Like a father consoling his fretful child,
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
 Saying—Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Chiquita.

BEAUTIFUL! Sir, you may say so. Thar is n't her
 match in the county,—
 Is thar, old gal? Chiquita, my darling, my beauty!
 Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet! Whoa!
 Steady—ah, will you? you vixen!
 Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the 'gentle-
 man look at her paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the
 papers to prove it.
 Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dol-
 lars won't buy her.
 Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know
 Briggs of Tuolumne?—
 Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his
 brains down in 'Frisco?

Hed n't no savey,—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll
 do,—quit that foolin'!
 Nothin' to what she kin do when she's got her work
 cut out before her.
 Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too,
 jockeys is jockeys;
 And 'tain't every man as can ride as knows what a
 hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got
 Flanigan's leaders?
 Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough
 ford in low water!
 Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge,
 and his nevey,
 Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and
 the water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake
 Creek just a bilin',
 Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on
 the river.
 I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his
 nevey, Chiquita;
 And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from
 the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and
 Chiquita
 Buckled right down to her work, and afore I could
 yell to her rider,

Took water jest at the ford, and there was the
Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat,
and a driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it, that night, that hoss,—that
ar' filly,—Chiquita,—
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there all
quiet and dripping!
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork,—that hoss, that ar'
filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—what did you say?
O, the nevey?
Drowned, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem
back to deny it.
Ye see the derved fool had no seat,—ye could n't
have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses
—well, hosses is hosses!

BRET HARTE.

The Blood Horse.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins;
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;

But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trode like one of a race divine!
And yet,—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands.

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Glory of Motion.

THREE twangs of the horn, and they're all out of
cover!

Must brave you, old bull-finch, that's right in
the way!

A rush, and a bound, and a crash, and I'm
over!

They're silent and racing and for'ard away;
Fly, Charley, my darling! Away and we fol-
low;

There's no earth or cover for mile upon mile;
We're winged with the flight of the stork and the
swallow;

The heart of the eagle is ours for a while.

The pasture-land knows not of rough plough or
harrow!

The hoofs echo hollow and soft on the sward;
The soul of the horses goes into our marrow;
My saddle's a kingdom, and I am its lord:

And rolling and flowing beneath us like ocean,
Gray waves of the high ridge and furrow glide
on,

And small flying fences in musical motion,
Before us, beneath us, behind us, are gone.

O puissant of bone and of sinew availing,
On thee how I've longed for the brooks and the
showers!

O white-breasted camel, the meek and unfa-
iling,
To speed through the glare of the long desert
hours!

And, bright little Barbs, ye make worthy pretences

To go with the going of Solomon's sires;
But you stride not the stride, and you fly not the fences!

And all the wide Hejaz is naught to the shires.

O gay gondolier! from thy night-flitting shallop

I've heard the soft pulses of oar and guitar;
But sweeter the rhythmical rush of the gallop,
The fire in the saddle, the flight of the star.

Old mare, my beloved, no stouter or faster

Hath ever strode under a man at his need;
But glad in the hand and embrace of thy master,

And pant to the passionate music of speed.

Can there e'er be a thought to an elderly person

So keen, so inspiring, so hard to forget,
So fully adapted to break into burgeon

As this—that the steel is n't out of him yet;
That flying speed tickles one's brain with a feather;
That one's horse can restore one the years that are gone;

That, spite of gray winter and weariful weather,
The blood and the pace carry on, carry on?

RICHARD ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

Rain on the Roof.

WHEN the humid shadows hover

Over all the starry spheres,

And the melancholy darkness

Gently weeps in rainy tears,

What a bliss to press the pillow

Of a cottage-chamber bed,

And to listen to the patter

Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles

Has an echo in the heart;

And a thousand dreamy fancies

Into busy being start,

And a thousand recollections

Weave their air-threads into woof,

As I listen to the patter

Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,

As she used long years ago,

To regard the darling dreamers

Ere she left them till the dawn.

Oh! I see her leaning o'er me,

As I list to this refrain

Which is played upon the shingles

By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,

With her wings and waving hair,

And her star-eyed cherub brother—

A serene, angelic pair—

Glide around my wakeful pillow

With their praise or mild reproof,

As I listen to the murmur

Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me

With her eyes' delicious blue;

And I mind not, musing on her,

That her heart was all untrue!

I remember but to love her

With a passion kin to pain,

And my heart's quick pulses vibrate

To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence

That can work with such a spell

In the soul's mysterious fountains,

Whence the tears of rapture well,

As that melody of Nature,

That subdued, subduing strain

Which is played upon the shingles

By the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

Invocation to Rain in Summer.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,

Let not the silver lily pine,

The drooping lily pine in vain

To feel that dewy touch of thine,

To drink thy freshness once again,

O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;

The cattle pant beneath the tree;

Through parching air and purple skies

The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;

For thee, for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

Come, thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew ! from burning dreams
By these shall herb and flower be kissed ;
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

WILLIAM G. BENNETT.

The Cloud.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain ;
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night, 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;

In a cavern under, is fettered the thunder ;
It struggles and howls at fits.

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves, remains ;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.

As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings ;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And, wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,

When the powers of the air are chained to my
chair,

Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
 gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Drinking.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
 The plants suck in the earth, and are,
 With constant drinking, fresh and fair;
 The sea itself (which one would think
 Should have but little need to drink),
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
 The busy sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less),
 Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun:
 They drink and dance by their own light;
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal "health" goes round.
 Fill up the bowl then, fill it high—
 Fill all the glasses there; for why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why?

ANACREON. (Greek.)

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

The Midges Dance aboon the Burn.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
 The dews begin to fa';
 The pairtricks down the rushy holm
 Set up their e'ening ca'.
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
 Rings through the briery shaw,
 While, flitting gay, the swallows play
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
 The mavis mends her lay;
 The red-breast pours his sweetest strains,
 To charm the ling'ring day;
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell;
 The honeysuckle and the birk
 Spread fragrance through the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that Nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

The Wandering Wind.

THE Wind, the wandering Wind
 Of the golden summer eves—
 Whence is the thrilling magic
 Of its tones amongst the leaves?
 Oh! is it from the waters,
 Or from the long tall grass?
 Or is it from the hollow rocks
 Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
 Of all in one combined,
 That it wins the tone of mastery?
 The Wind, the wandering Wind!
 No, no! the strange, sweet accents
 That with it come and go,
 They are not from the osiers,
 Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
 Nor of the caverned hill;
 'Tis the human love within us
 That gives them power to thrill:
 They touch the links of memory
 Around our spirits twined,
 And we start, and weep, and tremble,
 To the Wind, the wandering Wind?

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Ode to the West Wind.

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds, like flocks, to feed in air)
With living hues and odors, plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II.

Thou, on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's com-
motion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors; from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers,
Quivering within the waves' intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below,
The sea-blooms, and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power and share

The impulse of thy strength — only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee — tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone —
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Tacking Ship off Shore.

THE weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud
blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island Head?
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws
near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down, helm! hard
down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's
frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for, "Mainsail, haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung:
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more:
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first maté clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

WALTER MITCHELL.

The Sea.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,

When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwark flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Stormy Petrel.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the stormy sea—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like
stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish
sleep—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard.
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters—so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

BARRY CORNWALL.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud—
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Twilight.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy;
The wind blows wild and free;
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night;

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Storm Song.

THE clouds are scudding across the moon;
A misty light is on the sea;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar;
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-room,
A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who sleep!
The wild and whistling deck have we;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,
While the tempest is on the sea!

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,
And the naked spars be snapped away,
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship
In the teeth of the whelming spray!

Hark! how the surges o'erleap the deck!
Hark! how the pitiless tempest raves!
Ah, daylight will look upon many a wreck
Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet, courage, brothers! we trust the wave,
With God above us, our guiding chart.
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,
Be it still with a cheery heart!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

At Sea.

THE night is made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep:
Childlike as then I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels;
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels,
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
O promise of my soul!
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own with love and tender awe
Yon perfect type of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
 My soul is filled with light:
 The Ocean sings his solemn psalms,
 The wild winds chant: I cross my palms,
 Happy as if to-night
 Under the cottage roof again
 I heard the soothing summer rain.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

Seaweed.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
 Storm-wind of the equinox,
 Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges,
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks;

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
 Of sunken ledges
 In some far-off, bright Azore;
 From Bahama and the dashing,
 Silver-flashing
 Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
 On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting
 Currents of the restless main;
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
 Strike the ocean
 Of the poet's soul, ere long,
 From each cave and rocky fastness
 In its vastness,
 Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted
 Heaven has planted

With the golden fruit of truth;
 From the flashing surf whose vision
 Gleams Elysian
 In the tropic clime of Youth;
 From the strong will, and the endeavor
 That for ever
 Wrestles with the tides of fate;
 From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,
 Tempest-shattered,
 Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting
 Currents of the restless heart;
 Till at length in books recorded,
 They, like hoarded
 Household words, no more depart.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Gulf-Weed.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
 Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,
 Soaring high and sinking low,
 Lashed along without will of mine;
 Sport of the spoom of the surging sea;
 Flung on the foam, afar and anear,
 Mark my manifold mystery,—
 Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
 Rootless and rover though I be;
 My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
 Arboresece as a trunkless tree;
 Corals curious coat me o'er,
 White and hard in apt array;
 Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
 Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
 Something whispers soft to me,
 Restless and roaming for evermore,
 Like this weary weed of the sea;
 Bear they yet on each beating breast
 The eternal type of the wondrous whole—
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
 Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

On a Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm.

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile !
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :

I saw thee every day ; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air,
So like, so very like was day to day,
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! It seemed no sleep,

No mood which season takes away or brings :
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! then if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream, —

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile,
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet without toil or strife ;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made ;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been ; — 'tis so no more ;
I have submitted to a new control ;
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been ;
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been the friend,

If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work ! — yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here :
That hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell, the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream at distance from the kind !
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome, fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne,
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here :
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Little Beach-Bird.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly ?
Oh ! rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice !

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea ;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail —
What does it bring to me ?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad ; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge —
The Mystery — the Word.

Of thousands thou both sepulchre and pall,
 Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead
 From out thy gloomy cells
 A tale of mourning tells—
 Tells of man's woe and fall,
 His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
 Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
 Thy spirit never more.
 Come, quit with me the shore
 For gladness, and the light
 Where birds of summer sing.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

The Sand-Piper.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sand-piper and I;
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit—
 One little sand-piper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Seud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts, in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white light-houses nigh.
 Almost as far as eye can reach,
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach—
 One little sand-piper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery:
 He has no thought of any wrong,
 He scans me with a fearless eye;
 Staunch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
 This little sand-piper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky;
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou little sand-piper and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

The Coral Grove.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of
 blue

That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows
 flow;

The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air.
 There, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
 There, with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep
 sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea.
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
 Has made the top of the wave his own.
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky
 skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
 Through the bending twigs of the coral
 grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

The Chambered Nautilus.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Hampton Beach.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering-locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-bye to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here, where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath; I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
 The soul may know
 No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
 But with the upward rise, and with the vastness
 grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
 No new revealing—
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,
 Or pleasant memory of a dream,
 The loved and cherished Past upon the new life
 stealing.

Serene and mild, the-untried light
 May have its dawning;
 And, as in Summer's northern light
 The evening and the dawn unite,
 The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new
 morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
 Wave after wave
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
 Shoulder the broken tide away,
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft
 and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
 And noisy town?
 I see the mighty deep expand
 From its white line of glimmering sand
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts
 down!

In listless quietude of mind,
 I yield to all
 The change of cloud and wave and wind;
 And passive on the flood reclined,
 I wander with the waves, and with them rise and
 fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
 In shadow lie;
 The night-wind warns me back once more
 To where my native hill-tops o'er
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset
 sky!

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
 I bear with me
 No token stone nor glittering shell,
 But long and oft shall Memory tell
 Of this brief, thoughtful hour of musing by the
 sea.
 JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Drifting.

My soul to-day
 Is far away,
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
 My winged boat,
 A bird afloat,
 Swims round the purple peaks remote;

Round purple peaks
 It sails and seeks
 Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
 Where high rocks throw,
 Through deeps below,
 A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim
 The mountains swim;
 While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
 With outstretched hands,
 The gray smoke stands,
 O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
 O'er liquid miles;
 And yonder, bluest of the isles,
 Calm Capri waits,
 Her sapphire gates
 Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
 My rippling skiff
 Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff:
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
 Where swells and falls
 The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
 At peace I lie,
 Blown softly by,
 A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense;
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid,
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as he skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

To Seneca Lake.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.
On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.
The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.
How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.
At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.
On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,—
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

Narrow Unvisited.

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome marrow:"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."



"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow; 'tis their own—
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Teviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed, of slight and scorn;
My true-love sighed for sorrow,
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh, green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and homebred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough, if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own:
Ah! why should we undo it?

The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome narrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy,—
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show—
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Yarrow Visited.

AND is this—Yarrow?—This the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, St. Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused—
A tender, hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding;

And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers —
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers;
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love:
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.
Meek loveliness is round thee spread —
A softness still and holy,
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts that nestle there,
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I inwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see,—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives,—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights;
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine:
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow,
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Yarrow Revisited.

THE gallant youth who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome marrow,"
Was but an infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's castle-gate,
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed,
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts, the stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation.
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind entralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the morn of youth,
 With freaks of graceful folly,—
 Life's temperate noon, her sober eve,
 Her night not melancholy ;
 Past, present, future, all appeared
 In harmony united,
 Like guests that meet, and some from far,
 By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
 And down the meadow ranging,
 Did meet us with unaltered face,
 Though we were changed and changing—
 If, then, some natural shadows spread
 Our inward prospect over,
 The soul's deep valley was not slow
 Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
 And her divine employment !
 The blameless Muse, who trains her sons
 For hope and calm enjoyment ;
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
 Has o'er their pillow brooded ;
 And care waylays their steps,—a sprite
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott ! compelled to change
 Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot
 For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;
 And leave thy Tweed and Teviot
 For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;
 May classic fancy, linking
 With native fancy her fresh aid,
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O, while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,
 May health return to mellow age,
 With strength, her venturous brother ;
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill
 Renowned in song and story,
 With unimagined beauty shine,
 Nor lose one ray of glory !

For thou, upon a hundred streams,
 By tales of love and sorrow,
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;

And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
 Wherever they invite thee,
 At parent Nature's grateful call
 With gladness must requite thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine—
 Such looks of love and honor
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me
 When first I gazed upon her—
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer ?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self—
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localized romance
 Plays false with our affections :
 Unsanctifies our tears,—made sport
 For fanciful dejections.
 Ah, no ! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is,—our changeful life,
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred ;
 Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark entered ;
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the "last Minstrel" (not the last !),
 Ere he his tale recounted !

Flow on for ever, Yarrow stream !
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future bards should chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty ;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine,
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye.

FIVE years have passed; five summers, with the length

Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a soft inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard
tufts,

Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms
Through a long absence have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,

And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the
woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when
first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature
then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by),
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am
I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance, .
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I
catch

The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! And this prayer I
make,

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after-years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams

Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service; rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Harvest.

SWEET, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long,
It hath the brook's wild gayety,
The sorrowful cry of the sea.
Oh, hush and hear!
Sweet, sweet, and clear,
Above the locust's whirr
And hum of bee
Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

In the meadow-grass
The innocent white daisies blow,
The dandelion plume doth pass
Vaguely to and fro—

The unquiet spirit of a flower,
That hath too brief an hour.
Now doth a little cloud all white,
Or golden bright,
Drift down the warm blue sky;
And now on the horizon line
Where dusky woodlands lie,
A sunny mist doth shine,
Like to a veil before a holy shrine,
Concealing, half-revealing, things divine.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
That exquisite music calls
The reaper everywhere —
Life and death must share.
The golden harvest falls.

So doth all end —
Honored philosophy,
Science and art,
The bloom of the heart;
Master, Consoler, Friend,
Make Thou the harvest of our days
To fall within thy ways.

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

Robin Redbreast.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;

The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in Winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

A Song for September.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is Earth so gayly drest?
This pomp that Autumn beareth,
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter.

We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen mayst seek again,
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom;
Ah! these forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgin that adorns them so
Will never more come hither!

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

Fidelity.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts,—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy—
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry;
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,—
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere;

Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground.
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear.
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came!
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here through such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To Meadows.

YE have been fresh and green;
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home;

You've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round;
 Each virgin, like the Spring,
 With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
 Whose silvery feet did tread,
 And with dishevelled hair
 Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 You're left here to lament
 Your poor estates alone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Husbandman.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
 Feeds him still with corn and wine;
 He who best would aid a brother,
 Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
 Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
 Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
 Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
 Is the royal task of man;
 Man's a king; his throne is duty,
 Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—
 These, like man, are fruits of earth;
 Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
 All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
 Earthly goods for earthly lives—
 These are Nature's ancient pleasures;
 These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
 If from earth we sought to flee?
 'Tis our stored and ample dwelling;
 'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
 Land and water, sun and shade—
 Work with these, as bids thy reason,
 For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness!
 Man himself is all a seed;
 Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—
 Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING.

To the Fringed Gentian.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
 Or columbines in purple dressed,
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A Still Day in Autumn.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary,
 In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
 When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
 And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How, through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
 Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
 Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
 Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst;

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
 To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls;
 With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
 Where, o'er the rock, her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
 Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
 Till the slantsunbeams, through their fringes raining,
 Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crispèd leaves and
 flowers,
 In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
 Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
 With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
 Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
 With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
 The gentian nods, in dreamy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
 Like a fond lover loath to say farewell;
 Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
 Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hill-side lonely
 Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,,
 Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
 Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

Thesceptless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,
 Forget to breathe their fulness of delight;
 And through the tracèd woods soft airs are stream-
 ing,
 Still as the dew-fall of the Summer night.

So, in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
 Stirs, like the wind in Ocean's hollow shell,
 Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
 Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Cornfields.

WHEN on the breath of autumn breeze
 From pastures dry and brown,
 Goes floating like an idle thought
 The fair white thistle-down,
 Oh then what joy to walk at will
 Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
 Amid a field new shorn,
 And see all round on sunlit slopes
 The piled-up stacks of corn:
 And send the fancy wandering o'er
 All pleasant harvest-fields of yore!

I feel the day—I see the field,
 The quivering of the leaves,
 And good old Jacob and his house
 Binding the yellow sheaves;
 And at this very hour I seem
 To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
 And reapers many a one,
 Bending unto their sickles' stroke;
 And Boaz looking on;
 And Ruth, the Moabite so fair,
 Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
 His mother's sole delight,—
 God's living gift of love unto
 The kind good Shunamite;
 To mortal pangs I see him yield,
 And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
 The fields of Galilee,
 That eighteen hundred years ago
 Were full of corn, I see;
 And the dear Saviour takes His way
 'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

Oh, golden fields of bending corn,
 How beautiful they seem!
 The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream.
 The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time, and take me there.

MARY HOWITT.

Autumn Flowers.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers,
 How beautiful they are!
 Than all that went before,
 Than all the Summer store,
 How lovelier far!

And why? — They are the last!
 The last! the last! the last!
 Oh! by that little word
 How many thoughts are stirred
 That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
 Ye're types of precious things;
 Types of those bitter moments,
 That flit, like life's enjoyments,
 On rapid, rapid wings:

Last hours with parting dear ones
 (That Time the fastest spends),
 Last tears in silence shed,
 Last words half uttered,
 Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
 A life into a day,—
 The last day spent with one
 Who, ere the morrow's sun,
 Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
 Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
 The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
 Because, like those, the nearest
 To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
 I woo your gentle breath —
 I leave the Summer rose
 For younger, blither brows;
 Tell me of change and death!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

The Death of the Flowers.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
 year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
 brown and sere.
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
 leaves lie dead;
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rab-
 bit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
 shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow through all
 the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers that
 lately sprang and stood
 In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sis-
 terhood?
 Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race
 of flowers
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
 good of ours.
 The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold
 November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
 ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long
 ago,
 And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
 summer glow;
 But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in
 the wood,
 And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn
 beauty stood,
 Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
 falls the plague on men,
 And the brightness of their smile was gone, from
 upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still
 such days will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
 winter home;
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
 all the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
 rill,
 The south wind searches for the flowers whose
 fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
 stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful
 beauty died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by
 my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
 Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The Hunter of the Prairies.

Ax, this is freedom—these pure skies
 Were never stained with village smoke;
 The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
 Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
 Here, with my rifle and my steed,
 And her who left the world for me,
 I plant me where the red deer feed
 In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
 No barriers in the bloomy grass;
 Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
 Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
 In pastures measureless as air,
 The bison is my noble game;
 The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
 The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
 From the long stripe of waving sedge;
 The bear that marks my weapon's gleam
 Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
 In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
 The brinded catamount, that lies
 High in the boughs to watch his prey,
 Even in the act of springing dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
 Fling their huge arms across my way—
 Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
 Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!
 Free stray the lucid streams, and find
 No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
 Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
 Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the fire, when frost-winds sere
 The heavy herbage of the ground,
 Gathers his annual harvest here—
 With roaring like the battle's sound,
 And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
 And smoke-streams gushing up the sky.
 I meet the flames with flames again,
 And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged Past
 Speaks solemnly; and I behold
 The boundless Future in the vast
 And lonely river, seaward rolled.
 Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
 Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
 And trains the bordering vines whose blue
 Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
 Plunges and bears me through the tide:
 Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
 Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
 I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
 O'er woody vale and grassy height;
 And kind the voice and glad the eyes
 That welcome my return at night.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
 Farewell to the mountains high covered with
 snow;

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Hunter's Song.

RISE! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn.
The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
And the frost shrinks back like a beaten
hound,

Under the steaming, steaming ground.
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady.—So, ho!
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
*Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble
corn?*

*The horn,—the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.*

Now, through the copse where the fox is
found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,
So flieth the hunter, away, away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done.
*Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is
borne?*

*'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:
The horn,—the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.*

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good
What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
Oh, what delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning
song?

*Hark, hark!—Now home! and dream till
morn
Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
The horn,—the horn!*

*Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's
horn!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of Summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

To Autumn.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run—
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel
shells
With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined
 flowers ;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are
 they ?

Think not of them — thou hast thy music too :
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue :
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

Autumn—a Dirge.

THE warm sun is failing ; the bleak wind is wailing ;
 The bare boughs are sighing ; the pale flowers are
 dying ;

And the Year
 On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of leaves dead,
 Is lying.

Come, months, come away,
 From November to May ;
 In your saddest array
 Follow the bier
 Of the dead, cold Year,
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling ; the nipt worm is crawling ;
 The rivers are swelling ; the thunder is knelling
 For the Year ;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each
 gone

To his dwelling ;

Come, months, come away ;
 Put on white, black, and gray ;
 Let your light sisters play —
 Ye, follow the bier
 Of the dead, cold Year,
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Sensitive Plant.

PART FIRST.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
 Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere ;
 And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
 In the garden, the field, and the wilderness,
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
 And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
 From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied windflowers and the tulip tall,
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
 Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
 That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
 Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
 Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
 Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
 It was felt like an odor within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
 Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and
dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the
giver,

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the Beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
drowned

In an ocean of dreams without a sound:
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

(Only over head the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive
Plant).

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART SECOND.

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the moon kissed the sleep from her
eyes,

That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise:

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from
her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that
kiss

The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died!

PART THIRD.

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baïæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,
Which at first was lively as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson now,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and
red,

And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds,
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's
stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks,
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a
speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's
stake,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-
snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came: the wind was his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living
death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want:
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When Winter had gone and Spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and
darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never passed away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

A Forsaken Garden.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and high-
land,

At the sea-down's edge between windward and
lee,

Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves
of its roses

Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.

If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's
hand?

So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briers if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless

Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of
time.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are
dry;

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale
calls not,

Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;

Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.

Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look
 thither,"

Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers
 to the sea;

For the foam flowers endure when the rose-blos-
 soms wither,

And men that love lightly may die—but we?
 And the same wind sang and the same waves
 whitened,

And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had
 lightened,

Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went
 whither?

And were one to the end—but what end, who
 knows?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,

As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.

Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love
 them?

What love was ever as deep as a grave?

They are loveless now as the grass above them,
 Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,

Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the
 sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers

In the air now soft with a summer to be.

Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons here-
 after

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or
 weep,

When as they that are free now of weeping and
 laughter

 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;

Here change may come not till all change end.

From the graves they have made they shall rise up
 never,

Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground
 growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
 Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
 Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,

Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
 Till the strength of the waves of the high tides
 humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
 Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand
 spread,

As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The Latter Rain.

THE latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste
 Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
 Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste
 As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
 But not a blade grows green as in the Spring;
 No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
 The robins only mid the harvests sing,
 Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;
 The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened drops,
 It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;
 The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;
 Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;
 And all that once received the early rain
 Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

JONES VERY.

Autumn.

THE Autumn is old;

The sere leaves are flying;
 He hath gathered up gold,
 And now he is dying:
 Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;

The harvest is heaping;
 But some that have sowed
 Have no riches for reaping:
 Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane ;
 There is nothing adorning ;
 The night has no eve,
 And the day has no morning ;
 Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill ;
 The red sun is sinking ;
 And I am grown old,
 And life is fast shrinking ;
 Here's enow for sad thinking !

THOMAS HOOD.

Autumn's Sighing.

AUTUMN's sighing,
 Moaning, dying ;
 Clouds are flying
 On like steeds ;
 While their shadows
 O'er the meadows
 Walk like widows
 Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,
 Fall unfailing,
 Dropping, sailing,
 From the wood,
 That, unpliant,
 Stands defiant,
 Like a giant
 Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling
 Round our dwelling,
 All day telling
 Us their woe ;
 And at vesper
 Frosts grow crisper,
 As they whisper
 Of the snow.

From th' unseen land
 Frozen inland,
 Down from Greenland
 Winter glides,
 Shedding lightness
 Like the brightness
 When moon-whiteness
 Fills the tides.

Now bright Pleasure's
 Sparkling measures
 With rare treasures
 Overflow !
 With this gladness
 Comes what sadness !
 Oh, what madness !
 Oh, what woe !

Even merit
 May inherit
 Some bare garret,
 Or the ground :
 Or, a worse ill,
 Beg a morsel
 At some door-sill,
 Like a hound !

Storms are trailing ;
 Winds are wailing,
 Howling, railing
 At each door.
 'Midst this trailing,
 Howling, railing,
 List the wailing
 Of the poor !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The Ivy Green.

OH ! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;
 And the mouldering dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he !
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
 To his friend the huge oak-tree !
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Grongar Hill.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man —
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale —
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song —
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,

As circles on a smooth canal.
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood:
His sides are clothed with waving wood:
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both, a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,

Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
 While, ever and anon, there fall
 Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered wall.
 Yet Time has seen — that lifts the low
 And level lays the lofty brow —
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state.
 But transient is the smile of Fate!
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life to endless sleep!
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought
 To instruct our wandering thought;
 Thus she dresses green and gay
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view!
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow!
 The woody valleys, warm and low;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky;
 The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower;
 The town and village, dome and farm —
 Each gives each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide,
 How close and small the hedges lie;
 What streaks of meadow cross the eye!
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem;
 So we mistake the Future's face,
 Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
 As yon summits, soft and fair,
 Clad in colors of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;
 Still we tread the same coarse way —
 The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh may I with myself agree,

And never covet what I see;
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul.
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain turf I lie;
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;
 While the waters murmur deep;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
 Search for Peace with all your skill;
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor.
 In vain you search; she is not here!
 In vain you search the domes of Care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure — close allied,
 Ever by each other's side;
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

November.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;
 The little birds have almost sung their last,
 Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast —
 That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
 The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
 Off with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
 Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,
 And makes a little summer where it grows,
 In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
 The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
 The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
 Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
 And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
 Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Folding the Flocks.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
 Fold your flocks up; for the air
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun
 Already his great course hath run.
 See the dew-drops, how they kiss
 Every little flower that is:
 Hanging on their velvet heads,
 Like a string of crystal beads.
 See the heavy clouds low falling
 And bright Hesperus down calling
 The dead night from under ground;
 At whose rising, mists unsound,
 Damps and vapors, fly apace,
 And hover o'er the smiling face
 Of these pastures; where they come,
 Striking dead both bud and bloom.
 Therefore from such danger lock
 Every one his loved flock;
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout
 From the mountain, and, ere day,
 Bear a lamb or kid away;
 Or the crafty, thievish fox,
 Break upon your simple flocks.
 To secure yourself from these,
 Be not too secure in ease;
 So shall you good shepherds prove,
 And deserve your master's love.
 Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers
 And soft silence fall in numbers
 On your eyelids. So farewell:
 Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Bugle Song.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, further going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer — dying, dying, dying!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Evening Wind.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice! thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high
 their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone — a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
 And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
 Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the
 sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth —
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest;
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars; and
 rouse
 The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
 The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast.
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the
 grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
 The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone;
 That they who near the churchyard willows
 stray,
 And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,

May think of gentle souls that passed away,
 Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
 Sent forth from heaven among the sons of
 men,
 And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more
 deep;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty
 range,
 Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more.
 Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Evening.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
 That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
 Of evening over brake and bloom
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below,
 Through all the dewy-tasselled wood,
 And shadowing down the hornèd flood
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
 The full new life that feeds thy breath
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas,
 On leagues of odor streaming far,
 To where, in yonder orient star,
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales—

O Nymph reserved while now the bright-haired
 Sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed
 bat

With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening
 vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
 sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew; and lovelier still,
 The pensive pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
 Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires;
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er
 all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
 wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favorite name!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Evening in the Alps.

Come, golden Evening; in the west
 Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,
 And let the triple rainbow rest
 O'er all the mountain-tops. 'Tis done;
 The tempest ceases; bold and bright,
 The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
 Down sinks the sun; on presses night;
 Mont Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit; spread
 The world of shadows at thy feet;
 And mark how calmly, overhead,
 The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
 While hid in solitude sublime,
 Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
 And hear the passing foot of Time
 Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
 From precipice to precipice
 An avalanche's ruins dash
 Down to the nethermost abyss,

Invisible; the ear alone
 Pursues the uproar till it dies;
 Echo to echo, groan for groan,
 From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,
 Darkness that may be felt;—but soon
 The silver-clouded east reveals
 The midnight spectre of the moon.
 In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
 Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
 Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
 With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
 Unreal mockeries appear;
 With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
 Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
 A crowd of apparitions pale!
 I hold my breath in chill suspense—
 They seem so exquisitely frail—
 Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
 Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
 Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
 As beautiful as Dian's face:
 Pride of the land that gave me birth!
 All that thy waves reflect I love,
 Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
 Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;
 The trance of poesy is o'er,
 And I am here at dawn of day,
 Gazing on mountains as before,
 Where all the strange mutations wrought
 Were magic feats of my own mind;
 For, in that fairy land of thought,
 Whate'er I seek, I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!
 Buildings of God, not made with hands,
 Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
 Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
 Can there be eyes that look on you,
 Till tears of rapture make them dim,
 Nor in his works the Maker view,
 Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
 Or love Him not when I behold,
 Be all I ever knew forgot —
 My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
 Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
 On yonder cliff my form be seen,
 That all may ask, but none reply,
 What my offence hath been.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

To the Evening Star.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary laborer free!
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
 Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,
 And songs when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirred
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse;
 Their remembrancer in Heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven,
 By absence, from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

To Night.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
 Which make thee terrible and dear —
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought;
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out;

Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to her rest,
 Lingered like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee!

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 "Wouldst thou me?"
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
 "Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?" — And I replied,
 "No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon —
 Sleep will come when thou art fled:
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night —
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Moonrise.

WHAT stands upon the highland?
 What walks across the rise,
 As though a starry island
 Were sinking down the skies?

What makes the trees so golden?
 What decks the mountain side,
 Like a veil of silver folden
 Round the white brow of a bride?

The magic moon is breaking,
 Like a conqueror, from the east,
 The waiting world awaking
 To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,
 By changes strange to see,
 The cypress, so funereal,
 To a lightsome fairy tree;

Black rocks to marble turning,
 Like palaces of kings;
 On ruin windows burning,
 A festal glory flings;

The desert halls uplighting,
 While falling shadows glance,
 Like courtly crowds uniting
 For the banquet or the dance;

With ivory wand she numbers
 The stars along the sky;
 And breaks the billows' slumbers
 With a love-glance of her eye;

Along the cornfields dances,
 Brings bloom upon the sheaf;
 From tree to tree she glances,
 And touches leaf by leaf;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows;
 Through their half-closed eyelids gleams;
 With her white torch through the meadows
 Lights the shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,
 Like a conqueror, from the east,
 And the joyous world partaking
 Of her golden fairy feast.

ERNEST JONES.

Sonnet.

THE crimson Moon uprising from the sea,
 With large delight foretells the harvest near.
 Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody,
 To greet the soft appearance of her sphere!

And like a page, enamored of her train,
 The star of evening glimmers in the west:
 Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,
 That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest!

Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain,
 Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell;
 Her golden splendor glimmers on the main,
 And vales and mountains her bright glory tell.
 Then sing, ye shepherds! for the time is come
 When we must bring the enriched harvest home.

LORD THURLOW.

To the Harvest Moon.

Cum ruit imbriferum ver:
 Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
 Frumenta in viridi stipula lacentia turgent.

Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.

VIRGIL.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild
 Of Plenty, rustic labor's child,
 Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
 As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
 And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide,
 Where Innocence and Peace reside!
 'Tis thou that gladd'st with joy the rustic
 throng,
 Promptest the tripping dance, the exhilarating
 song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
 O'er the uplands now to rove,
 While thy modest ray serene
 Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
 And to watch thee riding high
 In the blue vault of the sky,
 Where no thin vapor intercepts thy ray,
 But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy
 way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest Moon!
 Now the night is at her noon,
 'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
 While around the zephyrs sigh,
 Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
 Ripened by the summer's heat;
 Picturing all the rustic's joy
 When boundless plenty greets his eye,
 And thinking soon,
 O modest Moon!
 How many a female eye will roam
 Along the road,
 To see the load,
 The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
 Stern despoilers of the plains,
 Hence, away, the season flee,
 Foes to light-heart jollity!
 May no winds careering high
 Drive the clouds along the sky,

But may all Nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face,
O harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes:
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blustering
whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo;
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapped in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Night Song.

THE moon is up in splendor,
And golden stars attend her;
The heavens are calm and bright;
Trees cast a deepening shadow,
And slowly off the meadow
A mist is rising silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing
Round half a world reposing
In calm and holy trust.
All seems one vast still chamber,
Where weary hearts remember
No more the sorrows of the dust.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. (German.)

Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

To Night.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?—
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

Song.—The Owl.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG—TO THE SAME.

THY tuwhits are lulled, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yester night,
Which upon the dark afloat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice, untuneful grown,
Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chaunt anew ;
 But I can not mimic it ;
 Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 With a lengthened loud halloo,
 Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Owl.

WHILE the moon, with sudden gleam,
 Through the clouds that cover her,
 Darts her light upon the stream,
 And the poplars gently stir ;
 Pleased I hear thy boding cry,
 Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky !
 Sure thy notes are harmony.

While the maiden, pale with care,
 Wanders to the lonely shade,
 Sighs her sorrows to the air,
 While the flowerets round her fade,—
 Shrinks to hear thy boding cry ;
 Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
 To her it is not harmony.

While the wretch with mournful dole,
 Wrings his hands in agony,
 Praying for his brother's soul,
 Whom he pierced suddenly,—
 Shrinks to hear thy boding cry ;
 Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
 To him it is not harmony.

ANONYMOUS.

The Cricket.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode
 Always harbinger of good,
 Pay me for thy warm retreat
 With a song more soft and sweet ;
 In return thou shalt receive
 Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
 Inoffensive, welcome guest !
 While the rat is on the scout,
 And the mouse with curious snout,
 With what vermin else infest
 Every dish, and spoil the best ;
 Frisking thus before the fire,
 Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
 Formed as if akin to thee,
 Thou surpassesst, happier far,
 Happiest grasshoppers that are ;
 Theirs is but a summer's song—
 Thine endures the winter long,
 Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
 Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day
 Puts a period to thy play.
 Sing, then, and extend thy span
 Far beyond the date of man.
 Wretched man, whose years are spent
 In repining discontent,
 Lives not, aged though he be,
 Half a span, compared with thee.

VINCENT BOURNE. (Latin.)

Translation of WILLIAM COWPER.

To a Cricket.

VOICE of Summer, keen and shrill,
 Chirping round my winter fire,
 Of thy song I never tire,
 Weary others as they will ;
 For thy song with Summer's filled—
 Filled with sunshine, filled with June ;
 Firelight echo of that noon
 Heard in fields when all is stilled
 In the golden light of May,
 Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
 Bees, and birds, and flowers away :
 Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
 Voice of Summer, keen and shrill !

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

Sleep.

O HAPPY sleep! that bear'st upon thy breast
 The blood-red poppy of enchanting rest,
 Draw near me through the stillness of this place
 And let thy low breath move across my face,
 As faint winds move above a poplar's crest.

The broad seas darken slowly in the west;
 The wheeling sea-birds call from nest to nest;
 Draw near and touch me, leaning out of space,
 O happy Sleep!

There is no sorrow hidden or confessed
 There is no passion uttered or suppressed,
 Thou canst not for a little while efface;
 Enfold me in thy mystical embrace,
 Thou sovereign gift of God most sweet, most blest,
 O happy Sleep!

ADA LOUISE MARTIN.

A Doubting Heart.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
 O doubting heart!
 Far over purple seas,
 They wait, in sunny ease,
 The balmy southern breeze
 To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoned they lie
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
 O doubting heart!
 They only sleep below
 The soft white ermine snow
 While winter winds shall blow,
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
 These many days;
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky
 That soon, for Spring is nigh,
 Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night;
 What sound can break the silence of despair?
 O doubting heart!
 The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Fancy.

EVER let the Fancy roam;
 Pleasure never is at home:
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
 Then let winged Fancy wander
 Through the thought still spread beyond her;
 Open wide the mind's cage-door —
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
 O sweet Fancy! let her loose!
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
 And the enjoying of the Spring
 Fades as does its blossoming.
 Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
 Blushing through the mist and dew,
 Cloys with tasting. What do then?
 Sit thee by the ingle, when
 The sear fagot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a winter's night;
 When the soundless earth is muffled,
 And the caked snow is shuffled
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
 When the Night doth meet the Noon
 In a dark conspiracy
 To banish Even from her sky.
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,
 With a mind self-overawed,
 Fancy, high-commissioned; — send her!
 She has vassals to attend her;
 She will bring, in spite of frost,
 Beauties that the earth hath lost; —
 She will bring thee, all together,
 All delights of summer weather;
 All the buds and bells of May,
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;
 All the heaped Autumn's wealth; —
 With a still, mysterious stealth;

She will mix these pleasures up
 Like three fit wines in a cup,
 And thou shalt quaff it,—thou shalt hear
 Distant harvest-carols clear—
 Rustle of the reaped corn;
 Sweet birds antheing the morn;
 And, in the same moment—hark!
 'Tis the early April lark,—
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold;
 White-plumed lilies, and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
 Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
 And every leaf, and every flower
 Pearled with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meagre from its celled sleep:
 And the snake, all winter-thin,
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh sweet Fancy! let her loose!
 Every thing is spoilt by use;
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
 Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
 Whose lip mature is ever new?
 Where's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary? Where's the face
 One would meet in every place?
 Where's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft!
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let, then, winged Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind:
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter
 Ere the god of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide;
 With a waist and with a side

White as Hebe's when her zone
 Slipt its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash;
 Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring.—
 Let the winged Fancy roam;
 Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

The Windy Night.

Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 How the midnight tempests howl!
 With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
 Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;
 Or whistle and shriek
 Through limbs that creak.
 "Tu-who! Tu-whit!"
 They cry, and flit,
 "Tu-whit! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 Sweep the moaning winds amain,
 And wildly dash
 The elm and ash,
 Clattering on the window sash
 With a clatter and patter
 Like hail and rain,
 That well-nigh shatter
 The dusky pane!

Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 How the tempests swell and roar!
 Though no foot is astir,
 Though the cat and the cur
 Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
 There are feet of air
 On every stair—
 Through every hall!
 Through each gusty door
 There's a jostle and bustle,
 With a silken rustle,
 Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Aloof and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 How the stormy tempests swell!
 And make the vane
 On the spire complain;
 They heave at the steeple with might and main,
 And burst and sweep
 Into the belfry, on the bell!
 They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
 That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
 And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind—
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
 Then, heigh ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly!
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
 Then, heigh ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Midnight Wind.

MOURNFULLY! oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth sigh,
 Like some sweet, plaintive melody
 Of ages long gone by!
 It speaks a tale of other years,—
 Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
 Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
 And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth moan!
 It stirs some chord of memory
 In each dull, heavy tone!
 The voices of the much-loved dead
 Seem floating thereupon,—
 All, all my fond heart cherished
 Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth swell
 With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,—
 Hope's passionate farewell
 To the dreamy joys of early years,
 Ere yet grief's canker fell
 On the heart's bloom,—ay! well may tears
 Start at that parting knell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

The Holly-Tree.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly-tree!
 The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise
 As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
 Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
 Can reach to wound;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize;
 And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
 Harsh and austere—
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,
 Reserved and rude;
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I, day by day,
 Would wear away,

Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng;
 So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
 More grave than they;
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Woods in Winter.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
 And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
 With solemn feet I tread the hill
 That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
 Through the long reach of desert woods,
 The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
 And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
 The summer vine in beauty clung,
 And summer winds the stillness broke,—
 The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
 Pour out the river's gradual tide,
 Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
 And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene
 When birds sang out their mellow lay,
 And winds were soft, and woods were green,
 And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
 Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
 And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
 Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
 Has grown familiar with your song;
 I hear it in the opening year,—
 I listen, and it cheers me long.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

North Wind.

LOUD wind! strong wind! sweeping o'er the moun-
 tains;
 Fresh wind! free wind! blowing from the sea,
 Pour forth thy vials like torrents from air foun-
 tains,
 Draughts of life to me.

Clear wind! cold wind! like a northern giant,
 Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven hair,
 Thrilling the blank night with thy voice defiant—
 Lo! I meet thee there!

Wild wind! bold wind! like a strong-armed angel
 Clasp me and kiss me with thy kisses divine!
 Breathe in this dulled ear thy secret, sweet evangel,—
 Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind! mad wind! howling o'er the nations!
 Knew'st thou how leapeth my heart as thou goest by,
 Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in sudden patience,
 Like a human sigh!

Sharp wind! keen wind! cutting as word arrows,
 Empty thy quiver-full! Pass by! what is't to thee,
 That in some mortal eyes life's whole bright circle
 narrows
 To one misery?

Loud wind! strong wind! stay thou in the moun-
 tains;
 Fresh wind! free wind! trouble not the sea!
 Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's warm
 fountains
 That I hear not thee!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

The Snow-Storm.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's
feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof;
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths,
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the
world

Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Sonnet.

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF
LAAKEN IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being
school
To patience, which all evil can allay.
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.

There need not schools nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart;
He who has not enough for these to spare,
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair —
Nature is always wise in every part.

LORD THURLOW.

To the Redbreast.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care;
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow-
ers —

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven!
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres — yes, and to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Afternoon in February.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A Song for the Seasons.

WHEN the merry lark doth gild
With his song the summer hours,
And their nests the swallows build
In the roofs and tops of towers,
And the golden broom-flower burns
All about the waste,
And the maiden May returns
With a pretty haste,—
*Then, how merry are the times !
The Summer times ! the Spring times !*

Now, from off the ashy stone
The chilly midnight cricket crieth,
And all merry birds are flown,
And our dream of pleasure dieth ;
Now the once blue, laughing sky
Saddens into gray,
And the frozen rivers sigh,
Pining all away !
*Now, how solemn are the times !
The Winter times ! the Night times !*

Yet, be merry : all around
Is through one vast change revolving ;
Even Night, who lately frowned,
Is in paler dawn dissolving ;
Earth will burst her fetters strange,
And in Spring grow free ;
All things in the world will change,
Save—my love for thee !
*Sing then, hopeful are all times !
Winter, Summer, Spring times !*

BARRY CORNWALL.

Dirge for the Year.

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep !
Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but asleep :
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day ;
Solemn Hours ! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours ; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave ;
February bears the bier ;
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye Hours !
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Sonnet.

DIE down, O dismal day ! and let me live.
And come, blue deeps ! magnificently strewn
With colored clouds—large, light, and fugitive—
By upper winds through pompous motions blown.
Now it is death in life—a vapor dense
Creeps round my window till I cannot see
The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens
Shagging the mountain-tops. O God ! make
free
This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold—
Breathe gently forth Thy spring, till winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,
While she performs her customary charities.
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare—
O God ! for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air !

DAVID GRAY.

Hymn to the Spirit of Nature.

LIFE of Life! Thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire; then screen them
 In those locks, where whose gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! Thy limbs are burning
 Through the veil which seems to hide them,
 As the radiant lines of morning
 Through thin clouds, ere they divide them;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds Thee;
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendor;
 And all feel, yet see thee never,—
 As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest,
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
 And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness
 Till they fail, as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Influence of Natural Objects.

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
 Thou Soul, that art the eternity of thought!
 And giv'st to forms and images a breath
 And everlasting motion! not in vain,
 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
 The passions that build up our human soul—
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man,
 But with high objects, with enduring things,
 With Life and Nature; purifying thus
 The elements of feeling and of thought,
 And sanctifying by such discipline
 Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me

With stinted kindness. In November days,
 When vapors rolling down the valleys made
 A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
 At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
 When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
 Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
 In solitude, such intercourse was mine.
 Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
 And by the waters, all the Summer long;
 And in the frosty season, when the sun
 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
 The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
 I heeded not the summons. Happy time
 It was indeed for all of us; for me
 It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
 The village-clock tolled six; I wheeled about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
 And not a voice was idle. With the din
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a star—
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
 Upon the glassy plain. And oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping thro' the darkness, spinning still
 The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheeled by me,—even as if the Earth had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round!
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 Feebler and feebler; and I stood and watched
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Hymn

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—
 An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in
 prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
 thought—

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy—
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the
 vale!

Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink—
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald—wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
 And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,

For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your
 joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flow-
 ers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome
 voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing
 peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
 serene,

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, oh ever rise!
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

PART II.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

ELLE avait dix ans, et moi trente ;
J'étais pour elle l'univers.
Oh ! comme l'herbe est odorante
Sous les arbres profonds et verts !

Elle faisait mon sort prospère,
Mon travail léger, mon ciel bleu.
Lorsqu'elle me disait : Mon père,
Tout mon cœur s'écriait : Mon Dieu !

Les anges se miraient en elle.
Que son bonjour était charmant !
Le ciel mettait dans sa prunelle
Ce regard qui jamais ne ment.

Oh ! je l'avais, si jeune encore,
Vue apparaître en mon destin !
C'était l'enfant de mon aurore,
Et mon étoile du matin !

VICTOR HUGO.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

Introduction.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me :

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again.”
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipè,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed ;

And I made a rural pen ;
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Baby May.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches ;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness ; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise ;

Minutes filled with shadeless gladness ;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness ;
Happy smiles and wailing cries ;
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes ;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn ;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion ;
Catchings up of legs and arms ;
Throwings back and small alarms ;
Clutching fingers ; straightening jerks ;
Twining feet whose each toe works ;
Kickings up and straining risings ;
Mother's ever new surprisings ;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under ;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings ;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning ;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses ;
Graspings small at all that passes ;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table ;
Silences — small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches ;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing ;
Slumbers — such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings ;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking ;

Wealth for which we know no measure;
 Pleasure high above all pleasure;
 Gladness brimming over gladness;
 Joy in care; delight in sadness;
 Loveliness beyond completeness;
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
 Beauty all that beauty may be;—
 That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

Lullaby.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go;
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Rest, rest on mother's breast;
 Father will come to thee soon.
 Father will come to his babe in the nest;
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Choosing a Name.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
 I was nigh the first that kissed her.
 When the nursing-woman brought her
 To papa, his infant daughter,
 How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
 She will shortly be to christen;
 And papa has made the offer,
 I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her —
 Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
 Ann and Mary, they're too common;
 Joan's too formal for a woman;

Jane's a prettier name beside;
 But we had a Jane that died.
 They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
 That she was a little Quaker.
 Edith's pretty, but that looks
 Better in old English books;
 Ellen's left off long ago;
 Blanche is out of fashion now.
 None that I have named as yet
 Are so good as Margaret.
 Emily is neat and fine;
 What do you think of Caroline?
 How I'm puzzled and perplexed
 What to choose or think of next!
 I am in a little fever
 Lest the name that I should give her
 Should disgrace her or defame her;—
 I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

The Christening.

ARRAYED — a half-angelic sight —
 In vests of pure baptismal white,
 The mother to the font doth bring
 The little helpless, nameless thing
 With hushes soft and mild caressing,
 At once to get — a name and blessing.
 Close by the babe the priest doth stand,
 The cleansing water at his hand
 Which must assail the soul within
 From every stain of Adam's sin.
 The infant eyes the mystic scenes,
 Nor knows what all this wonder means;
 And now he smiles, as if to say,
 "I am a Christian made this day;"
 Now frightened clings to nurse's hold,
 Shrinking from the water cold,
 Whose virtues, rightly understood,
 Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.
 Strange words, "The world, the flesh, the devil,"
 Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
 But we must silently adore
 Mysterious truths, and not explore.
 Enough for him, in after-times,
 When he shall read these artless rhymes,
 If, looking back upon this day
 With quiet conscience, he can say,



"I have in part redeemed the pledge
Of my baptismal privilege;
And more and more will strive to flee
All which my sponsors kind did then renounce for
me."

CHARLES LAMB.

Cuddle Doon.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in.
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid —
He aye sleeps next the wa' —
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece;"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun';
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance —
He's kittlin wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon:
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits off his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel',
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his arms roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his arms roun' Tam's.

I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Willie Winkie.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed? — for it's now ten
o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singing' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a
cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue! — glow'rin' like the
moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin'
folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her
thrums:

Hey, Willie Winkie! — See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close an
ee;

But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew
to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

The Dead Doll.

You need n't be trying to comfort me—I tell you
my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she is n't, with a crack like
that in her head.
It's just like you said it would n't hurt much to
have my tooth out, that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off,
you had n't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when
you say you can mend it with glue:
As if I did n't know better than that! Why, just
suppose it was you?
You might make her look all mended—but what
do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys and the
backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's
the awfulest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when
her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the
little shelf.
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I
know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her an-
other head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you
my dolly is dead!
And to think I had n't quite finished her elegant
new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie
on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was
playing out in the yard—
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon
for Hildegard."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegard
saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't be-
lieve she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just be-
lieve, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her
head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head
had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it has n't cracked
a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be
buried, of course:
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall
be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry, and we'll put her in
this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her there out
under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one
he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every
single word!
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegard, a beautiful doll,
who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in
her head."

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

The Angel's Whisper.

A superstition prevails in Ireland that, when a child
smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come back to
me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with
thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me !
 And say thou wouldst rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father !
 For I know that the angels are whispering to
 thee."

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to
 see ;
 And closely caressing
 Her child with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering
 with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

Philip, my King.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
 Philip, my king !
 For round thee the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's royal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With Love's invisible sceptre laden ;
 I am thine Esther, to command
 Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
 Philip, my king !

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
 Philip, my king !
 When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
 And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
 Sittest love-glorified !— Rule kindly,
 Tenderly over thy kingdom fair ;
 For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
 Philip, my king !

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
 Philip, my king !
 The spirit that there lies sleeping now,
 May rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
 My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
 Let me behold thee in future years !
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
 Philip, my king—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
 Philip, my king !
 Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
 Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray ;
 Rebels within thee, and foes without
 Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glori-
 ous,
 Martyr, yet monarch ! till angels shout,
 As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
 "Philip, the king !"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

The Child and the Watcher.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,
 Tired of all thy playing—
 Sleep with smile the sweeter for
 That you dropped away in ;
 On your curls' fair roundness stand
 Golden lights serenely ;
 One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
 Folds the dimple inly—
 Little head and little foot
 Heavy laid for pleasure ;
 Underneath the lids half-shut
 Plants the shining azure ;
 Open-souled in noonday sun,
 So, you lie and slumber ;
 Nothing evil having done,
 Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
 Shall I sigh to view you ?
 Or sigh further to foretell
 All that may undo you ?
 Nay, keep smiling, little child,
 Ere the fate appeareth !
 I smile, too ; for patience mild
 Pleasure's token weareth.
 Nay, keep sleeping before loss ;
 I shall sleep, though losing !
 As by cradle, so by cross,
 Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
 Child at childish leisure,
 I am all as tired of pain
 As you are of pleasure.

Very soon, too, by His grace,
Gently wrapt around me,
I shall show as calm a face,
I shall sleep as soundly—
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand must drop the few
Given to my keeping—

Differing in this, that I,
Sleeping, must be colder,
And, in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder—
Differing in this beside
(Sleeper, have you heard me?)
Do you move, and open wide
Your great eyes toward me?
That while I you draw withal
From this slumber solely,
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
Trumpet-tongued and holy!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The Gipsy's Malison.

"Suck, baby, suck! mother's love grows by giving;
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wast-
ing:

Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tast-
ing.

"Kiss, baby, kiss! mother's lips shine by kisses;
Choke the warm breath that else would fall in
blessings:

Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

"Hang, baby, hang! mother's love loves such
forces;

Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy
clinging:

Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging."

So sang a withered beldam energetical,
And banned the ungiving door with lips prophet-
ical.

CHARLES LAMB.

The Child Asleep.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again.
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE. (French.)

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

To I. G.

FOUR YEARS OLD:—A NURSERY SONG.

. . . . Pien d'amori,
Pien di canti, e pien di fiori. FRUGONI.

Full of little loves of ours,
Full of songs, and full of flowers.

AH, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes,
With a voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so;
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,

And cheeks as ripe as apples,
 And head as rough as Dapple's,
 And arms as sunny shining
 As if their veins they'd wine in,
 And mouth that smiles so truly
 Heaven seems to have made it newly —
 It breaks into such sweetness
 With merry-lipped completeness;
 Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
 As blithe as Laughing Trio!
 —Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
 So christened from the Tattler,
 My Bacchus in his glory,
 My little Cor-di-fiori,
 My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
 Who in and out come bobbing,
 As full of feints and frolics as
 That fibbing rogue Autolyceus,
 And play the graceless robber on
 Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
 Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
 How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
 But mischief — there you're in it:
 A-getting at my books, John,
 With mighty bustling looks, John,
 Or poking at the roses,
 In midst of which your nose is;
 Or climbing on a table,
 No matter how unstable,
 And turning up your quaint eye
 And half-shut teeth, with "Mayn't I?"
 Or else you're off at play, John,
 Just as you'd be all day, John,
 With hat or not, as happens;
 And there you dance, and clap hands,
 Or on the grass go rolling,
 Or plucking flowers, or bowling,
 And getting me expenses
 With losing balls o'er fences;
 Or, as the constant trade is,
 Are fondled by the ladies
 With "What a young rogue this is!"
 Reforming him with kisses;
 Till suddenly you cry out,
 As if you had an eye out,
 So desperately tearful,
 The sound is really fearful;

When lo! directly after,
 It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue! and do you know, John,
 Why 'tis we love you so, John?
 And how it is they let ye
 Do what you like and pet ye,
 Though all who look upon ye,
 Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"
 It is because you please 'em
 Still more, John, than you tease 'em;
 Because, too, when not present,
 The thought of you is pleasant;
 Because, though such an elf, John,
 They think that if yourself, John,
 Had something to condemn too,
 You'd be as kind to them too;
 In short, because you're very
 Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
 And are as quick at giving
 As easy at receiving;
 And in the midst of pleasure
 Are certain to find leisure
 To think, my boy, of ours,
 And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly;
 Come, put your hat on rightly,
 And we'll among the bushes,
 And hear your friends, the thrushes;
 And see what flowers the weather
 Has rendered fit to gather;
 And, when we home must jog, you
 Shall ride my back, you rogue you,—
 Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
 Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves,
 And so, with green o'erhead, John,
 Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

To a Child

EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!
 Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
 Hereafter she may have a son
 Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
 Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
 And mirror back her love for thee,—
 Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
 To meet them when they cannot see.
 Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
 With love that they have often told,—
 Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
 And kiss them till thine own are cold.
 Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
 Although it be not silver-gray—
 Too early Death, led on by Care,
 May snatch save one dear lock away.
 Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
 That Heaven may long the stroke defer;
 For thou mayst live the hour forlorn
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.
 Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

On the Picture of an Infant

PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
 And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
 See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
 Oh, fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—
 Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
 And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS of Alexandria. (Greek.)

Translation of SAMUEL ROGERS.

Children.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
 No fondest father's fondest care
 Can fashion so the infant heart
 As those creative beams that dart,
 With all their hopes and fears, upon
 The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
 A father near him on his knee,

Who wishes all the while to trace
 The mother in his future face;
 But 'tis to her alone uprise
 His wakening arms; to her those eyes
 Open with joy and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The Fairy Child.

THE summer sun was sinking
 With a mild light, calm and mellow;
 It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
 And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
 And his song was sad and tender;
 And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the
 song
 Smiled with a sweet soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
 While his soul the song was quaffing;
 The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
 And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
 The midnight needle plying;
 I feared for my child, for the rush's light
 In the socket now was dying.

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
 Like the wind at midnight moaning;
 I knelt to pray, but rose again,
 For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
 But that night my child departed—
 They left a weakling in his stead,
 And I am broken-hearted.

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
 For his eyes are dim and hollow;
 My little boy is gone—is gone,
 And his mother soon will follow!

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
 And the mass be chanted meetly,
 And I shall sleep with my little boy,
 In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

To a Child, during Sickness.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
 My little patient boy;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.
 I sit me down, and think
 Of all thy winning ways;
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid,
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid;
 The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears:
 These, these are things that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
 I will not think of now;
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,
 Have wasted with dry brow;
 But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I cannot bear the gentleness—
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new;
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father too;
 My light, where'er I go;
 My bird, when prison-bound,
 My hand-in-hand companion—No,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
 "His voice"—"his face"—is gone,
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on—
 Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
 This silence too the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile;

Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of cherubim,
 Who say, "We've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

To Hartley Coleridge.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU whose fancies from afar are brought;
 Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
 And fittest to unutterable thought
 The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol,
 Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
 In such clear water, that thy boat
 May rather seem
 To brood on air than on an earthly stream—
 Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
 Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
 O blessed vision! happy child!
 Thou art so exquisitely wild,
 I think of thee with many fears
 For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy
 guest,
 Lord of thy house and hospitality;
 And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest
 But when she sat within the touch of thee.
 O too industrious folly!
 O vain and causeless melancholy!
 Nature will either end thee quite;
 Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
 Preserve for thee, by individual right,
 A young lamb's heart among the full-grown
 flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
 Or the injuries of to-morrow?
 Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings
 forth,
 Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
 Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
 A gem that glitters while it lives,
 And no forewarning gives,
 But, at the touch of wrongs, without a strife,
 Slips in a moment out of life.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To a Child.

DEAR child! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go;
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day;
And brow so calm, a home for Thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade.
Thou art a flash that lights the whole —
A gush from Nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of Man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;

And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within, not loud but clear,
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

JOHN STERLING.

The Mother's Hope.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time,
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime,
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:
Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited,
Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far —
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all,—the human voice.

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone —
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth to his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—
These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round —
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
 Fondlier formed to catch the strain —
 Ear of one whose love is surer —
 Hers, the mother, the endurer
 Of the deepest share of pain;
 Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
 Memories of that cry of pleasure;
 Hers to hoard, a life-time after,
 Echoes of that infant laughter.

'Tis a mother's large affection
 Hears with a mysterious sense —
 Breathings that evade detection,
 Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,
 Thrill in her with power intense.
 Childhood's honeyed words untaught
 Hiveth she in loving thought —
 Tones that never thence depart;
 For she listens — with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The Mother's Heart.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
 My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
 My heart received thee with a joy beyond
 All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
 Nor thought that any love again might be
 So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
 And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
 Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
 Yet patient to rebuke when justly given —
 Obedient — easy to be reconciled —
 And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left — still by my side,
 Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dy-
 ing;
 Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide
 Through the dark room where I was sadly lying;
 Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
 Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
 Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
 No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,
 And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;

Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
 And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love — bold in thy glee,
 Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
 With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free —
 Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
 Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
 Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,
 Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip re-
 soundeth;
 Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
 And the glad heart from which all grief re-
 boundeth;
 And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
 Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
 The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
 The coaxing smile — the frequent soft caress —
 The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
 Again my heart a new affection found,
 But thought that love with thee had reached its
 bound.

At length THOU camest — thou, the last and least,
 Nick-named "the Emperor" by thy laughing
 brothers —
 Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
 And thou didst seek to rule and sway the
 others —
 Mingling with every playful infant wile
 A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
 An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
 Fair shoulders, curling lips, and dauntless brow,
 Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;
 And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
 And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim
 I, that all other love had been forswearing,
 Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
 Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
 Nor stole a fraction for the newer call —
 But in the mother's heart found room for all!

CAROLINE NORTON.

Mother's Love.

HE sang so wildly, did the boy,
 That you could never tell
 If 'twas a madman's voice you heard,
 Or if the spirit of a bird
 Within his heart did dwell —
 A bird that dallies with his voice
 Among the matted branches ;
 Or on the free blue air his note,
 To pierce, and fall, and rise, and float,
 With bolder utterance launches.
 None ever was so sweet as he,
 The boy that wildly sang to me ;
 Though toilsome was the way and long,
 He led me, not to lose the song.

But when again we stood below
 The unhidden sky, his feet
 Grew slacker, and his note more slow,
 But more than doubly sweet.
 He led me then a little way
 Athwart the barren moor,
 And there he stayed, and bad me stay,
 Beside a cottage door ;
 I could have stayed of my own will,
 In truth, my eye and heart to fill
 With the sweet sight which I saw there,
 At the dwelling of the cottager.

A little in the doorway sitting,
 The mother plied her busy knitting ;
 And her cheek so softly smiled,
 You might be sure, although her gaze
 Was on the meshes of the lace,
 Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,
 As o'er her work she did rejoice,
 His became silent altogether ;
 And slyly creeping by the wall,
 He seized a single plume, let fall
 By some wild bird of longest feather ;
 And all a-tremble with his freak,
 He touched her lightly on the cheek.

Oh what a loveliness her eyes
 Gather in that one moment's space,
 While peeping round the post she spies
 Her darling's laughing face !

Oh mother's love is glorifying,
 On the cheek like sunset lying ;
 In the eyes a moistened light,
 Softer than the moon at night !

THOMAS BURRIDGE.

The Pet Lamb.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
 I heard a voice ; it said, " Drink, pretty creature,
 drink ! "

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
 A snow-white mountain-lamb with a maiden at its
 side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was all
 alone,
 And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
 With one knee on the grass did the little maiden
 kneel,
 While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening
 meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper
 took,
 Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his tail
 with pleasure shook.

" Drink, pretty creature, drink ! " she said, in such
 a tone
 That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty
 rare !

I watched them with delight : they were a lovely
 pair.

Now with her empty can the maiden turned
 away ;
 But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she
 stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked ; and from a
 shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her
 face.

If nature to her tongue could measured numbers
 bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might
 sing :—

"What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that ailleth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art.

This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain—

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;

For rain and mountain-storms—the like thou need'st not fear;

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day

When my father found thee first in' places far away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:

A blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast—the dam that did thee yearn

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is, and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now;

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough.

My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold,

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be

That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?

Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,

And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;

The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,

When they are angry roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;

Night and day thou art safe—our cottage is hard by.

Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;

And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,

That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was mine.

Again and once again, did I repeat the song;

"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,

For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Shepherd Boy.

LIKE some vision olden
 Of far other time,
 When the age was golden,
 In the young world's prime,
 Is thy soft pipe ringing,
 O lonely shepherd boy :
 What song art thou singing,
 In thy youth and joy ?
 Or art thou complaining
 Of thy lowly lot,
 And thine own disdaining,
 Dost ask what thou hast not ?
 Of the future dreaming,
 Weary of the past,
 For the present scheming —
 All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
 In thy summer home ;
 Where the flowers inviting
 Tempt the bee to roam ;
 Where the cowslip, bending
 With its golden bells,
 Of each glad hour's ending
 With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
 When he is alone ;
 Every bird above him
 Sings its softest tone.
 Thankful to high Heaven,
 Humble in thy joy,
 Much to thee is given,
 Lowly shepherd boy.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

To my Daughter.

DEAR Fanny ! nine long years ago,
 While yet the morning sun was low,
 And rosy with the eastern glow
 The landscape smiled ;
 Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds —
 Sweet as the early song of birds,
 I heard those first, delightful words,
 "Thou hast a child !"

Along with that uprising dew
 Tears glistened in my eyes, though few,
 To hail a dawning quite as new
 To me, as Time :
 It was not sorrow — not annoy —
 But like a happy maid, though coy,
 With grief-like welcome, even Joy
 Forestalls its prime.

So may'st thou live, dear ! many years,
 In all the bliss that life endears,
 Not without smiles, nor yet from tears,
 Too strictly kept.
 When first thy infant littleness
 I folded in my fond caress,
 The greatest proof of happiness
 Was this — I wept.

THOMAS HOOD.

Little Boy Blue.

WHEN the corn-fields and meadows
 Are pearled with the dew,
 With the first sunny shadow
 Walks little Boy Blue.

Oh the Nymphs and the Graces
 Still gleam on his eyes,
 And the kind fairy faces
 Look down from the skies ;

And a secret revealing
 Of life within life,
 When feeling meets feeling
 In musical strife ;

A winding and weaving
 In flowers and in trees,
 A floating and heaving
 In sunlight and breeze ;

A striving and soaring,
 A gladness and grace,
 Make him kneel half-adoring
 The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
 Of lambs at their play,
 Where the kine scent the meadows
 With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn;

And he weeps, he rejoices,
He prays; nor in vain,
For soft loving voices
Will answer again;

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

ANONYMOUS.

Little Red Riding Hood.

COME back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my Childhood;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wildwood,
From beside the charmed well,
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

The fields were covered over
With colors as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover
Below her footsteps bent;
Summer shed its shining store;
She was happy as she pressed them
Beneath her little feet;
She plucked them and caressed them;
They were so very sweet,
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!

A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own—
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

I.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!

II.

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

"An hour they sate in counsel —
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous,)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure:
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin;
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm —
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper —
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever stray-
ing
As if impatient to be playing

Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
 And, as for what your brain bewilders—
 If I can rid your town of rats,
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rum-
 bling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the
 pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe—

And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 And breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue!
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havock
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock:
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing
 wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for
 drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor —
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stept into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering.
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scat-
 tering,
 Out came the children running:
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood.
 Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by —
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
 However, he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 "He never can cross that mighty top!
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop!"
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children fol-
 lowed;
 And when all were in, to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say all? No! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way;
 And in after-years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,—
 "It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And every thing was strange and new;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagles' wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will.
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
 There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's gate
 Opes to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,

"And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six:"

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
mice,

If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

To George M——.

YES, I do love thee well, my child!

Albeit mine's a wandering mind;
But never, darling, hast thou smiled
Or breathed a wish that did not find
A ready echo in my heart.

What hours I've held thee on my knee,
Thy little rosy lips apart!

Or, when asleep, I've gazed on thee,
And with old tunes sung thee to rest,
Hugging thee closely to my bosom;

For thee my very heart hath blest,
My joy, my care, my blue-eyed blossom!

THOMAS MILLER.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
heads;

And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the mat-
ter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them
by name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen!

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen—

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
 Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
 sky,
 So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
 With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
 And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a
 bound.
 He was dressed all in fur from his head to his
 foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
 soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
 His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how
 merry;
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the
 snow.
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like a
 wreath.
 He had a broad face and a little round belly
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of
 jelly.
 He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
 And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
 work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a
 jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
 whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a
 thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of
 sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-
 night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

The Gambols of Children.

Down the dimpled green-sward dancing,
 Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy—
 Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
 Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
 How they glimmer, how they quiver!
 Sparkling one another after,
 Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
 Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,
 Make your mocks and sly grimaces
 At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY.

Saturday Afternoon.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
 Of wild and careless play,
 And persuade myself that I am not old,
 And my locks are not yet gray;
 For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
 And makes his pulses fly,
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
 And they say that I am old—
 That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
 And my years are well-nigh told.
 It is very true—it is very true—
 I am old, and I "bide my time;"
 But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
 In the midst of your merry ring;
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
 And the rush of the breathless swing.
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
 And I whoop the smothered call,
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
 And I shall be glad to go—
 For the world, at best, is a weary place,
 And my pulse is getting low;

But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
 In treading its gloomy way ;
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
 To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

The Little Vagabond.

DEAR mother, dear mother, the church is cold,
 But the ale-house is healthy, and pleasant, and warm :
 Besides, I can tell where I am used well,
 Such usage in heaven will never do well.

But if at the church they would give us some ale,
 And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
 We'd sing and we'd pray all the live-long day,
 Nor ever once wish from the church to stray.

Then the parson might preach and drink and sing,
 And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring ;
 And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,
 Would not have bandy children, nor hiding, nor
 birch ;

And God, like a father rejoicing to see
 His children as pleasant and happy as he,
 Would have no more quarrel with the devil or the
 barrel,
 But kiss him, and give him both drink and ap-
 parel.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Schoolmistress.

AN me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise ;
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try
 To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies,
 Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
 Embowered in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;

They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Awed by the power of this relentless dame ;
 And oftentimes, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely
 shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat
 low ;
 And as they looked, they found their horror
 grew,
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the
 view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden placed ;
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
 aghast ;
 Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
 No superstition clog his dance of joy,
 No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display ;
 And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tenement betray ;
 Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel
 around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field ;
 And in her hand for sceptre, she does wield .
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fears entwined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
 And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kened, in semblance meet portrayed,
 The childish faces of old Eol's train;
 Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns arrayed,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deemed the cell,
 Where comely peace of mind and decent order
 dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
 A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
 'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
 Through pious awe did term it passing rare;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
 on ground!

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
 Yet these she challenged, these she held right
 dear;
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 Who should not honored eld with these revere;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
 Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
 Such favor did her past deportment claim;
 And if Neglect had lavished on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
 found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,
 Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
 But herbs for use and physic not a few,
 Of grey renown, within these borders grew;

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to
 rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
 And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's
 wound;
 And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amid the labors of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare
 perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
 Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here;
 Where edged with gold its glittering skirts
 appear.
 Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere!
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
 dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did
 mete.
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
 But in her garden found a summer-seat;
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
 All for the nonce untuning every string,
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they
 to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
 And in those elfin ears would oft deplore
 The times when truth by Popish rage did bleed,
 And tortuous death was true devotion's meed,
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;

And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn ;
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er
return !

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sate, and some with rank she
graced,

(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride !)
Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there
passed ;

And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;
To thwart the proud, and the submissive to raise ;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays ;
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she
sways ;

Forewarned if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear and all the scene un-
fold.

Lo ! now with state she utters the command ;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from fingers wet the letters fair ;
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements doth declare ;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight I
ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me while I write ;
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly, dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-
light !

And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see ;
All playful as she sate, she grows demure ;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She meditates a prayer to set him free ;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief, which swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand
To stay harsh justice in his mid-career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear !
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
She sees no kind domestic visage near ;
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his loud laments explain ?
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek dis-
tain ?

When he in abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling
stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care ;
By turns, astonished every twig survey,
And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware,
Knowing, I wis, how each the same may share,
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugared cates she doth them
greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare ; now, certes, doubly
sweet.

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseeemly order sitten there ;
All but the wight of bum y-galled ; he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and
chair,

(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his
hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting, doth declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offered love, and shuns to be ca-
ressed.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smeared and sullied by a vernal shower.
Oh the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all but she, the author of his shame,
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall
claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and
fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past
resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of noble fires.
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valor's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill or flowery false
deceit.

Yet nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now sagacious Foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,

Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may
fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth
build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field,
And, soured by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrilled
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What
stuff is here?"

And now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had covered o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run;
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I im-
plore!
For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the
sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
Oh vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud Ambition
towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to
play;
Thilk to the hunter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to
spend.

Here as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been ;
 Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
 Galling full sore th' unmonneyed wight, are seen :
 And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green ;
 And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless
 care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
 Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
 With pampered look draw little eyes aside ;
 And must be bought, though penury betide.
 The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
 And here each season do those cakes abide
 Whose honored names th' inventive city own,
 Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises
 known.

Admired Salopia ! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient
 wave,
 Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave ;
 Ah ! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his
 grave,
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
 Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their
 way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver winding way :

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
 Ah, fields beloved in vain !—
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace ;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on urgent business bent,
 Their murmuring labors ply
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty ;
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare desery ;
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigor born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day ;
 Yet see, how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,

And black misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;
 And envy wan, and faded care,
 Grim-visaged, comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy;
 The stings of falsehood those shall try,
 And hard unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tears it forced to flow;
 And keen remorse, with blood defiled,
 And moody madness, laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of death,
 More hideous than their queen;
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every laboring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more:—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise!

THOMAS GRAY.

The Children in the Wood.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
 The words which I shall write;
 A doleful story you shall hear,
 In time brought forth to light:
 A gentleman of good account,
 In Norfolk lived of late,
 Whose wealth and riches did surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
 No help then he could have;
 His wife by him as sick did lie,
 And both possessed one grave.
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kind;
 In love they lived, in love they died,
 And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three years old;
 The other a girl, more young than he,
 And made in beauty's mould.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a year—

And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred pounds in gold,
 To be paid down on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controlled;
 But if the children chanced to die
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,
 For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
 "Look to my children dear;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else I have here;
 To God and you I do commend
 My children, night and day;
 But little while, be sure, we have,
 Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle, all in one;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone."

With that bespake their mother dear,
 "O brother kind," quoth she,
 "You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward;
 If otherwise you seem to deal,
 God will your deeds regard."
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 She kissed her children small:
 "God bless you both, my children dear,"
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sick couple there:
 "The keeping of your children dear,
 Sweet sister, do not fear;
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear,
 When you are laid in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them home unto his house,
 And much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children young,
 And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife, and all he had,
 He did the children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
 Rejoicing at that tide,
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride;
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives' decay,

So that the pretty speech they had,
 Made Murder's heart relent;
 And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore they did repent.
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
 So here they fell at strife;
 With one another they did fight,
 About the children's life;
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
 When tears stood in their eye,
 And bade them come and go with him,
 And look they did not cry;
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain:
 "Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
 When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down,
 But never more they saw the man,
 Approaching from the town.
 Their pretty lips, with black-berries,
 Were all besmeared and dyed,
 And, when they saw the darksome night,
 They sate them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
 Till death did end their grief;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As babes wanting relief.
 No burial these pretty babes
 Of any man receives,
 Till robin redbreast, painfully,
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell.

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
 His lands were barren made;
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stayed.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die;
 And, to conclude, himself was brought
 To extreme misery.
 He pawned and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven years came about;
 And now, at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robber judged to die,
 As was God's blessed will;
 Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here expressed;
 Their uncle died while he, for debt,
 In prison long did rest.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke;
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God, with such like misery,
 Your wicked minds requite.

ANONYMOUS.

Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
 If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad,
 Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy!
 Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luv,
 And with his sugred words to muve,
 His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
 To me that time did not appeire:

But now I see, most cruell hee,
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile;
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
 But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,
 Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

I can nae chuse, but ever will
 Be luving to thy father stil:
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
 My luv with him maun stil abyde:
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
 Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe!

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline;
 Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new;
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For women's banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve;
 My babe and I right saft will ly,
 And quite forget man's cruelty.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
 That ever kist a woman's mouth!
 I wish all maids be warned by mee,
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
 For if we doe but chance to bow,
 They'll use us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

ANONYMOUS.

Danae.

WHILST, around her lone ark sweeping,
 Wailed the winds and waters wild,
 Her young cheeks all wan with weeping,
 Danaë clasped her sleeping child;
 And "Alas," cried she, "my dearest,
 What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine!
 But nor wrongs nor woes thou fearest,
 In that sinless rest of thine.
 Faint the moonbeams break above thee,
 And, within here, all is gloom;
 But fast wrapt in arms that love thee,
 Little reck'st thou of our doom.
 Not the rude spray round thee flying,
 Has e'en damped thy clustering hair,—
 On thy purple mantlet lying,
 O mine Innocent, my Fair!
 Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow,
 Thou would'st lend thy little ear,
 And this heart of thine might borrow
 Haply yet a moment's cheer.
 But no; slumber on, Babe, slumber;
 Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you,
 My dark troubles, without number,—
 Oh, that ye would slumber too!
 Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice,
 Grant, Jove, that, in future years,
 This boy may defeat their malice,
 And avenge his mother's tears!"

SIMONIDES. (Greek.)

Translation of WILLIAM PETER.

Boyhood.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded
 days!
 The minutes parting one by one like rays,
 That fade upon a summer's eve.
 But oh! what charm, or magic numbers
 Can give me back the gentle slumbers
 Those weary, happy days did leave?
 When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
 And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
 Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—
 E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Her Eyes are Wild.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
 The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;
 Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
 And she came far from over the main.
 She had a baby on her arm,
 Or else she were alone;
 And underneath the hay-stack warm,
 And on the greenwood stone,
 She talked and sung the woods among,
 And it was in the English tongue.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad,
 But nay, my heart is far too glad:
 And I am happy when I sing
 Full many a sad and doleful thing.
 Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
 I pray thee have no fear of me;
 But safe as in a cradle, here,
 My lovely baby! thou shalt be.
 To thee I know too much I owe;
 I cannot work thee any woe.

"A fire was once within my brain,
 And in my head a dull, dull pain;
 And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
 Hung at my breast, and pulled at me.
 But then there came a sight of joy;
 It came at once to do me good:
 I waked, and saw my little boy,
 My little boy of flesh and blood;
 Oh joy for me that sight to see!
 For he was here, and only he.

"Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
 It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
 Thy lips, I feel them, baby! they
 Draw from my heart the pain away.
 Oh press me with thy little hand!
 It loosens something at my chest;
 About that tight and deadly band
 I feel thy little fingers prest.
 The breeze I see is in the tree—
 It comes to cool my babe and me.

"Oh love me, love me, little boy!
 Thou art thy mother's only joy;
 And do not dread the waves below,
 When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;

The high crag cannot work me harm,
 Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
 The babe I carry on my arm,
 He saves for me my precious soul;
 Then happy lie; for blest am I;
 Without me my sweet babe would die.

"Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
 Bold as a lion will I be;
 And I will always be thy guide,
 Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
 I'll build an Indian bower; I know
 The leaves that make the softest bed;
 And, if from me thou wilt not go,
 But still be true till I am dead,
 My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
 As merry as the birds in Spring.

"Thy father cares not for my breast,
 'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
 'Tis all thine own!—and if its hue
 Be changed, that was so fair to view,
 'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!
 My beauty, little child, is flown,
 But thou wilt live with me in love;
 And what if my poor cheek be brown?
 'Tis well for me thou canst not see
 How pale and wan it else would be.

"Dread not their taunts, my little Life;
 I am thy father's wedded wife:
 And underneath the spreading tree
 We two will live in honesty.
 If his sweet boy he could forsake,
 With me he never would have stayed.
 From him no harm my babe can take;
 But he, poor man, is wretched made;
 And every day we two will pray
 For him that's gone and far away.

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things:
 I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
 My little babe! thy lips are still,
 And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
 — Where art thou gone, my own dear child?
 What wicked looks are those I see?
 Alas! alas! that look so wild,
 It never, never came from me.
 If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
 Then I must be for ever sad.

"Oh smile on me, my little lamb!
 For I thy own dear mother am.
 My love for thee has well been tried;
 I've sought thy father far and wide.
 I know the poisons of the shade;
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food.
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid;
 We'll find thy father in the wood.
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
 And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Adopted Child.

"WHY would'st thou leave me, O gentle child?
 Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—
 A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall;
 Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
 Where many an image of marble gleams,
 And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
 Through the long bright hours of the summer's
 day;
 They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
 And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they
 know;
 Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell;
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well:
 Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
 And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"Oh! my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
 A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
 She sings it under our own green tree
 To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
 I dreamt last night of that music low—
 Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest;
 She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
 Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
 Nor hear her song at the cabin door.

Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play—
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams
flow—

Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now;
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green
side,

And the streams where the fairy barks were tied.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow;
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Lucy Gray.

OfT I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon,—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band.
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe—
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept,—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the low stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same—
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child ;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind ;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I Remember, I Remember.

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn ;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups —
 Those flowers made of light !
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day,—
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing ;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pool could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

The Children's Hour.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence :
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall,
 By three doors left unguarded,
 They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
 O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
 If I try to escape, they surround me ;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old moustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all ?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Under my Window.

UNDER my window, under my window,
 All in the Midsummer weather,
 Three little girls with fluttering curls
 Flit to and fro together:—
 There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
 And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
 And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
 Leaning stealthily over,
 Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
 Of each glad-hearted rover.
 Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
 And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
 As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
 In the blue Midsummer weather,
 Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe,
 I catch them all together:
 Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
 And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
 And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
 And off through the orchard closes;
 While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
 They scamper and drop their posies;
 But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
 And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
 And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

We are Seven.

——— A SIMPLE child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
 She was eight years old, she said,
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad;
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
 Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
 How many may you be?"
 "How many? Seven in all," she said,
 And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
 She answered: "Seven are we;
 And two of us at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 My sister and my brother;
 And, in the churchyard cottage, I
 Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea,
 Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
 Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
 "Seven boys and girls are we;
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
 Your limbs they are alive;
 If two are in the churchyard laid,
 Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
 The little maid replied;
 "Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
 And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchief there I hem;
 And there upon the ground I sit,
 And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O Master, we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Annie in the Graveyard.

SHE bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
'Twas near her sister's mound:
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart,
Oh, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

Ballad of the Tempest.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in Winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand:
"Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

Little Bell.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he—
"What's your name? Oh stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold,"—
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks—
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow.
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade,
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,—
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear—
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return—
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes—
And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one—
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel eager for his fare—
Down came bonny blackbird I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah the merry three!
And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray—
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear—
"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm—Love deep and kind
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

The Little Black Boy.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black; but, oh, my soul is white!
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree;
 And, sitting down before the heat of day,
 She took me on her lap, and kissed me,
 And, pointing to the east, began to say:
 "Look on the rising sun; there God does live,
 And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
 And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
 Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
 The clouds will vanish; we shall hear his voice,
 Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,
 And thus I say to little English boy:
 When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
 To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
 And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

A Child Praying.

FOLD thy little hands in prayer,
 Bow down at thy mother's knee,
 Now thy sunny face is fair,
 Shining through thine auburn hair;
 Thine eyes are passion-free;
 And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
 Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee —
 Then pray, child, pray!

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
 Warbles in its summer nest;
 No evil thought, no unkind word,
 No chilling autumn winds have stirred
 The beauty of thy rest;
 But winter hastens, and decay
 Shall waste thy verdant home away —
 Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glee,
 With gladness harping at the door;
 While ever, with a joyous shout,
 Hope, the May queen, dances out,
 Her lips with music running o'er;
 But Time those strings of joy will sever,
 And hope will not dance on for ever —
 Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy mother's arm is spread
 Beneath thy pillow in the night;
 And loving feet creep round thy bed,
 And o'er thy quiet face is shed
 The taper's darkened light;
 But that fond arm will pass away,
 By thee no more those feet will stay —
 Then pray, child, pray!

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

Lucy.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye!
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh!
 The difference to me!

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
 Then Nature said: "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown;
 This child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power,
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

On the Death of an Infant.

A host of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast hall of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor;

Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion,
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

DIRK SMITS. (Dutch.)

Translation of H. S. VAN DYK.

The Open Window.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air,
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Baby's Shoes.

On those little, those little blue shoes !
Those shoes that no little feet use.

Oh the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes !

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept !

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor ;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start !

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

She Came and Went.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred ;—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unruven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven ;—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift Spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps ;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent ;
The tent is struck, the vision stays ;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And when the oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Morning-Glory.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright ;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem—
For, sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew :
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour ;

And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round—
We see the rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

Among the Beautiful Pictures.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;

Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

The Three Sons.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of
gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways
appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond
his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is
fair—
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and
serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond; I know he
loveth me;
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fer-
vency.

But that which others most admire, is the thought
which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere
doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we to-
gether walk ;

He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as
children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on
bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly
mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes per-
plexed

With thoughts about this world of ours, and
thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee ; she teacheth
him to pray ;

And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the
words which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's
years like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his
thoughtful brow,

I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose
him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little feat-
ures be,

How silver sweet those tones of his when he prat-
tles on my knee ;

I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his broth-
er's, keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his
hath ever been ;

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and
tender feeling ;

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths
of love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk, who
pass us in the street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so
mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all ; and yet, with cheerful
tone,

Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport
alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home
and hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his
heart may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for
earthly love ;

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes
must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall
lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot
tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he
is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given ;

And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to
live in Heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he wear-
eth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss
which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God
will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is
now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of
flesh,

But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy
for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their
glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of
Heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother
dear and I,)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from
every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can
never cease ;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is
certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from
 bliss may sever ;
 But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours
 for ever.
 When we think of what our darling is, and what
 we still must be —
 When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and
 this world's misery —
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel
 this grief and pain —
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him
 here again.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

Threnody.

THE South-wind brings
 Life, sunshine, and desire,
 And on every mount and meadow
 Breathes aromatic fire ;
 But over the dead he has no power ;
 The lost, the lost, he cannot restore ;
 And, looking over the hills, I mourn
 The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house ;
 I see my trees repair their boughs ;
 And he, the wondrous child,
 Whose silver warble wild
 Outvalued every pulsing sound
 Within the air's cerulean round —
 The hyacinthine boy, for whom
 Morn well might break and April bloom —
 The gracious boy, who did adorn
 The world whereinto he was born,
 And by his countenance repay
 The favor of the loving Day —
 Has disappeared from the Day's eye ;
 Far and wide she cannot find him ;
 My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.
 Returned this day, the South-wind searches,
 And finds young pines and budding birches ;
 But finds not the budding man ;
 Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him ;
 Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him ;
 Nature, Fate, Men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
 Oh, whither tend thy feet ?

I had the right, few days ago,
 Thy steps to watch, thy place to know ;
 How have I forfeited the right ?
 Hast thou forgot me in a new delight ?
 I hearken for thy household cheer,
 O eloquent child !
 Whose voice, an equal messenger,
 Conveyed thy meaning mild.
 What though the pains and joys
 Whereof it spoke were toys
 Fitting his age and ken,
 Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
 Who heard the sweet request,
 So gentle, wise, and grave,
 Bended with joy to his behest,
 And let the world's affairs go by,
 Awhile to share his cordial game,
 Or mend his wicker wagon-frame,
 Still plotting how their hungry ear
 That winsome voice again might hear,
 For his lips could well pronounce
 Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene
 His early hope, his liberal mien ;
 Took counsel from his guiding eyes
 To make this wisdom earthly wise.
 Ah, vainly do these eyes recall
 The school-march, each day's festival,
 When every morn my bosom glowed
 To watch the convoy on the road ;
 The babe in willow wagon closed,
 With rolling eyes and face composed ;
 With children forward and behind,
 Like Cupids studiously inclined ;
 And he the chieftain paced beside,
 The centre of the troop allied,
 With sunny face of sweet repose,
 To guard the babe from fancied foes.
 The little captain innocent
 Took the eye with him as he went ;
 Each village senior paused to scan
 And speak the lovely caravan.
 From the window I look out
 To mark thy beautiful parade,
 Stately marching in cap and coat
 To some tune by fairies played ;
 A music, heard by thee alone,
 To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love, and Pride, alas! in vain,
 Up and down their glances strain.
 The painted sled stands where it stood;
 The kennel by the corded wood;
 The gathered sticks to stanch the wall
 Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall;
 The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
 And childhood's castles built or planned;
 His daily haunts I well discern—
 The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn—
 And every inch of garden ground
 Paced by the blessed feet around,
 From the roadside to the brook
 Whereinto he loved to look.
 Step the meek birds where erst they ranged;
 The wintry garden lies unchanged:
 The brook into the stream runs on;
 But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day,
 Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
 When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
 In birdlike heavings unto death,
 Night came, and Nature had not thee;
 I said: "We are mates in misery."
 The morrow dawned with needless glow;
 Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must crow;
 Each trampler started; but the feet
 Of the most beautiful and sweet
 Of human youth had left the hill
 And garden—they were bound and still.
 There's not a sparrow or a wren,
 There's not a blade of Autumn grain,
 Which the four seasons do not tend,
 And tides of life and increase lend;
 And every chick of every bird,
 And weed and rock-moss is preferred.
 Oh, ostrich-like forgetfulness!
 Oh loss of larger in the less!
 Was there no star that could be sent,
 No watcher in the firmament,
 No angel from the countless host
 That loiters round the crystal coast,
 Could stoop to heal that only child,
 Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
 And keep the blossom of the earth,
 Which all her harvests were not worth?
 Not mine—I never called thee mine,
 But Nature's heir—if I repine,

And seeing rashly torn and moved
 Not what I made, but what I loved,
 Grew early old with grief that thou
 Must to the wastes of Nature go—
 'Tis because a general hope
 Was quenched, and all must doubt and grope.
 For flattering planets seemed to say
 This child should ill of ages stay,
 By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
 Bring the flown Muses back to men.
 Perchance not he, but Nature, ailed;
 The world and not the infant failed.
 It was not ripe yet to sustain
 A genius of so fine a strain,
 Who gazed upon the sun and moon
 As if he came unto his own;
 And, pregnant with his grander thought,
 Brought the old order into doubt.

His beauty once their beauty tried;
 They could not feed him, and he died,
 And wandered backward as in scorn,
 To wait an æon to be born.
 Ill day which made this beauty waste,
 Plight broken, this high face defaced!
 Some went and came about the dead;
 And some in books of solace read;
 Some to their friends the tidings say;
 Some went to write, some went to pray;
 One tarried here, there hurried one;
 But their heart abode with none.
 Covetous Death bereaved us all,
 To aggrandize one funeral.
 The eager fate which carried thee
 Took the largest part of me.
 For this losing is true dying;
 This is lordly man's down-lying,
 This his slow but sure reclining,
 Star by star his world resigning.

O child of Paradise,
 Boy who made dear his father's home,
 In whose deep eyes
 Men read the welfare of the times to come,
 I am too much bereft.
 The world dishonored thou hast left.
 Oh, truth's and nature's costly lie!
 Oh, trusted broken prophecy!
 Oh, richest fortune sourly crossed!
 Born for the future, to the future lost!

The deep Heart answered : " Weepest thou ?
 Worthier cause for passion wild
 If I had not taken the child.
 And deemest thou as those who pore,
 With aged eyes, short way before—
 Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast
 Of matter, and thy darling lost ?
 Taught he not thee—the man of eld,
 Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
 Heaven's numerous hierarchy span
 The mystic gulf from God to man ?
 To be alone wilt thou begin
 When worlds of lovers hem thee in ?
 To-morrow when the masks shall fall
 That dizen Nature's carnival,
 The pure shall see by their own will,
 Which overflowing Love shall fill,
 'Tis not within the force of Fate
 The fate-conjoined to separate.
 But thou, my votary, weepest thou ?
 I gave thee sight—where is it now ?
 I taught thy heart beyond the reach
 Of ritual, bible, or of speech ;
 Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
 As far as the incommunicable ;
 Taught thee each private sign to raise,
 Lit by the super-solar blaze.
 Past utterance, and past belief,
 And past the blasphemy of grief,
 The mysteries of Nature's heart ;
 And though no muse can these impart,
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
 And all is clear from east to west.

" I came to thee as to a friend ;
 Dearest, to thee I did not send
 Tutors, but a joyful eye,
 Innocence that matched the sky,
 Lovely locks, a form of wonder,
 Laughter rich as woodland thunder,
 That thou might'st entertain apart
 The richest flowering of all art ;
 And, as the great all-loving Day
 Through smallest chambers takes its way,
 That thou might'st break thy daily bread
 With prophet, saviour, and head ;
 That thou might'st cherish for thine own
 The riches of sweet Mary's son,
 Boy-rabbi, Israel's paragon.

And thoughtest thou such guest
 Would in thy hall take up his rest ?
 Would rushing life forget her laws,
 Fate's glowing revolution pause ?
 High omens ask diviner guess,
 Not to be conned to tediousness.
 And know my higher gifts unbind
 The zone that girds the incarnate mind.
 When the scanty shores are full
 With Thought's perilous, whirling pool ;
 When frail Nature can no more,
 Then the Spirit strikes the hour :
 My servant Death, with solving rite,
 Pours finite into infinite.

" Wilt thou freeze Love's tidal flow,
 Whose streams through Nature circling go ?
 Nail the wild star to its track
 On the half-climbed zodiac ?
 Light is light which radiates ;
 Blood is blood which circulates ;
 Life is life which generates ;
 And many-seeming life is one—
 Wilt thou transfix and make it none ?
 Its onward force too starkly pent
 In figure, bone, and lineament ?
 Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate,
 Talker ! the unreplying Fate ?
 Nor see the genius of the whole
 Ascendant in the private soul,
 Beckon it when to go and come,
 Self-announced its hour of doom ?
 Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
 Magic-built to last a season ;
 Masterpiece of love benign ;
 Fairer than expansive reason,
 Whose omen 'tis, and sign.
 Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
 What rainbows teach, and sunsets show ?
 Verdict which accumulates
 From lengthening scroll of human fates,
 Voice of earth to earth returned,
 Prayers of saints that inly burned—
 Saying : *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent ;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain ;
Hearts' love will meet thee again.
 Revere the Maker ; fetch thine eye
 Up to his style, and manners of the sky.

Not of adamant and gold
 Built he heaven stark and cold ;
 No, but a nest of bending reeds,
 Flowering grass, and scented weeds :
 Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
 Or bow above the tempest bent ;
 Built of tears and sacred flames,
 And virtue reaching to its aims ;
 Built of furtherance and pursuing,
 Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
 Silent rushes the swift Lord
 Through ruined systems still restored,
 Broomsowing, bleak and void to bless,
 Plants with worlds the wilderness ;
 Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
 Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
 House and tenant go to ground,
 Lost in God, in Godhead found."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*Casa Wappy.**

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond, dear boy —
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy ?

Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth ;
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
 Casa Wappy !

Despair was in our last farewell,
 As closed thine eye ;
 Tears of our anguish may not tell
 When thou didst die ;
 Words may not paint our grief for thee ;
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
 Of our unfathomed agony,
 Casa Wappy !

Thou wert a vision of delight,
 To bless us given ;
 Beauty embodied to our sight,
 A type of heaven !
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art
 Even less thine own self than a part
 Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
 Casa Wappy !

* The self-appellative of a beloved child.

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,
 'Twas cloudless joy ;
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Beloved boy !
 This moon beheld thee blythe and gay ;
 That found thee prostrate in decay ;
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled,
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child !
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,
 Thou meet'st my sight ;
 There dost thou glide before me still,
 A form of light !
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
 Till oh ! my heart is like to break,
 Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
 With glance of stealth ;
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow
 In buoyant health ;
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light —
 Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright —
 Thy clasping arms so round and white —
 Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
 Thy bat, thy bow,
 Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball ;
 But where art thou ?
 A corner holds thine empty chair ;
 Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
 But speak to us of our despair,
 Casa Wappy !

Even to the last, thy every word,
 To glad, to grieve,
 Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
 On Summer's eve ;

In outward beauty undecayed,
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
 Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
 The chamber fills;
 We pine for thee when morn's first light
 Reddens the hills;
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—
 Are changed; we saw the world through thee,
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
 Of casual mirth,
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth;
 We miss thy small step on the stair;
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer:
 All day we miss thee, everywhere,
 Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
 In life's spring-bloom,
 Down to the appointed house below,
 The silent tomb.
 But now the green leaves of the tree,
 The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
 Return—but with them bring not thee,
 Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—while flowers
 Revive again—
 Man's doom, in death that we and ours
 For aye remain?
 Oh! can it be that, o'er the grave,
 The grass renewed should yearly wave,
 Yet God forget our child to save?
 Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
 Thus man could die,
 Life were mockery, thought were woe,
 And truth a lie;
 Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
 Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
 And all our hopes to meet again,
 Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
 With beam of love,
 A star, death's uncongenial wild
 Smiling above!
 Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,
 That led thee back from man to God,
 Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
 Fond, fairest boy,
 That Heaven is God's, and thou art there,
 With him in joy;
 There past are death and all its woes;
 There beauty's stream for ever flows;
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
 Casa Wappy!

Farewell then, for a while, farewell,
 Pride of my heart!
 It cannot be that long we dwell,
 Thus torn apart.
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
 And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
 Casa Wappy!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

My Child.

I CANNOT make him dead!
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study chair;
 Yet, when my eyes, now dim
 With tears, I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
 And, through the open door,
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
 I'm stepping toward the hall
 To give the boy a call;
 And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
 A satchelled lad I meet,

With the same beaming eyes and colored hair ;
 And, as he's running by,
 Follow him with my eye,
 Scarcely believing that — he is not there !

I know his face is hid
 Under the coffin-lid ;
 Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;
 My hand that marble felt ;
 O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
 Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
 When passing by the bed,
 So long watched over with parental care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek him inquiringly,
 Before the thought comes that — he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morning air
 My soul goes up, with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy ;
 Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer ;
 Whate'er I may be saying,
 I am in spirit praying
 For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there !

Not there ! — Where, then, is he ?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked ; — he is not there !

He lives ! — In all the past
 He lives ; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair ;
 In dreams I see him now ;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, " Thou shalt see me *there* ! "

Yes, we all live to God !
 Father, thy chastening rod

So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit-land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'Twill be our heaven to find that — he is there !

JOHN PIERPONT.

For Charlie's Sake.

THE night is late, the house is still ;
 The angels of the hour fulfil
 Their tender ministries, and move
 From couch to couch, in cares of love.
 They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
 The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
 And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
 Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss ;
 And as they pass, they seem to make
 A strange, dim hymn, " For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
 And gives it to the night again,
 Fitted with words of lowly praise,
 And patience learned of mournful days,
 And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done !
 Who gave and took away my son,
 In " the far land " to shine and sing
 Before the Beautiful, the King,
 Who every day doth Christmas make,
 All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise ;
 I will anoint me where he lies,
 And change my raiment, and go in
 To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
 Without, and seat me at his board,
 Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
 For wherefore should I fast and weep,
 And sullen moods of mourning keep ?
 I cannot bring him back, nor he,
 For any calling, come to me.
 The bond the angel Death did sign,
 God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor — this slender stone
 Marks all the narrow field I own ;

Yet, patient husbandman, I till,
 With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
 Sow it with penitential pains,
 And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
 Content if, after all, the spot
 Yield barely one forget-me-not —
 Whether or figs or thistles make
 My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well —
 Only that little lonesome cell,
 Where never romping playmates come,
 Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb —
 An April burst of girls and boys,
 Their rainbow cloud of glooms and joys
 Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
 Nor ever is its stillness stirred
 By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
 Or mother's twilight legend, told
 Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold,
 Or fairy hobbling to the door,
 Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
 To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
 The good child's wistful charities,
 And crippled changeling's hunch to make
 Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'Tis well;
 Nor would I any miracle
 Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
 Or plague his painless countenance:
 I would not any seer might place
 His staff on my immortal's face,
 Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
 Charm back his pale mortality.
 No, Shunammite! I would not break
 God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
 No comfort like his mother's breast,
 No praise like hers; no charm expressed
 In fairest forms hath half her zest.
 For Charlie's sake this bird's caressed
 That death left lonely in the nest;
 For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
 As for its birthday, in its best;
 For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
 To Him who gave, and who did take,
 And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

Loss and Gain.

WHEN the baby died, we said,
 With a sudden, secret dread:
 "Death, be merciful, and pass; —
 Leave the other!" — but alas!

While we watched he waited there,
 One foot on the golden stair,
 One hand beckoning at the gate,
 Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
 Clothed in innocence to go;"
 Say, to ease the parting pain,
 That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this!
 But remember more the kiss
 From the little rose-red lips;
 And the print of finger-tips

Left upon the broken toy,
 Will remind them how the boy
 And his sister charmed the days
 With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only time can give relief
 To the weary, lonesome grief:
 God's sweet minister of pain
 Then shall sing of loss and gain.

NORA PERRY.

The Widow and Child.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took a face-cloth from the face,
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee;
 Like summer tempest came her tears,
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Reconciliation.

As through the land at eve we went,
 And plucked the ripened ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,—
 Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
 And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 Oh, there above the little grave,
 We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A Cradle Song.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
 Holy angels guard thy bed!
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide,
 All without thy care or payment,
 All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heaven he descended,
 And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his birth-place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 Where they sought him, there they found him,
 With his Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing!
 Lovely infant, how he smiled!
 When he wept, the mother's blessing
 Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
 Where the hornèd oxen fed;
 Peace, my darling! here's no danger,
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days:
 Then go dwell for ever near him;
 See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire:
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

PART III.

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

GIEB treulich mir die Hände,
Sei Bruder mir, und wende
Den Blick, vor deinem Ende,
Nicht wieder weg von mir.
Ein Tempel wo wir knieen,
Ein Ort wohin wir ziehen,
Ein Glück für das wir glühen,
Ein Himmel mir und dir !

NOVALIS.

THEN let the chill sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow ;
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar ;

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit ;
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to ;
When, having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity ;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,

The afflicted into joy, th' opprest
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favor return again more kind ;
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success ;
The lovers shall have mistresses ;
Poor unregarded virtue, praise ;
And the neglected poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be, but what we are ?

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce,
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather.

CHARLES COTTON.

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Early Friendship.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and
went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends; whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature:
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure;
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which
shall last endure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

When shall we Three Meet again?

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.

Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again.

ANONYMOUS.

Sonnets.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then, of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

SHALL I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, un-
 trimmed;
 But thy eternal Summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
 Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse;
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
 Making a complement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
 gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 Oh let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

LET those who are in favor with their stars,
 Of public honor and proud titles boast;
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumphs bars,
 Unlooked-for joy in that I honor most.
 Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famed for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foiled,
 Is from the book of honor razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
 Where I may not remove nor be removed.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends pos-
 sessed,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate.
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's
 waste.
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
 And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay, as if not paid before:
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
 And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavy alchemy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath masked him from me
 now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 staineth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the dis-
 grace:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief —
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
 Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
 Ah, but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year —
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part;
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
 closes;
 But for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwooded, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

Nor marble, not the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish
 time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
 burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find
 room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "In Memoriam."

I ENVY not, in any moods,
 The captive void of noble rage,
 The linnet born within the cage,
 That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfettered by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth,
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
 I feel it when I sorrow most,
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.

With trembling fingers did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 A rainy cloud possessed the earth,
 And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
 We gambolled, making vain pretence
 Of gladness, with an awful sense
 Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused; the winds were in the beech;
 We heard them sweep the winter land:
 And in a circle hand in hand
 Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
 We sang, though every eye was dim—
 A merry song we sang with him
 Last year, impetuously we sang;

We ceased. A gentler feeling crept
 Upon us; surely rest is meet:
 "They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet."
 And silence followed, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
 Once more we sang: "They do not die,
 Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
 Nor change to us, although they change:

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail,
 With gathered power, yet the same,
 Pierces the keen seraphic flame
 From orb to orb, from veil to veil.

"Rise, happy morn! rise holy morn!
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night!
 O Father! touch the east, and light
 The light that shone when Hope was born."

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
 As some divinely gifted man,
 Whose life in low estate began,
 And on a simple village green?

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
 And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
 And breasts the blows of circumstance,
 And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
 And lives to clutch the golden keys,
 To mould a mighty state's decrees,
 And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on Fortune's frowning slope
 The pillar of a people's hope,
 The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
 When all his active powers are still,
 A distant dearness in the hill,
 A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
 While yet beside its vocal springs
 He played at counsellors and kings
 With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea,
 And reaps the labor of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands:
 "Does my old friend remember me?"

WITCH-ELMS, that counterchange the floor
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
 And thou, with all thy breadth and height
 Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,
 My Arthur found your shadows fair,
 And shook to all the liberal air
 The dust and din and steam of town!

He brought an eye for all he saw,
 He mixed in all our simple sports;
 They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
 And dusky purlieus of the law.

Oh joy to him, in this retreat,
 Immantled in ambrosial dark,
 To drink the cooler air, and mark
 The landscape winking through the heat.

Oh sound to rout the brood of cares,
 The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
 The gust that round the garden flew,
 And tumbling half the mellowing pears!

Oh bliss, when all in circle drawn
 About him, heart and ear were fed,
 To hear him, as he lay and read
 The Tuscan poets on the lawn;

Or in the all-golden afternoon
 A guest, or happy sister, sung,
 Or here she brought the harp, and flung
 A ballad to the brightening moon!

Nor less it pleased, in livelier moods,
 Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
 And break the livelong summer day
 With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
 Discussed the books to love or hate,
 Or touched the changes of the state,
 Or threaded some Socratic dream.

But if I praised the busy town,
 He loved to rail against it still,
 For "ground in yonder social mill,
 We rub each other's angles down,

"And merge," he said, "in form and gloss
 The picturesque of man and man."
 We talked; the stream beneath us ran,
 The wine-flask lying couched in moss,

Or cooled within the glooming wave;
 And last, returning from afar,
 Before the crimson-circled star
 Had fallen into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle deep in flowers,
 We heard behind the woodbine veil
 The milk that bubbled in the pail,
 And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

—
 THY converse drew us with delight,
 The men of rathe and riper years;
 The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
 Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
 The proud was half disarmed of pride;
 Nor cared the serpent at thy side
 To flicker with his treble tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by;
 The flippant put himself to school
 And heard thee; and the brazen fool
 Was softened, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest, sat apart,
 And felt thy triumph was as mine;
 And loved them more, that they were thine
 The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill,
 But mine the love that will not tire,
 And, born of love, the vague desire
 That spurs an imitative will.

—
 DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
 So far, so near, in woe and weal;
 Oh, loved the most when most I feel
 There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine!
 Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
 Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
 Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
 Loved deeper, darker understood;
 Behold I dream a dream of good,
 And mingle all the world with thee.

—
 THY voice is on the rolling air;
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;
 But though I seem in star and flower
 To feel thee, some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less;

My love involves the love before;
 My love is vaster passion now;
 Though mixed with God and nature thou,
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
 I have thee still, and I rejoice,
 I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
 I shall not lose thee, though I die.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Jaffar.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
 Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;
 And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
 Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
 Ordained that no man living from that day
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
 All Araby and Persia held their breath ;

All but the brave Mondeer : he, proud to show
 How far for love a grateful soul could go,
 And facing death for very scorn and grief
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief),
 Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
 Where once had stood a happy house, and there
 Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried ; the man
 Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried
 he.

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me ;
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household
 fears ;
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;
 Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar ?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said : "Let worth grow frenzied if it will ;
 The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
 Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit !"
 "Gifts !" cried the friend ; he took, and hold-
 ing it

High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar !"

LEIGH HUNT.

The Fire of Drift-Wood.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
 Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
 Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
 An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
 The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
 The light-house, the dismantled fort,
 The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
 Descending, filled the little room ;
 Our faces faded from the sight,
 Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
 Of what we once had thought and said,
 Of what had been, and might have been,
 And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
 When first they feel, with secret pain,
 Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
 And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
 That words are powerless to express,
 And leave it still unsaid in part,
 Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
 Had something strange, I could but mark ;
 The leaves of memory seemed to make
 A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
 As suddenly, from out the fire
 Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
 The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
 We thought of wrecks upon the main,
 Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
 And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
 The ocean roaring up the beach,
 The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
 All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
 Of fancies floating through the brain,—
 The long-lost ventures of the heart,
 That send no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed ! Oh hearts that yearned !
 They were indeed too much akin ;
 The drift-wood fire without that burned,
 The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Passage.

MANY a year is in its grave,
 Since I crossed this restless wave ;
 And the evening, fair as ever,
 Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
 Sat two comrades old and tried ;
 One with all a father's truth,
 One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
 And his grave in silence sought ;
 But the younger, brighter form
 Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
 Back upon the days gone by,
 Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
 Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
 But that soul with soul can blend ?
 Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
 Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
 Take, I give it willingly ;
 For, invisible to thee,
 Spirits twain have crossed with me.

LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Translation of SARAH AUSTIN.

Qua Cursum Ventus.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
 Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried :

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied ;
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side ;

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered ;
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
 Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too !
 Through winds and tides one compass guides —
 To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare ;
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Cape-Cottage at Sunset.

WE stood upon the ragged rocks,
 When the long day was nearly done ;
 The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,
 And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,
 And o'er the bay in streaming locks
 Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the West the golden bars
 Still to a deeper glory grew;
 Above our heads the faint, few stars
 Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
 And the fair city's clamorous jars
 Seemed melted in that evening hue.

Oh sunset sky! Oh purple tide!
 Oh friends to friends that closer pressed!
 Those glories have in darkness died,
 And ye have left my longing breast.
 I could not keep you by my side,
 Nor fix that radiance in the West.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat
 With the same low and murmuring strain;
 Across those waves, with glancing feet,
 The sunset rays shall seek the main;
 But when together shall we meet
 Upon that far-off shore again?

WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

The Old Familiar Faces.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
 days;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cro-
 nies;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see
 her;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly,
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-
 hood.

Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
 Why wert thou not born in my father's dwell-
 ing?

So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

Howsome they have died, and some they have left me,
 And some are taken from me; all are departed,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

CHARLES LAMB.

To Lady Anne Hamilton.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—
 Unheeded flew the hours:
 How noiseless falls the foot of time
 That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
 The ebbings of his glass,
 When all its sands are diamond-sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
 Time's happy swiftness brings,
 When birds of paradise have lent
 Their plumage to his wings?

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

Stanzas to Augusta.

[BYRON TO HIS SISTER.]

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined,
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find;
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
 It shrunk not to share it with me,
 And the love which my spirit hath painted
 It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
 The last smile which answers to mine,
 I do not believe it beguiling,
 Because it reminds me of thine;
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,
 As the breasts I believed in with me,
 If their billows excite an emotion,
 It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
 Though I feel that my soul is delivered
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.
 There is many a pang to pursue me :
 They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
 'Tis of thee that I think, not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
 Though slandered, thou never couldst shake,
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
 Though parted, it was not to fly,
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
 Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one ;
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun ;
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past which hath perished
 Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that what I most cherished
 Deserved to be dearest of all.
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wild waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYRON.

We have been Friends together.

We have been friends together,
 In sunshine and in shade ;
 Since first beneath the chestnut-trees
 In infancy we played.
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,
 A cloud is on thy brow ;
 We have been friends together—
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
 We have laughed at little jests ;
 For the fount of hope was gushing,
 Warm and joyous, in our breasts.
 But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
 And sullen glooms thy brow ;
 We have been gay together—
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together—
 We have wept, with bitter tears,
 O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
 The hopes of early years.
 The voices which are silent there
 Would bid thee clear thy brow ;
 We have been sad together—
 Oh ! what shall part us now ?

CAROLINE NORTON.

A Winter Wish.

OLD wine to drink !—
 Ay, give the slippery juice
 That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
 Within the tun ;
 Plucked from beneath the cliff
 Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
 And ripened 'neath the blink
 Of India's sun !
 Peat whiskey hot,
 Tempered with well-boiled water !
 These make the long night shorter,—
 Forgetting not
 Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn !—
 Ay, bring the hill-side beech
 From where the owlets meet and screech,
 And ravens croak ;
 The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;
 Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
 Dug 'neath the fern ;
 The knotted oak,
 A fagot too, perhaps,
 Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
 Shall light us at our drinking ;
 While the oozing sap
 Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!—
 Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
 The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
 Time-honored tomes!
 The same my sire scanned before,
 The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,
 The same his sire from college bore,
 The well-earned meed
 Of Oxford's domes;
 Old Homer blind,
 Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
 Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
 Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
 Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
 And Gervase Markham's venerie—
 Nor leave behind
 The Holy Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!—
 Ay, bring those chosen few,
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,
 So rarely found;
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,
 Him for my easel, distich, bud
 In mountain walk!
 Bring Walter good:
 With soulful Fred; and learned Will,
 And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
 For every mood).
 These add a bouquet to my wine!
 These add a sparkle to my pine!
 If these I tine,
 Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

Wreathe the Bowl.

WREATHE the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid
 That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,

No danger fear
 While wine is near—
 We'll drown him if he stings us.
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And man may brew
 His nectar too;
 The rich receipt's as follows:—
 Take wine like this;
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended;
 Then bring wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar, splendid!
 So wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine he knew
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly?
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever!
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

THOMAS MOORE.

Sparkling and Bright.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
*Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.*

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
*To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.*

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
*We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.*

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Champagne Rosé.

LILY on liquid roses floating—
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne.
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous, graybeards swear,
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown old Care—
But what care we for him,
So we but float on wine!

And true it is they cross in pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away in wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gayly row his boat from shore;
While we, and every jovial fellow,
Hear, unconcerned, the oar,
That dips itself in wine!

JOHN KENYON.

Fill the Bumper fair.

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
*Fill the bumper fair;
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.*

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starred dominions:—
So we, sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us:

The careless youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in.
But oh his joy, when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars, he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the sparks of soul
 Mixed their burning treasure.
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us;
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
*Fill the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.*

THOMAS MOORE.

And doth not a Meeting like this.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
 For all the long years I've been wand'ring away —
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day ?
 Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er
 mine,
 The snow-fall of Time may be stealing — what
 then ?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long !
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday,
 throng ;
 As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
 When held to the flame will steal out on the
 sight,
 So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
 The warmth of a moment like this brings to
 light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
 Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through ;
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once
 more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear ;
 And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
 For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
 Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is
 gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent
 bliss ;
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
 The more we should welcome, and bless them the
 more ;

They're ours, when we meet — they are lost when
 we part —
 Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 'tis
 o'er.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
 Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure,
 through pain,

That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

THOMAS MOORE.

How Stands the Glass Around ?

How stands the glass around ?
 For shame ! ye take no care, my boys ;
 How stands the glass around ?
 Let mirth and wine abound.
 The trumpets sound ;
 The colors they are flying, boys.
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fare, my boys
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys ?
 Why, soldiers, why,
 Whose business 'tis to die ?
 What, sighing ? fie !
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !
 'Tis he, you, or I !
 Cold, hot, wet or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain —
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys —
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain:
 Should next campaign
 Send us to Him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and a kind landlady
 Cure all again.

ANONYMOUS.

Come, Send Round the Wine.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief

To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
 This moment's a flower too fair and too brief
 To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.

Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
 But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,

The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds may agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

THOMAS MOORE.

To Thomas Moore.

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh for those that love me,
 And a smile for those who hate;
 And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be — Peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

LORD BYRON.

Farewell! but Whenever You Welcome the Hour.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,

Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,

And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,

But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw

Its enchantment around him while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,

Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night —

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,

And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;

Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,

Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy !

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled ;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is —
The New Street of the Little Fields ;
And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable ease,
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo ;
Green herbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace ;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis ;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is ?
Yes, here the lamp is as before ;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able ?
I recollect his droll grimace ;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter ; nothing's changed or older.

"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray ?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder ;

"Monsieur is dead this many a day."

"It is the lot of saint and sinner.

So honest Terré's run his race ?"

"What will Monsieur require for dinner ?"

"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse ?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer ;

"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il ?"

"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir ;

The Chambertin with yellow seal."

"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in

My old accustomed corner-place ;

"He's done with feasting and with drinking,

With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,

The table still is in the nook ;

Ah ! vanished many a busy year is,

This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,

I'd scarce a beard upon my face,

And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,

I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty

Of early days, here met to dine ?

Come, waiter ! quick, a flagon crusty —

I'll pledge them in the good old wine.

The kind old voices and old faces

My memory can quick retrace ;

Around the board they take their places,

And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage ;

There's laughing Tom is laughing yet ;

There's brave Augustus drives his carriage ;

There's poor old Fred in the Gazette ;

On James's head the grass is growing ;

Good Lord ! the world has wagged apace

Since here we set the Claret flowing,

And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !

I mind me of a time that's gone,

When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,

In this same place—but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.
 —There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
 And sit you down and say your grace
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
 —Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Saint Peray.

ADDRESSED TO H. T. P.

WHEN to any saint I pray,
 It shall be to Saint Peray.
 He alone, of all the brood,
 Ever did me any good:
 Many I have tried that are
 Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, faint and sick,
 Once I prayed Saint Dominick:
 He was holy, sure, and wise;
 Was't not he that did devise
 Auto da Fes and rosaries?
 But for one in my condition
 This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,
 I made a prayer to Saint Denis,
 In the great cathedral, where
 All the ancient kings repose;
 But how I was swindled there
 At the "Golden Fleece,"—he knows!

In my wanderings, vague and various,
 Reaching Naples, as I lay
 Watching Vesuvius from the bay,
 I besought Saint Januarius;
 But I was a fool to try him;
 Naught I said could liquefy him;
 And I swear he did me wrong,
 Keeping me shut up so long

In that pest-house, with obscene
 Jews and Greeks and things unclean—
 What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score—
 In Spain about as many more—
 And in Rome almost as many
 As the loves of Don Giovanni,
 Did I pray to—sans reply;
 Devil take the tribe! said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,
 To Assisi's walls I came;
 Sad and full of homesick fancies,
 I addressed me to Saint Francis;
 But the beggar never did
 Any thing as he was bid,
 Never gave me aught—but fleas—
 Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,
 Hard by the Rhone, I found a Saint
 Gifted with a wondrous juice,
 Potent for the worst complaint.
 'Twas at Avignon that first,
 In the witching time of thirst,
 To my brain the knowledge came
 Of this blessed Catholic's name;
 Forty miles of dust that day
 Made me welcome Saint Peray.

Though till then I had not heard
 Aught about him, ere a third
 Of a litre passed my lips,
 All saints else were in eclipse.
 For his gentle spirit glided
 With such magic into mine,
 That methought such bliss as I did
 Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection,
 Chastened hopes, calm retrospection,
 Softened images of sorrow,
 Bright forebodings for the morrow,
 Charity for what is past,
 Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanack
 The name of this good creature lack?
 Or wherefore should the breviary
 Omit a saint so sage and merry?

The Pope himself should grant a day
Especially to Saint Peray.
But, since no day hath been appointed,
On purpose, by the Lord's anointed,
Let us not wait—we'll do him right;
Send round your bottles, Hal, and set your night.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

Night at Sea.

THE lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A royal color, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming,
Through the slight vapor trembles each dim star;
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed;
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,
I did not know how much you were beloved.
How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!
Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has speeded,
And memory wears a soft accusing brow.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love.
They shine not there, as here they now are shining;
The very hours are changed. Ah, do ye sleep?
O'er each home pillow midnight is declining—
May some kind dream at least my image keep!
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm, To-day could never
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till it
parts
How it turns back with tenderest endeavor
To fix the past within the heart of hearts.

Absence is full of memory; it teaches
The value of all old familiar things;
The strengthener of affection, while it reaches
O'er the dark parting, with an angel's wings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world, with one vast element omitted,
Man's own especial element, the earth;
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge whence has power its
birth.
How oft on some strange loveliness while gazing
Have I wished for you—beautiful as new,
The purple waves like some wild army raising
Their snowy banners as the ship cuts through.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Bearing upon its wings the hues of morning,
Up springs the flying fish like life's false joy,
Which of the sunshine asks that frail adorning
Whose very light is fated to destroy.
Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion
Spring from the depths of an unkindly world;
So spring sweet fancies from the heart's domin-
ion—
Too soon in death the scorched-up wing is furled.
My friends, my absent friends!
Whate'er I see is linked with thoughts of
you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters
Are creatures, huge, and terrible, and strong;
The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slaugh-
ters,
War universal reigns these depths along.
Like some new island on the ocean springing,
Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,
From its vast head a silver fountain flinging,
Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.
My friends, my absent friends!
I read such fairy legends while with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvas spreading,
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,
From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shed-
ding
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.

Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendor,
 Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too
 deep;

The very glory that she wears is tender,
 The eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.
 My friends, my absent friends!
 Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning
 Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;
 The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning
 What toil upon a path so sunny lies.
 Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather
 Calls into life an energy like Spring's;
 But memory and moonlight go together,
 Reflected in the light that either brings.
 My friends, my absent friends!
 Do you think of me, then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hushed, no sounds are waking
 But the watch pacing silently and slow;
 The waves against the sides incessant breaking,
 And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.
 The topmast sail, it seems like some dim pinnacle
 Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;
 While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
 The only light on board to guide us—where?
 My friends, my absent friends!
 Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship, the moonbeam's shimmer
 In luminous vibrations sweeps the sea,
 But where the shadow falls, a strange, pale glimmer
 Seems, glow-worm like, amid the waves to be.
 All that the spirit thinks of thought and feeling,
 Takes visionary hues from such an hour;
 But while some phantasy is o'er me stealing,
 I start—remembrance has a keener power:
 My friends, my absent friends!
 From the fair dream I start to think of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight—I discover
 What all day long I vainly sought to catch;
 Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
 Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch?
 No; well the sailor knows each speck, appearing,
 Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand;
 To that dark line our eager ship is steering,
 Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall land.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

The Journey Onwards.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still looked back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
 To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
 We talk with joyous seeming,
 With smiles that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming;
 While memory brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
 And naught but love is wanting;
 We think how great had been our bliss
 If Heaven had but assigned us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consigned us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Good Time Coming.

THERE's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.

Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battle by its aid;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger;
 The proper impulse has been given;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys;
 A good time coming:
 Hateful rivalries of creed
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger;
 And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 And a poor man's family
 Shall not be his misery
 In the good time coming.
 Every child shall be a help
 To make his right arm stronger;
 The happier he, the more he has;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Little children shall not toil
 Under, or above, the soil
 In the good time coming;

But shall play in healthful fields,
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
 And every one shall read and write;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 The people shall be temperate,
 And shall love instead of hate,
 In the good time coming.
 They shall use, and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger;
 The reformation has begun;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming:
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger;
 'Twill be strong enough one day;—
 Wait a little longer.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A Good Time Going!

ADDRESSED TO CHARLES MACKAY, ON HIS DEPARTURE
 FROM AMERICA.

BRAVE singer of the coming time,
 Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,
 Crowned with the noblest wreath of rhyme,
 The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,
 Good by! Good by! Our hearts and hands,
 Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,
 Cry, God be with him, till he stands
 His feet among the English daisies!

'Tis here we part;—for other eyes
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,
 The dripping arms that plunge and rise,
 The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,
 The kerchiefs waving from the pier,
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,
 The deep blue desert, lone and drear,
 With heaven above and home before him!

His home!—the Western giant smiles,
 And twirls the spotty globe to find it;
 This little speck the British Isles?
 'Tis but a freckle,—never mind it!
 He laughs, and all his prairies roll,
 Each gurgling cataract roars and chuckles,
 And ridges stretched from pole to pole
 Heave till they crack their iron knuckles!

But Memory blushes at the sneer,
 And Honor turns with frown defiant,
 And Freedom, leaning on her spear,
 Laughs louder than the laughing giant:
 "An islet is a world," she said,
 "When glory with its dust has blended,
 And Britain keeps her noble dead
 Till earth and seas and skies are rended!"

Beneath each swinging forest-bough
 Some arm as stout in death repose,—
 From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed brow
 Her valor's life-blood runs in roses;
 Nay, let our brothers of the West
 Write smiling in their florid pages,
 One half her soil has walked the rest
 In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages!

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,
 From sea-weed fringe to mountain heather,
 The British oak with rooted grasp
 Her slender handful holds together;
 With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
 And Ocean narrowing to caress her,
 And hills and threaded streams between,—
 Our little mother isle, God bless her!

In earth's broad temple where we stand,
 Fanned by the eastern gales that brought us,
 We hold the missal in our hand,
 Bright with the lines our Mother taught us;
 Where'er its blazoned page betrays
 The glistening links of gilded fetters,
 Behold, the half-turned leaf displays
 Her rubric stained in crimson letters!

Enough! To speed a parting friend
 'Tis vain alike to speak and listen;
 Yet stay,—these feeble accents blend
 With rays of light from eyes that glisten.

Good by! once more,—and kindly tell
 In words of peace the young world's story,
 And say, besides, we love too well
 Our mothers' soil, our fathers' glory!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

To my Companions.

YE heavy-hearted mariners
 Who sail this shore!
 Ye patient, ye who labor
 Sitting at the sweeping oar,
 And see afar the flashing sea-gulls play
 On the free waters, and the glad bright day
 Twine with his hand the spray!

From out your dreariness,
 From your heart weariness,
 I speak, for I am yours
 On these gray shores.

Nay, nay, I know not, mariners!
 What cliffs they are
 That high uplift their smooth dark fronts,
 And sadly round us bar;
 I do imagine that the free clouds play
 Above those eminent heights; that somewhere Day
 Rides his triumphant way,
 And hath secure dominion
 Over our stern oblivion;
 But see no path thereout
 To free from doubt.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

The Mahogany Tree.

CHRISTMAS is here;
 Winds whistle shrill,
 Icy and chill,
 Little care we;
 Little we fear
 Weather without,
 Sheltered about
 The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
 Birds of rare plume
 Sang, in its bloom;
 Night birds are we;

Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit—
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree!
Sorrows begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

What might be Done.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Auld Lang Syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
 For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne!*

ROBERT BURNS.

Christmas.

So now is come our joyful'st feast;
 Let every man be jolly;
 Each room with ivy-leaves is drest,
 And every post with holly.
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,
 Round your foreheads garlands twine,
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
 And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
 And all their spits are turning.
 Without the door let sorrow lie;
 And if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
 And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
 And no man minds his labor;
 Our lasses have provided them
 A bagpipe and a tabor;
 Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
 Give life to one another's joys;
 And you anon shall by their noise
 Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun—
 Their hall of music soundeth;
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
 So all things there aboundeth.
 The country folks themselves advance,
 With crowdie-muttons out of France;
 And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
 And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash has fetched his bands from pawn,
 And all his best apparel:
 Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
 With dropping of the barrel.
 And those that hardly all the year
 Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
 Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
 And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
 With capons make their errants;
 And if they hap to fail of these,
 They plague them with their warrants:
 But now they feed them with good cheer,
 And what they want they take in beer;
 For Christmas comes but once a year,
 And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
 The poor, that else were undone;
 Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride at London.
 There the roysters they do play,
 Drab and dice their lands away,
 Which may be ours another day,
 And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears;
 The prisoner's heart is eased;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleased.
 Though others' purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine or grieve at that?
 Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
 Each other forth to rambling;
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.

Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound !
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depths have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing ;
The boys are come to catch the owls
The wild mare in is bringing,
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box ;
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody ;

The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddie.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller ?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller ;
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring ;
Woods and hills and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry !

GEORGE WITHER.

PART IV.

POEMS OF LOVE.

LOVE ? I will tell thee what it is to love !
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove ;
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine ;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss ;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set ;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew :
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet !
O ! who but can recall the eve they met,
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow ?
While summer flowers with moonlight dew were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now !

CHARLES SWAIN.

POEMS OF LOVE.

Atalanta's Race.

THROUGH thick Arcadian woods a hunter went,
Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day;
But since his horn-tipped bow, but seldom bent,
Now at the noon-tide naught had happed to slay,
Within a vale he called his hounds away,
Harkening the echoes of his lone voice cling
About the cliffs and through the beech-trees ring.

But when they ended, still awhile he stood,
And but the sweet familiar thrush could hear,
And all the day-long noises of the wood,
And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished year
His hounds' feet pattering as they drew anear,
And heavy breathing from their heads low hung,
To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the place,
But with his first step some new fleeting thought
A shadow cast across his sunburnt face;
I think the golden net that April brought
From some warm world his wavering soul had
caught;
For, sunk in vague sweet longing, did he go
Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps and slow.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last
The trees grew sparser, and the wood was done;
Whereon one farewell, backward look he cast,
Then, turning round to see what place was won,
With shaded eyes looked underneath the sun,
And o'er green meads and new-turned furrows
brown
Beheld the gleaming of King Schœneus' town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each side
The folk were busy on the teeming land,
And man and maid from the brown furrows cried,
Or midst the newly blossomed vines did stand,
And as the rustic weapon pressed the hand
Thought of the nodding of the well-filled ear,
Or how the knife the heavy bunch should shear.

Merry it was: about him sung the birds,
The spring flowers bloomed along the firm dry
road,
The sleek-skinned mothers of the sharp-horned
herds
Now for the barefoot milking-maidens lowed;
While from the freshness of his blue abode,
Glad his death-bearing arrows to forget,
The broad sun blazed, nor scattered plagues as yet.

Through such fair things unto the gates he
came,
And found them open, as though peace were
there;
Wherethrough, unquestioned of his race or name,
He entered, and along the streets 'gan fare,
Which at the first of folk were wellnigh bare;
But pressing on, and going more hastily,
Men hurrying too he 'gan at last to see.

Following the last of these, he still pressed on,
Until an open space he came unto,
Where wreaths of fame had oft been lost and won,
For feats of strength folk there were wont to do.
And now our hunter looked for something new,
Because the whole wide space was bare, and stilled
The high seats were, with eager people filled.

There with the others to a seat he gat,
 Whence he beheld a broidered canopy,
 'Neath which in fair array King Schœneus sat
 Upon his throne with councillors thereby;
 And underneath this well-wrought seat and high,
 He saw a golden image of the sun,
 A silver image of the Fleet-foot One.

A brazen altar stood beneath their feet
 Whereon a thin flame flickered in the wind;
 Nigh this a herald clad in raiment meet
 Made ready even now his horn to wind,
 By whom a huge man held a sword, intertwined
 With yellow flowers; these stood a little space
 From off the altar, nigh the starting-place.

And there two runners did the sign abide
 Foot set to foot,—a young man slim and fair,
 Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often
 tried
 In places where no man his strength may spare;
 Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
 A golden circlet of renown he wore,
 And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he con-
 tend?
 A maid stood by him like Diana clad
 When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
 Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
 Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
 If he must still behold her from afar;
 Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
 Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
 Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set
 Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near,
 But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
 Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
 His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's
 clang
 Just as the setting sun made eventide.
 Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
 And swiftly were they running side by side;
 But silent did the thronging folk abide
 Until the turning-post was reached at last,
 And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
 When half-way to the starting-point they were,
 A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
 Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
 Unto the very end of all his fear;
 And scarce his straining feet the ground could
 feel,
 And bliss unhopd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
 Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
 Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard
 His flushed and eager face he turned around,
 And even then he felt her past him bound
 Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
 Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
 Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
 For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
 Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
 No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
 Though some divine thought softened all her face
 As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
 One moment gazed upon her piteously,
 Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
 To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
 And, changed like one who knows his time must be
 But short and bitter, without any word
 He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,
 Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded
 place
 Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
 Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
 And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
 Nor did his eyes behold another sight
 Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

So was the pageant ended, and all folk
 Talking of this and that familiar thing
 In little groups from that sad concourse broke,
 For now the shrill bats were upon the wing,
 And soon dark night would slay the evening,
 And in dark gardens sang the nightingale
 Her little-headed, oft-repeated tale.

And with the last of all the hunter went,
Who, wondering at the strange sight he had seen,
Prayed an old man to tell him what it meant,
Both why the vanquished man so slain had been,
And if the maiden were an earthly queen,
Or rather what much more she seemed to be,
No sharer in the world's mortality.

"Stranger," said he, "I pray she soon may die,
Whose lovely youth has slain so many an one!
King Schœneus' daughter is she verily,
Who when her eyes first looked upon the sun
Was fain to end her life but new begun,
For he had vowed to leave but men alone
Sprung from his loins when he from earth was
gone.

"Therefore he bade one leave her in the wood,
And let wild things deal with her as they might,
But this being done, some cruel god thought good
To save her beauty in the world's despite:
Folk say that her, so delicate and white
As now she is, a rough, root-grubbing bear
Amidst her shapeless cubs at first did rear.

"In course of time the woodfolk slew her nurse,
And to their rude abode the youngling brought,
And reared her up to be a kingdom's curse,
Who grown a woman, of no kingdom thought,
But armed and swift, 'mid beasts destruction
wrought,
Nor spared two shaggy centaur kings to slay,
To whom her body seemed an easy prey.

"So to this city, led by fate, she came
Whom known by signs, whereof I cannot tell,
King Schœneus for his child at last did claim,
Nor elsewhere since that day doth she dwell,
Sending too many a noble soul to hell.
What! thine eyes glisten! what then, thinkest
thou
Her shining head unto the yoke to bow?

"Listen, my son, and love some other maid,
For she the saffron gown will never wear,
And on no flower-strewn couch shall she be laid,
Nor shall her voice make glad a lover's ear:
Yet if of Death thou hast not any fear,
Yea, rather, if thou lovest him utterly,
Thou still may'st woo her ere thou comest to die,

"Like him that on this day thou sawest lie dead;
For, fearing as I deem the sea-born one,
The maid has vowed e'en such a man to wed
As in the course her swift feet can outrun,
But whoso fails herein, his days are done:
He came the nighest that was slain to-day,
Although with him I deem she did but play.

"Behold, such mercy Atalanta gives
To those that long to win her loveliness;
Be wise! be sure that many a maid there lives
Gentler than she, of beauty little less,
Whose swimming eyes thy loving words shall
bless,
When in some garden, knee set close to knee,
Thou sing'st the song that love may teach to
thee."

So to the hunter spake that ancient man,
And left him for his own home presently:
But he turned round, and through the moonlight wan
Reached the thick wood, and there 'twixt tree and tree
Distracted he passed the long night feverishly,
'Twixt sleep and waking, and at dawn arose
To wage hot war against his speechless foes.

There to the hart's flank seemed his shaft to grow,
As panting down the broad green glades he flew,
There by his horn the Dryads well might know
His thrust against the bear's heart had been true,
And there Adonis' bane his javelin slew,
But still in vain through rough and smooth he went,
For none the more his restlessness was spent.

So wandering, he to Argive cities came,
And in the lists with valiant men he stood,
And by great deeds he won him praise and fame,
And heaps of wealth for little-valued blood;
But none of all these things, or life, seemed good
Unto his heart, where still unsatisfied
A ravenous longing warred with fear and pride.

Therefore it happened when but a month had gone
Since he had left King Schœneus' city old,
In hunting-gear again, again alone
The forest-bordered meads did he behold,
Where still mid thoughts of August's quivering
gold
Folk hoed the wheat, and clipped the vine in trust
Of faint October's purple-foaming must.

And once again he passed the peaceful gate,
While to his beating heart his lips did lie,
That, owning not victorious love and fate,
Said, half aloud, "And here too must I try,
To win of alien men the mastery,
And gather for my head fresh meed of fame,
And cast new glory on my father's name."

In spite of that, how beat his heart, when first
Folk said to him, "And art thou come to see
That which still makes our city's name accurst
Among all mothers for its cruelty?
Then know indeed that fate is good to thee,
Because to-morrow a new luckless one
Against the whitefoot maid is pledged to run."

So on the morrow with no curious eyes
As once he did, that piteous sight he saw,
Nor did that wonder in his heart arise
As toward the goal the conquering maid 'gan
draw,
Nor did he gaze upon her eyes with awe,
Too full the pain of longing filled his heart
For fear or wonder there to have a part.

But O, how long the night was ere it went!
How long it was before the dawn begun
Showed to the wakening birds the sun's intent
That not in darkness should the world be done!
And then, and then, how long before the sun
Bade silently the toilers of the earth
Get forth to fruitless cares or empty mirth!

And long it seemed that in the market-place
He stood and saw the chaffering folk go by,
Ere from the ivory throne King Schœneus' face
Looked down upon the murmur royally,
But then came trembling that the time was nigh
When he midst pitying looks his love must
claim,
And jeering voices must salute his name.

But as the throng he pierced to gain the
throne,
His alien face distraught and anxious told
What hopeless errand he was bound upon,
And, each to each, folk whispered to behold
His godlike limbs; nay, and one woman old
As he went by must pluck him by the sleeve
And pray him yet that wretched love to leave.

For sidling up she said, "Canst thou live twice,
Fair son? canst thou have joyful youth again,
That thus thou goest to the sacrifice,
Thyself the victim? nay then, all in vain
Thy mother bore her longing and her pain,
And one more maiden on the earth must dwell
Hopeless of joy, nor fearing death and hell.

"O fool, thou knowest not the compact then
That with the three-formed goddess she has made
To keep her from the loving lips of men,
And in no saffron gown to be arrayed,
And therewithal with glory to be paid,
And love of her the moonlit river sees
White 'gainst the shadow of the formless trees.

"Come back, and I myself will pray for thee
Unto the sea-born framer of delights,
To give thee her who on the earth may be
The fairest stirrer-up to death and fights,
To quench with hopeful days and joyous nights
The flame that doth thy youthful heart con-
sume:
Come back, nor give thy beauty to the tomb."

How should he listen to her earnest speech?
Words, such as he not once or twice had said
Unto himself, whose meaning scarce could reach
The firm abode of that sad hardihead—
He turned about, and through the marketstead
Swiftly he passed, until before the throne
In the cleared space he stood at last alone.

Then said the King, "Stranger, what dost thou
here?
Have any of my folk done ill to thee?
Or art thou of the forest men in fear?
Or art thou of the sad fraternity
Who still will strive my daughter's mates to be,
Staking their lives to win to earthly bliss
The lonely maid, the friend of Artemis?"

"O King," he said, "thou sayest the word in-
deed:
Nor will I quit the strife till I have won
My sweet delight, or death to end my need.
And know that I am called Milanion,
Of King Amphidamas the well-loved son:
So fear not that to thy old name, O King,
Much loss or shame my victory will bring."

"Nay, Prince," said Schœneus, "welcome to this land

Thou wert indeed, if thou wert here to try
Thy strength 'gainst some one mighty of his hand;
Nor would we grudge thee well-won mastery.
But now, why wilt thou come to me to die,
And at my door lay down thy luckless head,
Swelling the band of the unhappy dead,

"Whose curses even now my heart doth fear?
Lo, I am old, and know what life can be,
And what a bitter thing is death anear.
O Son! be wise, and hearken unto me,
And if no other can be dear to thee,
At least as now, yet is the world full wide,
And bliss in seeming hopeless hearts may hide:

"But if thou lovest life, then all is lost."
"Nay, King," Milanion said, "thy words are vain.
Doubt not that I have counted well the cost.
But say, on what day will thou that I gain
Fulfilled delight, or death to end my pain?
Right glad were I if it could be to-day,
And all my doubts at rest forever lay."

"Nay," said King Schœneus, "thus it shall not be,
But rather shalt thou let a month go by,
And weary with thy prayers for victory
What god thou know'st the kindest and most nigh.
So doing, still perchance thou shalt not die:
And with my good-will wouldst thou have the maid,
For of the equal gods I grow afraid.

"And until then, O Prince, be thou my guest,
And all these troublous things awhile forget."
"Nay," said he, "couldst thou give my soul good
rest,
And on mine head a sleepy garland set,
Then had I 'scaped the meshes of the net,
Nor shouldst thou hear from me another word;
But now, make sharp thy fearful heading sword.

"Yet will I do what son of man may do,
And promise all the gods may most desire,
That to myself I may at least be true;
And on that day my heart and limbs so tire,
With utmost strain and measureless desire,
That, at the worst, I may but fall asleep
When in the sunlight round that sword shall
sweep."

He went with that, nor anywhere would bide,
But unto Argos restlessly did wend;
And there, as one who lays all hope aside,
Because the leech has said his life must end,
Silent farewell he bade to foe and friend,
And took his way unto the restless sea,
For there he deemed his rest and help might be.

UPON the shore of Argolis there stands
A temple to the goddess that he sought,
That, turned unto the lion-bearing lands,
Fenced from the east, of cold winds hath no thought,
Though to no homestead there the sheaves are
brought,
No groaning press torments the close-clipped murk,
Lonely the fane stands, far from all men's work.

Pass through a close, set thick with myrtle-trees,
Through the brass doors that guard the holy place,
And entering, hear the washing of the seas
That twice a day rise high above the base,
And with the southwest urging them, embrace
The marble feet of her that standeth there,
That shrink not, naked though they be and fair.

Small is the fane through which the sea-wind
sings
About Queen Venus' well-wrought image white,
But hung around are many precious things,
The gifts of those who, longing for delight,
Have hung them there within the goddess' sight,
And in return have taken at her hands
The living treasures of the Grecian lands.

And thither now has come Milanion,
And showed unto the priests' wide-open eyes
Gifts fairer than all those that there have shown,
Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fantasies,
And bowls inscribed with sayings of the wise
Above the deeds of foolish living things,
And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings.

And now before the sea-born one he stands,
By the sweet veiling smoke made dim and soft,
And while the incense trickles from his hands,
And while the odorous smoke-wreaths hang aloft,
Thus doth he pray to her: "O Thou, who oft
Hast holpen man and maid in their distress,
Despise me not for this my wretchedness!

"O goddess, among us who dwell below,
Kings and great men, great for a little while,
Have pity on the lowly heads that bow,
Nor hate the hearts that love them without
 guile;
Wilt thou be worse than these, and is thy smile
A vain device of him who set thee here,
An empty dream of some artificer?"

"O great one, some men love, and are ashamed;
Some men are weary of the bonds of love;
Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed,
That from thy toils their lives they cannot move,
And mid the ranks of men their manhood prove.
Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me,
What new immortal can I serve but thee?"

"Think then, will it bring honor to thy head
If folk say, 'Everything aside he cast
And to all fame and honor was he dead,
And to his one hope now is dead at last,
Since all unholpen he is gone and past:
Ah, the gods love not man, for certainly,
He to his helper did not cease to cry.'

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died before
Not single-hearted as I deem came here,
Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts before
Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear,
Lest in their eyes their true thought might ap-
 pear,
Who sought to be the lords of that fair town,
Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this:
O, set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of
 bliss,
Where naught but rocks and I can see her face,
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track,—
The golden age, the golden age come back!

"O fairest, hear me now, who do thy will,
Plead for thy rebel that she be not slain,
But live and love and be thy servant still:
Ah, give her joy and take away my pain,
And thus two long-enduring servants gain.
An easy thing this is to do for me,
What need of my vain words to weary thee!

"But none the less this place will I not leave
Until I needs must go my death to meet,
Or at thy hands some happy sign receive
That in great joy we twain may one day greet
Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet,
Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all words,
Victorious o'er our servants and our lords."

Then from the altar back a space he drew,
But from the Queen turned not his face away,
But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
That arched the sky, at ending of the day,
Was turned to ruddy gold and changing gray,
And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea
In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was down,
Nor had he moved when the dim golden light,
Like the far lustre of a godlike town,
Had left the world to seeming hopeless night,
Nor would he move the more when wan moon-
 light
Streamed through the pillars for a little while,
And lighted up the white Queen's changeless smile.

Naught noted he the shallow flowing sea
As step by step it set the wrack a-swim,
The yellow torchlight nothing noted he
Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared limb
The temple damsels sung their midnight hymn,
And naught the doubled stillness of the fane
When they were gone and all was hushed again.

But when the waves had touched the marble
 base,
And steps the fish swim over twice a day,
The dawn beheld him sunken in his place
Upon the floor; and sleeping there he lay,
Not heeding aught the little jets of spray
The roughened sea brought nigh, across him cast,
For as one dead all thought from him had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his head,
Long ere the varied hangings on the wall
Had gained once more their blue and green and
 red,
He rose as one some well-known sign doth call
When war upon the city's gates doth fall,
And scarce like one fresh risen out of sleep,
He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round ; not for the sea-gull's cry
That wheeled above the temple in his flight,
Not for the fresh south-wind that lovingly
Breathed on the new-born day and dying night,
But some strange hope 'twixt fear and great delight
Drew round his face, now flushed, now pale and
wan,
And still constrained his eyes the sea to scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern sky,
Not sun or moon, for all the world was gray,
But this a bright cloud seemed, that drew anigh,
Lighting the dull waves that beneath it lay
As toward the temple still it took its way,
And still grew greater, till Milanion
Saw naught for dazzling light that round him
shone.

But as he staggered with his arms outspread,
Delicious unnamed odors breathed around,
For languid happiness he bowed his head,
And with wet eyes sank down upon the ground,
Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he found
To give him reason for that happiness,
Or make him ask more knowledge of his bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he could see
Through happy tears the goddess face to face
With that faint image of Divinity,
Whose well-wrought smile and dainty changeless
grace
Until that morn so gladdened all the place ;
Then he unwitting cried aloud her name,
And covered up his eyes for fear and shame.

But through the stillness he her voice could hear
Piercing his heart with joy scarce bearable,
That said, "Milanion, wherefore dost thou fear ?
I am not hard to those who love me well ;
List to what I a second time will tell,
And thou mayest hear perchance, and live to save
The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

"See, by my feet three golden apples lie —
Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully
Store up within the best loved of my walls,
Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
Above my unseen head, and faint and light
The rose-leaves flutter round me in the night.

"And note, that these are not alone most fair
With heavenly gold, but longing strange they
bring
Unto the hearts of men, who will not care,
Beholding these, for any once-loved thing
Till round the shining sides their fingers cling.
And thou shalt see thy well-girt swiftfoot maid
By sight of these amid her glory stayed.

"For bearing these within a scrip with thee,
When first she heads thee from the starting-place,
Cast down the first one for her eyes to see,
And when she turns aside make on apace,
And if again she heads thee in the race
Spare not the other two to cast aside
If she not long enough behind will bide.

"Farewell, and when has come the happy time
That she Diana's raiment must unbind
And all the world seems blessed with Saturn's
clime,
And thou with eager arms about her twined
Beholdest first her gray eyes growing kind,
Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely then
Forget the helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last word,
For now so soft and kind she seemed to be,
No longer of her Godhead was he feared ;
Too late he looked, for nothing could he see
But the white image glimmering doubtfully
In the departing twilight cold and gray,
And those three apples on the steps that lay.

These then he caught up quivering with de-
light,
Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream,
And though aweary with the watchful night,
And sleepless nights of longing, still did deem
He could not sleep ; but yet the first sunbeam
That smote the fane across the heaving deep
Shone on him laid in calm untroubled sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise,
And why he felt so happy scarce could tell
Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.
Then leaving the fair place where this befell,
Oft he looked back as one who loved it well,
Then homeward to the haunts of men 'gan wend
To bring all things unto a happy end.

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
 Again are all folk round the running-place,
 Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
 Than heretofore, but that another face
 Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,
 For now, beheld of all, Milanion
 Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet what change is this that holds the
 maid?

Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
 More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
 Some happy hope of help and victory?
 The others seemed to say, "We come to die.
 Look down upon us for a little while,
 That, dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he — what look of mastery was this
 He cast on her? why were his lips so red?
 Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
 So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
 E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
 So rather looks a god well pleased to find
 Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
 And even as she casts adown her eyes
 Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
 And wish that she were clad in other guise?
 Why must the memory to her heart arise
 Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
 Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a
 name,
 And this vain pity never felt before,
 This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
 This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
 These doubts that grow each minute more and
 more?
 Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
 And weak defeat and woful victory fear?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,
 Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out,
 And forth they sprang; and she must play her
 part;
 Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
 Though, slackening once, she turned her head
 about,

But then she cried aloud and faster fled
 Than e'er before, and all men deemed him
 dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,
 And thence what seemed a ray of light there
 flew
 And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
 Then trembling she her feet together drew,
 And in her heart a strong desire there grew
 To have the toy; some god she thought had
 given
 That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she
 ran,
 And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
 But when she turned again, the great-limbed
 man
 Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
 And, mindful of her glory waxing cold,
 Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
 Though with one hand she touched the golden
 fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear
 She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
 And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair
 Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
 Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
 She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
 Who now the turning-post had wellnigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it
 White fingers underneath his own were laid,
 And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did
 flit;
 Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,
 But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
 Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no
 stay,
 Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,
 Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
 And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
 To keep the double prize, and strenuously
 Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she
 To win the day, though now but scanty space
 Was left betwixt him and the winning-place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet,
Quickly she gained upon him, till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet,
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast
After the prize that should her bliss fulfil,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win,
Once more, an unblest woful victory—
And yet—and yet—why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? why do her gray eyes grow dim?
Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find,
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined.
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,
So wrapped she is in new unbroken bliss:
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

SHATTER the trumpet, hew adown the posts!
Upon the brazen altar break the sword,
And scatter incense to appease the ghosts
Of those who died here by their own award.
Bring forth the image of the mighty Lord,
And her who unseen o'er the runners hung,
And did a deed forever to be sung.

Here are the gathered folk, make no delay,
Open King Schœneus' well filled-treasury,
Bring out the gifts long hid from light of day,
The golden bowls o'erwrought with imagery,
Gold chains, and unguents brought from over
sea,
The saffron gown the old Phœnician brought,
Within the temple of the Goddess wrought.

O ye, O damsels, who shall never see
Her, that Love's servant bringeth now to you,
Returning from another victory,
In some cool bower do all that now is due!
Since she in token of her service new
Shall give to Venus offerings rich enow,
Her maiden zone, her arrows, and her bow.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Syr Cauline.

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knyghte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded fere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye,
Ne descreewe his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell
Great dill to him was dight;
The mayden's love removde his mind,
To care-bed went the knyghte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye:
"And aye! but I winne that ladye's love,
For dole now I mun dye."

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, "Where is Syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?"

Then aunswerde him a courteous knyghte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
"Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye,
Without a good leechinge."

"Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leech fulle fine;
Goe take him doughe and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red:
Lothe I were him to tine."

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
"Oh well," she sayth, "how doth my lord?"
"Oh sicke, thou fayr ladye."

"Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame;
 Never lye soe cowardlee;
 For it is told in my father's halle
 You dye for love of mee."

"Fayre ladye, it is for your love
 That all this dill I drye:
 For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
 Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
 No lenger wold I lye."

"Syr knyghte, my father is a kinge,
 I am his only heire;
 Alas! and well you knowe, syr knyghte,
 I never can be youre fere."

"O ladye, thou art a kinge's daughter,
 And I am not thy peere;
 But let me doe some deedes of armes,
 To be your bacheleere."

"Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
 My bacheleere to bee
 (But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
 Giff harm should happe to thee.)

"Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
 Upon the mores brodinge;
 And dare ye, syr knyghte, wake there all nighte,
 Untill the fayre morninge?

"For the Eldridge knyghte, so mickle of mighte,
 Will examine you beforne;
 And never man bare life awaye,
 But he did him scath and scorne.

"That knyghte he is a foul paynim,
 And large of limb and bone;
 And but if heaven may be thy speede,
 Thy life it is but gone."

"Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
 For thy sake, fair ladie;
 And Ile either bring you a ready token,
 Or Ile never more you see."

The lady is gone to her own chaumbere,
 Her maydens following bright;
 Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
 For to walke there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
 He walked up and downe;
 Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
 Over the bents soe browne;
 Quoth hee, "If cryance come till my heart,
 I am farre from any good towne."

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad
 A furyous wight and fell;
 A ladye bright his brydle led,
 Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And soe fast he called on Syr Cauline,
 "O man, I rede thee flye,
 For but if cryance come till thy heart,
 I weene but thou mun dye."

He sayth, "No cryance comes till my heart,
 Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
 For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
 The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knyghte, he pricked his steed;
 Syr Cauline bold abode:
 Then either shooke his trustye speare,
 And the timber these two children bare
 Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
 And layden on full faste,
 Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
 They all were well-nighe brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
 And stiffe in stower did stande;
 But Syr Cauline with an aukeward stroke
 He smote off his right-hand;
 That soone he, with paine, and lacke of bloud,
 Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande
 All over his head so hye:
 "And here I sweare by the holy roode,
 Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye."

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
 Faste wringing of her hande:
 "For the mayden's love, that most you love,
 Withold that deadlye brande:

"For the mayden's love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obeye."

"Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knyghte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And therto plight thy hand:

"And that thou never on Eldridge hill come
To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye."

The Eldridge knyghte gave up his armes,
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Syr Cauline's hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knyghte
Sett him in his saddle anone;
And the Eldridge knyghte and his ladye,
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold,
Of knyghtes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline,
As light as leafe on tree;
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:
"O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;
These tokens I bring awaye."

"Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceiue thou art a true knyghte,
Of valour bolde and free."

"O ladye, I am thy own true knyghte,
Thy hests for to obeye;
And mought I hope to winne thy love!"
No more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
"Alas! syr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?"

"But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my bachelere,
He promise, if thee I may not wedde,
I will have none other fere."

Then shee held forthe her liley-white hand
Towards that knyghte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

"But keep my counsayl, Syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For, and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe."

From that daye forthe, that ladye fayre
Lovde Syr Cauline the knyghte;
From that daye forthe, he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they, in love and sweet daliaunce,
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

THE SECOND PART.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, I-wys,
 And an angyre man was hee:
 "Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
 And rewe shall thy ladie."

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,
 And throwne in dungeon deepe;
 And the ladye into a towre so hye,
 There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Cauline's friend,
 And to the kinge sayd shee:
 "I pray you save Syr Cauline's life,
 And let him banisht bee."

"Now, dame, that traytoure shall be sent
 Across the salt-sea fome;
 But here I will make thee a band,
 If ever he come within this land,
 A foule deathe is his doome."

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
 To parte from his ladye;
 And many a time he sighed sore,
 And cast a wistfulle eye:
 "Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
 Farre lever had I dye."

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
 Was had forthe of the towre;
 But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
 As nipt by an ungentle winde
 Doth some faire liley flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe,
 To tint her lover soe:
 "Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
 But I will still be true."

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
 And lorde of high degree,
 Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
 But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
 Ne comforte shee colde finde,
 The kyng proclaime a tourneament,
 To cheere his daughter's mind.

And there came lords, and there came knightes
 Fro manye a farre cuntrye,
 To break a spere for theyr ladye's love,
 Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette,
 In purple and in palle;
 But faire Christabelle, soe woe-begone,
 Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might,
 Before his ladye gaye;
 But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
 He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
 His hewberke and his sheelde;
 Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
 Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
 When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
 In feates of chivalrye,
 When lo! upon the fourth morninge,
 A sorrowfulle sight they see:

A hugye gyaunt stiffe and starke,
 All foule of limbe and lere,
 Two goggling eyen, like fire farden,
 A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
 That waited on his knee;
 And at his backe five heads he bare,
 All wan and pale of blee.

"Sir," quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
 "Behold that hend soldain!
 Behold these heads I beare with me!
 They are kings which he hath slain.

"The Eldridge knighte is his own cousine,
 Whom a knighte of thine hath shent;
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong:
 And to thee, all thy knightes among,
 Defiance here hath sent.

"But yette he will appease his wrath,
 Thy daughter's love to winne;
 And, but thou yelde him that fayre maid,
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.

"Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee,
Or else thy daughter dere;
Or else within these lists soe broad,
Thou must finde him a peere."

The kinge he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
"Is there never a knighte of my round table
This matter will undergoe?"

"Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

"For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
To be his wedded fere."

But every knighte of his round table
Did stand both still and pale;
For, whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she sawe no helpe was nye;
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, "Ladye, be not affrayd;
He fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

"And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre."

"Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,"
The kinge he cryde, "with speede:
Nowe, heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede."

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, "Awaye, awaye!
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye."

Then forthe the stranger knighte he came,
In his blacke armour dight;
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lists soe broad;
And now, with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan stricke the knighte a stroke
That made him reele asyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan stricke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe;
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan stricke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee;
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shrieking three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain;
Quoth hee, "But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine."

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the soldan falle;
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge, with all his barons,
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes
That curteous knighte to greeete.

But he, for payne and lacke of bloude,
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there, all walteringe in his gore,
Lay lifeless on the grounde.

"Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leech of skille;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes
Than this good knighte sholde spille."

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise,
"It is my life, my lord!" she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes,
When he heard his ladye crye:
"O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye."

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breath.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale, cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

"Oh staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee, thy faithfulle fere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love so deare."

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deep-fette sighe
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

ANONYMOUS.

Young Beichan and Susie Pye.

In London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was taen by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land:
Their way of worship viewed he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they've putten a bore;
In every bore they've putten a tree;
And they have made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see;
For seven years they kept him there,
Till he for hunger's like to die.

This Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pye;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

Oh so it fell, upon a day
She heard young Beichan sadly sing:
"My hounds they all go masterless;
My hawks they flee from tree to tree;
My younger brother will heir my land;
Fair England again I'll never see!"

All night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on;
She's stown the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has opened the prison doors,
I wot she opened two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curioslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wondered he that may to see;
He took her for some fair captive;
"Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie?"

"Oh have ye any lands," she said,
"Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye could give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free?"

"Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles two or three;
I'll give them all to the lady fair
That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me."

"I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,
The truth of it I'll freely gie,
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost show to me."

And she has bribed the proud warden
Wi' mickle gold and white monie;
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice-cake;
She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;
She's bidden him sometimes think on her
That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her finger,
And to Beichan half of it gave she:
"Keep it to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free.

"And set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

But long ere seven years had an end,
She longed full sore her love to see;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, "Beichan has broke his vow to thee."
So she's set her foot on good ship-board,
And turned her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore she came;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?
What news has thou to tell to me?"
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,
"The like was never in this countrie.

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,
Has lasted these thirty days and three;
Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,
For love of one that's yond the sea."

She's put her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white monie;
"Here, take ye that, my bonny boy,
For the good news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirl'd softly at the pin;
So ready was the proud porter
To open and let this lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he's in the hall among them all,
And this is the day o' his weddin."

"And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighin', said that gay ladie,
"I wish I were in my own countrie."

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free;
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me."

When the porter came his lord before,
He kneeled down low on his knee—
"What aileth thee, my proud porter,
Thou art so full of courtesie?"

"I've been porter at your gates,
It's thirty long years now and three;
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o' her did I never see;

"For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid finger she has three;
And as meikle gold aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom to me."

It's out then spak the bride's mother,
Aye and an angry woman was shee;
"Ye might have expected our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie."

"Oh hold your tongue, thou bride's mother
Of all your folly let me be;
She's ten times fairer nor the bride,
And all that's in your companie.

"She begs one sheave of your white bread,
But and a cup of your red wine;
And to remember the lady's love,
That last relieved you out of pine."

"Oh well-a-day!" said Beichan then,
 "That I so soon have married thee!
 For it can be none but Susie Pye,
 That sailed the sea for love of me."

And quickly hied he down the stair;
 Of fifteen steps he made but three;
 He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
 And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"Oh hae ye ta'en anither bride?
 And hae ye quite forgotten me?
 And hae ye quite forgotten her,
 That gave you life and libertie?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
 To hide the tears stood in her e'e:
 "Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she
 says,
 "I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
 For surely this can never be;
 Nor ever shall I wed but her
 That's done and dree'd so much for me."

Then out and spak the forenoon bride—
 "My lord, your love it changeth soon;
 This morning I was made your bride,
 And another's chose ere it be noon."

"Oh hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride;
 Ye're ne'er a whit the worse for me;
 And whan ye return to your own countrie,
 A double dower I'll send with thee."

He's taen Susie Pye by the white hand,
 And gently led her up and down;
 And ay, as he kist her red rosy lips,
 "Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own."

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
 And led her to yon fountain stane;
 He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
 And he's called her his bonny love, Lady
 Jane.

ANONYMOUS.

The Earl o' Quarterdeck.

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
 And it was "Hey for hame!
 And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
 "Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spoke the king himsel':
 "Haud on for Dumferline!"
 Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
 I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
 And he steered the ship sae free;
 Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
 And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in this, I vow;
 This is something underhand!
 'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace forgets
 Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
 And the east wind sank behind;
 And the west had a bitter word to say,
 Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north.
 Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."
 Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're worth!
 Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,
 To drink the gude French wine.
 And up she came, his daughter fair,
 And luikit ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
 To the hail but and the weet;
 Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',
 Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' win'—
 "What's that ahead?" quo she.
 The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',
 And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
 Put to yer hand," quoth he:
 "Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
 It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,
 Whether woman's or man's at last.
 To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
 And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,
 And the will is mair than shape;
 As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
 And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
 And a princess grand to see;
 But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
 To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;
 Her een flashed, and syne they swam.
 "And what for no to heaven?" she says,
 And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frae the good ship's helm,
 Until the day did daw',
 And the skipper he spak, but what he said
 It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship she lay to,
 With the land far on the lee;
 And up cam the king upo' the deck,
 Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
 "Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
 Said the king like a prince, "I was a' wrang,
 Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam oot,
 And the ship turned to the shore;
 And, afore the sun was up again,
 They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier heid,
 And the king he stept on the land,
 "Skipper, kneel down," the king he said,
 "Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,
 The king his blade he drew:
 Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?
 I'm aboard my ain ship noo.

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
 "For the Lord alone can do that;
 And besides ye took it intil yer ain han',
 And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
 For ance I am at your beck.
 And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
 Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king
 In his een for all his croon;
 Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
 And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's face,—
 A wrathful man to see:
 "The rascal loon abuses our grace;
 Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
 And he drew his biting blade;
 And he struck the chain that held her fast,
 But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
 And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
 Cam twenty riders on twenty steeds,
 Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
 "His life ye daurna spill!"
 "Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
 Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on cam the knights wi' spur and spear,
 For they heard the iron ring.
 "Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
 Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
 Right lowly on my knee;
 But I stand and look the king in the face,
 For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
 And the cable splashed in the sea,
 The good ship spread her wings sae white,
 And away with the skipper goes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,
And a brave lady beside ?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
Into the heaven wi' pride ?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Lord Lovel.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed ;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel ?" she said,
"Oh ! where are you going ?" said she ;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel ?" said she ;
"O ! when will you come back ?" said she ;
"In a year or two—or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning, round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter," Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh ! what is the matter ?" said he ;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow ;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir ;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher :
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire-mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

ANONYMOUS.

Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlâw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay ;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away ;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alas ! and a well-a-day !"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son ;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding."

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young
man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young
man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said;
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he said;
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
 The bride looked like a queen ;
 And so they returned to the merry green wood,
 Amongst the leaves so green.

ANONYMOUS.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
 And he was a squire's son ;
 He loved the bayliffe's daughter deare,
 That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
 That he did love her soe,
 Noe nor at any time would she
 Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
 His fond and foolish minde,
 They sent him up to faire London,
 An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
 And never his love could see,—
 “Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
 When she little thought of mee.”

Then all the maids of Islington
 Went forth to sport and playe,
 All but the bayliffe's daughter deare ;
 She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
 And put on ragged attire,
 And to faire London she would go
 Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
 The weather being hot and drye,
 She sat her downe upon a green bank,
 And her true love came riding bye.

She started up with a colour soe redd,
 Catching hold of his bridle-reine ;
 “One penny, one penny, kind sir,” she sayd,
 “Will ease me of much paine.”

“Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
 Praye tell me where you were borne.”
 “At Islington, kind sir,” sayd shee,
 “Where I have had many a scorne.”

“I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
 O tell me, whether you knowe
 The bayliffe's daughter of Islington.”
 “She is dead, sir, long agoe.”

“If she be dead, then take my horse,
 My saddle and bridle also ;
 For I will into some farr countrye,
 Where noe man shall me knowe.”

“O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
 She standeth by thy side ;
 She is here alive, she is not dead,
 And readye to be thy bride.”

“O farewell grieve, and welcome joye,
 Ten thousand times therefore ;
 For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
 Whom I thought I should never see more.”

ANONYMOUS.

Truth's Integrity.

FIRST PART.

OVER the mountains
 And under the waves,
 Over the fountains
 And under the graves,
 Under floods which are deepest,
 Which do Neptune obey,
 Over rocks which are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lie,
 Where there is no place
 For receipt of a fly,
 Where the gnat dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay,
 But if Love come he will enter,
 And find out the way.

You may esteem him
 A child of his force,
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse,
 But if he whom Love doth honor
 Be concealed from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon him —
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor heart, to be blind;
 But if he were hidden,
 Do the best you may,
 Blind Love, if you so call him,
 Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
 Stoop down to the fist,
 Or you may inveigle
 The phoenix of the east;
 With fear the tiger's moved
 To give over their prey;
 But never stop a lover —
 He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,
 And nations thereabout,
 Brave Guy, earl of Warwick,
 That champion so stout,
 With his warlike behavior,
 Through the world he did stray,
 To win his Phillis's favor —
 Love will find out the way.

In order next enters
 Bevis so brave,
 After adventures
 And policy brave,
 To see whom he desired,
 His Josian so gay,
 For whom his heart was fired —
 Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot
 Which true lovers knit,
 Undo it you cannot,
 Nor yet break it;

Make use of your inventions,
 Their fancies to betray,
 To frustrate their intentions —
 Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
 In bower and in hall,
 From the king unto the beggar,
 Love conquers all.
 Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
 Strive or do what you may,
 Yet be ne'er so hardy,
 Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
 And greatest emperors;
 In any provinces,
 Such is Love's power
 There is no resisting,
 But him to obey;
 In spite of all contesting,
 Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
 And all men that are
 Were strictly forbidden
 That place to declare,
 Winds that have no abidings,
 Pitying their delay,
 Would come and bring him tidings,
 And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
 He would gallop it o'er;
 If the seas should o'erthwart him,
 He would swim to the shore.
 Should his love become a swallow,
 Through the air to stray,
 Love will lend wings to follow,
 And will find out the way.

There is no striving
 To cross his intent,
 There is no contriving
 His plots to prevent;
 But if once the message greet him,
 That his true love doth stay,
 If death should come and meet him,
 Love will find out the way.

ANONYMOUS.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

It was a friar of orders gray,
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?"

"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he's dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh:
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave:
For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he!
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
Oh he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady: rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"Oh stay me not, thou holy friar,
Oh stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears."

"Here forced by grief and hopeless love
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought."

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

THOMAS PERCY.

The Spanish Lady's Love.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, had she on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie her faster
By the liking of an eye.

In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.

"Alas!" then said this lady gay, "full woe is me;
Oh let me still sustain this kind captivity!"

"O gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heaviness."

Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison strong remains with thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
Serpents are where flowers grow."

"All the evil I think to thee, most gracious knight,
God grant unto myself the same may fully light."

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one;
Then to your country bear away that is your own."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted
kind."

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
And so love is my desert.
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."

"I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou
go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel, 'tis great charges,
As you know, in every place."

"My chains and jewels every one shall be thine
own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies
unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers;
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."

"Well in worth I could endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for
thee."

"Courteous lady, be contented;
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in
Spain."

"Oh how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many days of joy God send you!
Of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for this offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

"Commend me to thy loving lady;
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold.
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For these are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defie;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from other company:
But ere my prayers have end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell, most gentle captain,
And farewell my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady."

ANONYMOUS.

The Glove.

(PETER RONSARD *loquitur*.)

"HEIGHO," yawned one day King Francis,
"Distance all value enhances!
When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure—
'Faith, and at leisure once is he?
Straightway he wants to be busy.
Here we've got peace; and aghast I'm
Caught thinking war the true pastime!
Is there a reason in metre?
Give us your speech, Master Peter!"
I who, if mortal dare say so,
Ne'er am at loss with my Naso,
"Sire," I replied, "joys prove cloudlets:
Men are the merest Ixions"—
Here the King whistled aloud, "Let's
. . . Heigho . . . go look at our lions!"
Such are the sorrowful chances
If you talk fine to King Francis.

And so, to the court-yard proceeding,
Our company, Francis was leading,
Increased by new followers tenfold
Before he arrived at the penfold;
Lords, ladies, like clouds which bedizen
At sunset the western horizon.
And Sir De Lorge pressed 'mid the foremost
With the dame he professed to adore most—
Oh, what a face! One by fits eyed
Her, and the horrible pitside;
For the penfold surrounded a hollow
Which led where the eyes scarce dared follow,
And shelved to the chamber secluded
Where Bluebeard, the great lion brooded.
The King hailed his keeper, an Arab
As glossy and black as a scarab,
And bade him make sport and at once stir
Up and out of his den the old monster.

They opened a hole in the wire-work
 Across it, and dropped there a fire-work,
 And fled; one's heart's beating redoubled;
 A pause, while the pit's mouth was troubled,
 The blackness and silence so utter,
 By the firework's slow sparkling and sputter,
 Then earth in a sudden contortion
 Gave out to our gaze her abortion!
 Such a brute! Were I friend Clément Marot
 (Whose experience of Nature's but narrow,
 And whose faculties move in no small mist
 When he versifies David the Psalmist)
 I should study that brute to describe you
Illum Juda Leonem de Tribu!
 One's whole blood grew curdling and creepy
 To see the black mane, vast and heapy,
 The tail in the air stiff and straining,
 The wide eyes, nor waxing nor waning,
 As over the barrier which bounded
 His platform and us who surrounded
 The barrier, they reached and they rested
 On the space that might stand him in best
 stead;

For who knew, he thought, what the amazement,

The eruption of clatter and blaze meant,
 And if, in this minute of wonder,
 No outlet 'mid lightning and thunder,
 Lay broad, and, his shackles all shivered,
 The lion at last was delivered?
 Ay, that was the open sky o'erhead!
 And you saw by the flash on his forehead,
 By the hope in those eyes wide and steady,
 He was leagues in the desert already,
 Driving the flocks up the mountain,
 Or catlike couched hard by the fountain
 To waylay the date-gathering negress:
 So guarded he entrance or egress.

"How he stands!" quoth the King; "we may well swear,

No novice, we've won our spurs elsewhere,
 And so can afford the confession,
 We exercise wholesome discretion
 In keeping aloof from his threshold;
 Once hold you, those jaws want no fresh hold,
 Their first would too pleasantly purloin
 The visitor's brisket or surloin:

But who's he would prove so foolhardy?
 Not the best man of Marignane, pardie!"

The sentence no sooner was uttered,
 Than over the rails a glove fluttered,
 Fell close to the lion, and rested:
 The dame 't was, who flung it and jested
 With life so, De Lorge had been wooing
 For months past; he sate there pursuing
 His suit, weighing out with nonchalance
 Fine speeches like gold from a balance.

Sound the trumpet, no true knight's a tarrier!

De Lorge made one leap at the barrier,
 Walked straight to the glove—while the lion
 Ne'er moved, kept his far-reaching eye on
 The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's sapphire,
 And the musky oiled skin of the Kaffir—
 Picked it up, and as calmly retreated,
 Leaped back where the lady was seated,
 And full in the face of its owner
 Flung the glove—

"Your heart's queen, you dethrone her?
 So should I"—cried the King—" 't was mere
 vanity,
 Not love, set that task to humanity!"
 Lords and ladies alike turned with loathing
 From such a proved wolf in sheep's clothing.

Not so I; for I caught an expression
 In her brow's undisturbed self-possession
 Amid the Court's scoffing and merriment;
 As if from no pleasing experiment
 She rose, yet of pain not much heedful
 So long as the process was needful;
 As if she had tried in a crucible,
 To what "speeches like gold" were reducible,
 And, finding the finest prove copper,
 Felt the smoke in her face was but proper;
 To know what she had *not* to trust to,
 Was worth all the ashes, and dust too.
 She went out 'mid hooting and laughter;
 Clément Marot stayed; I followed after,
 And asked, as a grace, what it all meant—
 If she wished not the rash deed's recallment?
 "For I"—so I spoke—"am a poet:
 Human nature behooves that I know it!"

She told me, "Too long had I heard
 Of the deed proved alone by the word:

For my love—what De Lorge would not dare!
With my scorn—what De Lorge could com-
pare!

And the endless descriptions of death
He would brave when my lip formed a breath,
I must reckon as braved, or, of course,
Doubt his word—and moreover, perforce,
For such gifts as no lady could spurn,
Must offer my love in return.

When I looked on your lion, it brought
All the dangers at once to my thought,
Encountered by all sorts of men,
Before he was lodged in his den—
From the poor slave whose club or bare hands
Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands,
With no King and no Court to applaud,
By no shame, should he shrink, overawed,
Yet to capture the creature made shift,
That his rude boys might laugh at the gift,
To the page who last leaped o'er the fence
Of the pit, on no greater pretence
Than to get back the bonnet he dropped,
Lest his pay for a week should be stopped.
So, wiser I judged it to make
One trial what 'death for my sake'
Really meant, while the power was yet mine,
Than to wait until time should define
Such a phrase not so simply as I,
Who took it to mean just 'to die.'
The blow a glove gives is but weak—
Does the mark yet discolor my cheek?
But when the heart suffers a blow,
Will the pain pass so soon, do you know?"

I looked, as away she was sweeping,
And saw a youth eagerly keeping
As close as he dared to the doorway:
No doubt that a noble should more weigh
His life than befits a plebeian;
And yet, had our brute been Nemean—
(I judge by a certain calm fervor
The youth stepped with, forward to serve her)
—He'd have scarce thought you did him the worst
turn

If you whispered, "Friend, what you'd get, first
earn!"

And when, shortly after, she carried
Her shame from the Court, and they mar-
ried,

To that marriage some happiness, maugre
The voice of the Court, I dared augur.

For De Lorge, he made women with men vie,
Those in wonder and praise, these in envy;
And in short stood so plain a head taller
That he wooed and won . . . How do you call her?
The beauty, that rose in the sequel
To the King's love, who loved her a week well;
And 'twas noticed he never would honor
De Lorge (who looked daggers upon her)
With the easy commission of stretching
His legs in the service, and fetching
His wife, from her chamber, those straying
Sad gloves she was always mislaying,
While the King took the closet to chat in—
But of course this adventure came pat in;
And never the King told the story,
How bringing a glove brought such glory,
But the wife smiled—"His nerves are grown
firmer—
Mine he brings now and utters no murmur!"

Venienti occurrere morbo!

With which moral I drop my theorbo.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Hermit.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn!
 Taught by that power pities me,
 I learn to pity them;

"But from the mountain's grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring;
 A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
 And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;
 All earth-born cares are wrong:
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell;
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighboring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Required a master's care:
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimmed his little fire,
 And cheered his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest and smiled;
 And, skilled in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups on the hearth;
 The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe:
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
 With answering care oppressed:
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurned,
 Reluctant dost thou rove?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
 Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 And leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair one's jest;
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex," he said;
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush
 His lovelorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view;
 Like colors o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms;
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn," she cried;
 "Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast;
The wondering fair one turned to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine?"

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

THE laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Lish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as
new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily —
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee :
" 'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cock-
pen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine :
" And what brings the Laird at sic a like time ?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa'
down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know ;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said
" Na !"
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumbfounded he was, nae sigh did he gie ;
He mounted his mare, he rade cannily ;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the
glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had
said ;
" Oh ! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get
ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the
green.
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cock-
pen.

LADY NAIRNE.

Sweet William's Farewell to Black- eyed Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
Oh ! where shall I my true-love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land :
Adieu ! she cries ; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

The Seaman's Happy Return.

WHEN Sol did cast no light, being darkened over,
And the dark time of night did the skies cover,
Running a river by, where were ships sailing,
A maid most fair I spied, crying and wailing.

Unto this maid I stept, asking what grieved her;
She answered me and wept, fates had deceived her;
My love is prest, quoth she, to cross the ocean—
Proud waves to make the ship ever in motion.

We loved seven years and more, both being sure,
But I am left on shore, grief to endure.
He promised back to turn, if life was spared him;
With grief I daily mourn death hath debarred him.

Straight a brisk lad she spied, made her admire,
A present she received pleased her desire.
Is my love safe, quoth she, will he come near me?
The young man answer made, Virgin, pray hear me.

Under one banner bright, for England's glory,
Your love and I did fight—mark well my story;
By an unhappy shot we two were parted;
His death's wound then he got, though valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can, for I stood by him,
For courage, I must say, none did outvie him;
He still would foremost be, striving for honor;
But fortune is a cheat,—vengeance upon her!

But ere he was quite dead, or his heart broken,
To me these words he said, Pray give this token
To my love, for there is than she no fairer;
Tell her she must be kind and love the bearer.

Intombed he now doth lye in stately manner,
'Cause he fought valiantly for love and honor.
That right he had in you, to me he gave it;
Now since it is my due, pray let me have it.

She, raging, flung away like one distracted,
Not knowing what to say, nor what she acted.
So last she cursed her fate, and showed her anger,
Saying, Friend, you come too late, I'll have no stranger.

To your own house return, I am best pleased
Here for my love to mourn, since he's deceased.
In sable weeds I'll go, let who will jeer me;
Since death has served me so, none shall come near me.

The chaste Penelope mourned for Ulysses;
I have more grief than she, robbed of my blisses.
I'll ne'er love man again, therefore pray hear me;
I'll slight you with disdain if you come near me.

I know he loved me well, for when we parted,
None did in grief excel,—both were true-hearted.
Those promises we made ne'er shall be broken;
Those words that then he said ne'er shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said, made his love stronger;
Off his disguise he laid, and staid no longer.
When her dear love she knew, in wanton fashion,
Into his arms she flew,—such is love's passion!

He asked her how she liked his counterfeiting,
Whether she was well pleased with such like greet-
ing?
You are well versed, quoth she, in several speeches,
Could you coin money so, you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind that waft thee over!
May heaven preserve that ship that brought my
lover!
Come kiss me now, my sweet, true love's no slan-
der;
Thou shalt my Hero be, I thy Leander.

Dido of Carthage queen loved stout Æneas,
But my true love is found more true than he was.
Venus ne'er fonder was of younger Adonis,
Than I will be of thee, since thy love her own is.

Then hand in hand they walk with mirth and
pleasure,
They laugh, they kiss, they talk—love knows no
measure.
Now both do sit and sing—but she sings clear-
est;
Like nightingale in spring, Welcome my dearest!

ANONYMOUS.

The Eve of St. Agnes.

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer he
saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead on each side seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passed by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on
their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs
gay

Of old romance. These let us wish away;
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times de-
clare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they de-
sire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not; her heart was elsewhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amorst
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline;
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such
things have been.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
 Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage; not one breast affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
 Saying, "Mersey, Porphyro! hie thee from this
 place;
 They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty
 race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hilde-
 brand;
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursed thee and thine, both house and land;
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
 Flit like a ghost away!"—"Ah, gossip dear,
 We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
 And tell me how"—"Good saints, not here, not
 here;
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy
 bier."

He followed through a lowly arched way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
 And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"
 He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
 "Oh tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving, piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
 Yet men will murder upon holy days;
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,

To venture so. It fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
 This very night; good angels her deceive!
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to
 grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
 Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
 Made purple riot; then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
 "A cruel man and impious thou art!
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
 Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst
 seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"
 Quoth Porphyro; "Oh may I ne'er find grace
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face;
 Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout my foemen's ears,
 And beard them, though they be more fanged
 than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
 Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she
 bring
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
 So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride;
 While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
 Never on such a night have lovers met,
 Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous
 debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
 "All cates and dainties shall be stored there
 Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare,
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
 The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
 The dame return'd and whisper'd in his ear
 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her
 brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware;
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turned, and down the aged gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed!
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed
 and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;

As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens
 and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint,
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
 taint.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;

Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet
 crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—how
 fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:
Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone;
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is
 gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered;
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth
 ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains; 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entailed in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,
Tumultuous, and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "*La belle dame sans mercy*;"
Close to her ear touching the melody;
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan;
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured
 stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.
There was a painful change, that night expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dream-
 ingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and
 drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to
 go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind blows
Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath
 set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet;
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark; the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!

Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unpruned
wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil
dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim, saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairy land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise, arise! the morning is at hand;
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for
thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears.
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges
groans.

And they are gone! ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and
form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes
cold.

JOHN KEATS.

The Bridal of Andalla.

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion
down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the
town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are
flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trum-
pets' lordly blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light are waving
everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom
floats proudly in the air.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion
down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the
town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face—
He bends him to the people with a calm and
princely grace;
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadal-
quiver
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and
lovely never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple
mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed
to-night.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion
down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the
town!

"What aileth thee, Xarifa—what makes thine eyes
look down?

Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with
all the town?

I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you
said the truth,

Andalla rides without a peer among all Granada's
youth:

Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse
doth go

Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and
slow:

Then rise—Oh! rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion
down;

Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with
all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the
town;

But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her
fingers strove,

And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower
Xarifa wove;

One bonny rose-bud she had traced before the noise
drew nigh;

That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping from
her eye.

"No—no!" she sighs—"bid me not rise, nor lay
my cushion down,

To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion
down?

Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing
town?

Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the
people cry;

He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—
O, why?"

—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall
I discover

The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with
tears, and was my lover?

I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion
down,

To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing
town!"

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

The Day-Dream.

THE SLEEPING PALACE.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf

Clothes and re-clothes the happy plains;

Here rests the sap within the leaf;

Here stays the blood along the veins.

Faint shadows, vapors lightly curled,

Faint murmurs from the meadows come,

Like hints and echoes of the world

To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns

On every slanting terrace-lawn,

The fountain to his place returns,

Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.

Here droops the banner on the tower,

On the hall-hearths the festal fires,

The peacock in his laurel bower,

The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs;

In these, in those the life is stayed.

The mantles from the golden pegs

Droop sleepily. No sound is made,

Not even of a gnat that sings.

More like a picture seemeth all,

Than those old portraits of old kings

That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask

Between his knees, half-drained; and there

The wrinkled steward at his task,

The maid of honor blooming fair:

The page has caught her hand in his;

Her lips are severed as to speak;

His own are pouted to a kiss;

The blush is fixed upon her cheek.

Till all the hundred summers pass,

The beams, that through the oriel shine,

Make prisms in every carven glass,

And beaker brimmed with noble wine.

Each baron at the banquet sleeps;

Grave faces gathered in a ring.

His state the king reposing keeps:

He must have been a jovial king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
 At distance like a little wood ;
 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
 And grapes with bunches red as blood :
 All creeping plants, a wall of green
 Close-matted, burr and brake and briar,
 And glimpsing over these, just seen,
 High up, the topmost palace spire.

When will the hundred summers die,
 And thought and time be born again,
 And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
 Bring truth that sways the soul of men ?
 Here all things in their place remain,
 As all were ordered, ages since.
 Come care and pleasure, hope and pain,
 And bring the fated fairy prince !

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

YEAR after year unto her feet,
 She lying on her couch alone,
 Across the purpled coverlet,
 The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
 On either side her tranced form
 Forth streaming from a braid of pearl :
 The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould,
 Languidly ever ; and amid
 Her full black ringlets, downward rolled,
 Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm,
 With bracelets of the diamond bright.
 Her constant beauty doth inform
 Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps ; her breathings are not heard
 In palace chambers far apart.
 The fragrant tresses are not stirred
 That lie upon her charmed heart.
 She sleeps ; on either hand upswells
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest ;
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL.

ALL precious things, discovered late,
 To those that seek them issue forth ;
 For love in sequel works with fate,
 And draws the veil from hidden worth.
 He travels far from other skies,
 His mantle glitters on the rocks —
 A fairy prince, with joyful eyes,
 And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those
 That strove in other days to pass,
 Are withered in the thorny close,
 Or scattered blanching in the grass .
 He gazes on the silent dead :
 " They perished in their daring deeds."
 This proverb flashes through his head :
 " The many fail ; the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks.
 He breaks the hedge ; he enters there ;
 The color flies into his cheeks ;
 He trusts to light on something fair ;
 For all his life the charm did talk
 About his path, and hover near
 With words of promise in his walk,
 And whispered voices in his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind ;
 The magic music in his heart
 Beats quick and quicker, till he find
 The quiet chamber far apart.
 His spirit flutters like a lark,
 He stoops, to kiss her, on his knee :
 " Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
 How dark those hidden eyes must be !"

THE REVIVAL.

A TOUCH, a kiss ! the charm was snapt.
 There rose a noise of striking clocks ;
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;
 A fuller light illumined all ;
 A breeze through all the garden swept ;
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall ;
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
 The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,
 The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled;
 The maid and page renewed their strife;
 The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt;
 And all the long-pent stream of life
 Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last with these the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself upreared,
 And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke:
 "By holy rood, a royal beard!
 How say you? we have slept, my lords;
 My beard has grown into my lap."
 The barons swore, with many words,
 'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy!" returned the king, "but still
 My joints are something stiff or so.
 My lord, and shall we pass the bill
 I mentioned half an hour ago?"
 The chancellor, sedate and vain,
 In courteous words returned reply;
 But dallied with his golden chain,
 And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold;
 And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old.
 Across the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 And deep into the dying day,
 The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
 O love, for such another kiss!"
 "Oh wake for ever, love," she hears,
 "O love, 'twas such as this and this."
 And o'er them many a sliding star,
 And many a merry wind was borne,
 And, streamed through many a golden bar,
 The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
 "O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"

And o'er them many a flowing range
 Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;
 And, rapt through many a rosy change,
 The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
 And whither goest thou, tell me where!"
 "Oh seek my father's court with me,
 For there are greater wonders there."
 And o'er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Through all the world she followed him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Love.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Of in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed knight;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
 She loves me best whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air;
 I sang an old and moving story—
 An old, rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 For well she knew I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined—and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight;

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death,
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved; she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept,
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms;
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Zara's Ear-rings.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into
the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot
tell—

'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albu-
harez' daughter:—
The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the
cold blue water;
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad
farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I can-
not tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were pearls in
silver set,
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should
him forget;

That I ne'er to other tongues should list, nor smile
on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those
ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have
dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me?—I cannot, cannot tell!

My 'ear-rings!' my ear-rings!—he'll say they
should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glitter-
ing sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance
insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not be-
fitting well,
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas I cannot
tell.

He'll think, when I to market went I loitered by
the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads
might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my
tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them my rings
of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside his
marble well
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot
tell.

He'll say, I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say, I loved, when he was here to whisper of
his flame—
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had
broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for
his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless
well,—
For what to say to Muça—alas! I cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will
believe—
That I thought of him at morning and thought of
him at eve;

That, musing on my lover, when down the sun was
gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain
all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my
hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie
in the well.

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Lady Geraldine's Courtship.

A ROMANCE OF THE AGE.

*A poet writes to his friend. PLACE—A room in Wycombe
Hall. TIME—Late in the evening.*

DEAR my friend and fellow-student, I would lean
my spirit o'er you!
Down the purple of this chamber, tears should
scarcely run at will.
I am humbled who was humble. Friend, I bow
my head before you.
You should lead me to my peasants, but their
faces are too still.

There's a lady, an earl's daughter, she is proud
and she is noble,
And she treads the crimson carpet, and she
breathes the perfumed air,
And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely
eye to trouble,
And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened
in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles
by the breakers,
She has farms and she has manors, she can threat-
en and command;
And the palpitating engines snort in steam across
her acres,
As they mark upon the blasted heaven the
measure of her land.

There are none of England's daughters who can
show a prouder presence;
Upon princely suitors praying she has looked in
her disdain.

She was sprung of English nobles, I was born of
English peasants;
What was *I* that I should love her—save for
competence to pain?

I was only a poor poet, made for singing at her
casement,
As the finches or the thrushes, while she thought
of other things.
Oh, she walked so high above me, she appeared to
my abasement,
In her lovely silken murmur, like an angel clad in
wings!

Many vassals bow before her as her carriage sweeps
their door-ways:
She has blest their little children, as a priest or
queen were she.
Far too tender, or too cruel far, her smile upon the
poor was,
For I thought it was the same smile which she
used to smile on *me*.

She has voters in the commons, she has lovers in
the palace;
And of all the fair court ladies, few have jewels
half as fine.
Oft the prince has named her beauty 'twixt the red
wine and the chalice.
Oh, and what was *I* to love her? my beloved,
my Geraldine!

Yet I could not choose but love her. I was born
to poet-uses,
To love all things set above me, all of good and
all of fair.

Nymphs of mountain, not of valley, we are wont
to call the Muses;
And in nympholeptic climbing, poets pass from
mount to star.

And because I was a poet, and because the public
praised me
With a critical deduction for the modern writer's
fault,

I could sit at rich men's tables—though the courtesies
that raised me,
Still suggested clear between us the pale spec-
trum of the salt.

And they praised me in her presence—"Will your
book appear this summer?"

Then returning to each other—"Yes, our plans
are for the moors."

Then with whisper dropped behind me—"There
he is! the latest comer!

Oh, she only likes his verses! what is over, she
endures.

"Quite low-born! self-educated! somewhat gifted
though by nature—

And we make a point of asking him—of being
very kind.

You may speak, he does not hear you! and be-
sides he write no satire—

All the serpents kept by charmers leave their
natural sting behind."

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood up there
among them,

Till as frost intense will burn you, the cold scorn-
ing scorched my brow—

When a sudden silver speaking, gravely cadenced,
overruling them,

And a sudden silken stirring touched my inner
nature through.

I looked upward and beheld her. With a calm and
regnant spirit,

Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and said
clear before them all:

"Have you such superfluous honor, sir, that able
to confer it

You will come down, Mister Bertram, as my
guest to Wycombe Hall?"

Here she paused—she had been paler at the first
word of her speaking.

But because a silence followed it, blushed some-
what, as for shame;

Then, as scorning her own feeling, resumed calmly
—"I am seeking

More distinction than these gentlemen think
worthy of my claim.

"Nevertheless, you see, I seek it—not because I am
a woman"

(Here her smile sprang like a fountain, and, so,
overflowed her mouth),

"But because my woods in Sussex have some purple shades at gloaming
Which are worthy of a king in state, or poet in his youth.

"I invite you, Mister Bertram, to no scene for wordly speeches—
Sir, I scarce should dare—but only where God asked the thrushes first—

And if *you* will sing beside them, in the covert of my beeches,
I will thank you for the woodlands, . . . for the human world, at worst."

Then she smiled around right childly, then she gazed around right queenly,
And I bowed—I could not answer; alternated light and gloom—

While as one who quells the lions, with a steady eye serenely,
She, with level fronting eyelids, passed out stately from the room.

Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex, I can hear them still around me,
With their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind.

Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! where the hunter's arrow found me,
When a fair face and a tender voice had made me mad and blind!

In that ancient hall of Wycombe, thronged the numerous guests invited,
And the lovely London ladies trod the floors with gliding feet;

And their voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly freighted
All the air about the windows, with elastic laughers sweet.

For at eve the open windows flung their light out on the terrace,
Which the floating orbs of curtains did with gradual shadow sweep,
While the swans upon the river, fed at morning by the heiress,
Trembled downward through their snowy wings at music in their sleep.

And there evermore was music, both of instrument and singing,
Till the finches of the shrubberies grew restless in the dark;

But the cedars stood up motionless, each in a moonlight ringing,
And the deer, half in the glimmer, strewed the hollows of the park.

And though sometimes she would bind me with her silver-corded speeches
To commix my words and laughter with the converse and the jest,
Oft I sat apart, and, gazing on the river through the beeches,
Heard, as pure the swans swam down it, her pure voice o'erfloat the rest.

In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed, and laugh of rider,
Spread out cheery from the court-yard till we lost them in the hills,
While herself and other ladies, and her suitors left beside her,
Went a-wandering up the gardens through the laurels and abeles.

Thus her foot upon the new-mown grass, bare-headed, with the flowing
Of the virginal white vesture gathered closely to her throat—
And the golden ringlets in her neck just quickened by her going,
And appearing to breathe sun for air, and doubting if to float—

With a branch of dewy maple, which her right hand held above her,
And which trembled a green shadow in betwixt her and the skies,
As she turned her face in going, thus, she drew me on to love her,
And to worship the divineness of the smile hid in her eyes.

For her eyes alone smile constantly: her lips have serious sweetness,
And her front is calm—the dimple rarely ripples on the cheek;

But her deep blue eyes smile constantly, as if they
in discreetness
Kept the secret of a happy dream she did not
care to speak.

Thus she drew me the first morning, out across
into the garden,
And I walked among her noble friends and could
not keep behind,
Spake she unto all and unto me—"Behold, I am
the warden
Of the song-birds in these lindens, which are
cages to their mind.

"But within this swarded circle, into which the
lime-walk brings us,
Whence the beeches, rounded greenly, stand away
in reverent fear,
I will let no music enter, saving what the fountain
sings us,
Which the lilies round the basin may seem pure
enough to hear.

"The live air that waves the lilies, waves the slender
jet of water
Like a holy thought sent feebly up from soul of
fasting saint.
Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleeping! (Lough
the sculptor wrought her),
So asleep she is forgetting to say Hush!—a fancy
quaint.

"Mark how heavy white her eyelids! not a dream
between them lingers.
And the left hand's index droppeth from the lips
upon the cheek;
While the right hand, with the symbol rose held
slack within the fingers,
Has fallen backward in the basin; yet this Si-
lence will not speak!

"That the essential meaning growing may exceed
the special symbol,
Is the thought as I conceive it: it applies more
high and low.
Our true noblemen will often through right noble-
ness grow humble,
And assert an inward honor by denying outward
show."

"Nay, your Silence," said I, "truly, holds her sym-
bol rose but slackly,
Yet *she holds it*—or would scarcely be a Silence
to our ken.

And your nobles wear their ermine on the outside,
or walk blackly
In the presence of the social law as mere ignoble
men.

"Let the poets dream such dreaming! madam, in
these British islands,
'Tis the substance that wanes ever, 'tis the sym-
bol that exceeds.
Soon we shall have naught but symbol! and, for
statues like this Silence,
Shall accept this rose's image—in another case,
the weed's."

"Not so quickly," she retorted—"I confess, wher-
e'er you go, you
Find for things, names—shows for actions, and
pure gold for honor clear.
But when all is run to symbol in the Social, I will
throw you
The world's book which now reads dryly, and
sit down with Silence here."

Half in playfulness she spoke, I thought, and half
in indignation;
Friends who listened, laughed her words off,
while her lovers deemed her fair.
A fair woman flushed with feeling, in her noble-
lighted station
Near the statue's white reposing—and both
bathed in sunny air!

With the trees round, not so distant but you heard
their vernal murmur,
And beheld in light and shadow the leaves in
and outward move,
And the little fountain leaping toward the sun-
heart to be warmer,
Then recoiling in a tremble from the too much
light above.

'Tis a picture for remembrance. And thus, morn-
ing after morning,
Did I follow as she drew me by the spirit to her
feet.

Why, her greyhound followed also! dogs—we
both were dogs for scorning—
To be sent back when she pleased it, and her
path lay through the wheat.

And thus morning after morning, spite of vows
and spite of sorrow,
Did I follow at her drawing, while the week-days
passed along,
Just to feed the swans this noontide, or to see the
fawns to-morrow,
Or to teach the hill-side echo some sweet Tuscan
in a song.

Ay, for sometimes on the hill-side, while we sate
down in the gowans,
With the forest green behind us, and its shadow
cast before,
And the river running under, and across it from
the rowans
A brown partridge whirring near us, till we felt
the air it bore,

There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud
the poems
Made to Tuscan flutes, or instruments more va-
rious of our own;
Read the pastoral parts of Spenser—or the subtile
interflowings
Found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book—
the leaf is folded down!—

Or at times a modern volume—Wordsworth's
solemn-thoughted idyl,
Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted
reverie—

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if
cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined
humanity.

Or at times I read there, hoarsely, some new poem
of my making.
Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to
their worth—

For the echo in you breaks upon the words which
you are speaking,
And the chariot-wheels jar in the gate through
which you drive them forth.

After, when we were grown tired of books, the
silence round us flinging
A slow arm of sweet compression, felt with beat-
ings at the breast,
She would break out, on a sudden, in a gush of
woodland singing,
Like a child's emotion in a god—a naiad tired
of rest.

Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce I know
which is divinest—
For her looks sing too—she modulates her ges-
tures on the tune;
And her mouth stirs with the song, like song; and
when the notes are finest,
'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light and seem
to swell them on.

Then we talked—oh, how we talked! her voice, so
cadenced in the talking,
Made another singing—of the soul! a music
without bars.
While the leafy sounds of woodlands—humming
round where we were walking,
Brought interposition worthy-sweet—as skies
about the stars.

And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if
she always thought them;
She had sympathies so rapid, open, free as bird
on branch,
Just as ready to fly east as west, whichever way be-
sought them,
In the birchen-wood a chirrup, or a cock-crow
in the granite.

In her utmost lightness there is truth—and often
she speaks lightly.
Has a grace in being gay, which even mournful
souls approve,
For the root of some grave earnest thought is
understruck so rightly
As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers
above.

And she talked on—*we* talked, rather! upon all
things, substance, shadow,
Of the sheep that browsed the grasses, of the
reapers in the corn,

Of the little children from the schools, seen wind-
ing through the meadow —
Of the poor rich world beyond them, still kept
poorer by its scorn.

So of men, and so of letters; books are men of
higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud for future
times to hear;
So, of mankind in the abstract, which grows slowly
into nature,
Yet will lift the cry of "progress," as it trod
from sphere to sphere.

And her custom was to praise me when I said —
"The Age culls simples,
With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the
glory of the stars.
We are gods by our own reck'ning, and may well
shut up the temples,
And wield on, amid the incense-steam, the thun-
der of our cars.

"For we throw out acclamations of self-thanking,
self-admiring,
With, at every mile run faster — 'O the wondrous,
wondrous age,'
Little thinking if we work our souls as nobly as
our iron,
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pil-
grimage.

"Why, what *is* this patient entrance into Nature's
deep resources,
But the child's most gradual learning to walk
upright without bane?
When we drive out, from the cloud of steam,
majestical white horses,
Are we greater than the first men who led black
ones by the mane?

"If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the
stars in rising,
If we wrapped the globe intensely with one hot
electric breath,

'Twere but power within our tether, no new spirit-
power comprising,
And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder
men in death."

She was patient with my talking; and I loved her,
loved her certes,
As I loved all heavenly objects, with uplifted
eyes and hands!
As I loved pure inspirations, loved the graces, loved
the virtues,
In a Love content with writing his own name on
desert sands.

Or at least I thought so, purely! — thought no idiot
Hope was raising
Any crown to crown Love's silence — silent love
that sate alone.
Out, alas! the stag is like me — he, that tries to go
on grazing
With the great deep gun-wound in his neck, then
reels with sudden moan.

It was thus I reeled. I told you that her hand had
many suitors;
But she smiles them down imperially, as Venus
did the waves,
And with such a gracious coldness, that they can-
not press their futures
On the present of her courtesy, which yieldingly
enslaves.

And this morning, as I sat alone within the inner
chamber,
With the great saloon beyond it, lost in pleasant
thought serene —
For I had been reading Camöens, that poem you
remember,
Which his lady's eyes are praised in, as the sweet-
est ever seen —

And the book lay open, and my thought flew from
it, taking from it
A vibration and impulsion to an end beyond its
own,
As the branch of a green osier, when a child would
overcome it,
Springs up freely from his clasping and goes
swinging in the sun,

As I mused I heard a murmur — it grew deep as it
grew longer —
Speakers using earnest language — "Lady GERAL-
dine, you *would*!"

And I heard a voice that pleaded ever on, in accents
stronger,
As a sense of reason gave it power to make its
rhetoric good.

Well I knew that voice; it was an earl's of soul
that matched his station,
Soul completed into lordship, might and right
read on his brow;

Very finely courteous, far too proud to doubt his
domination
Of the common people, he atones for grandeur
by a bow.

High, straight forehead, nose of eagle, cold blue
eyes, of less expression
Than resistance, coldly casting off the looks of
other men,

As steel, arrows; unelastic lips, which seem to taste
possession,
And be cautious lest the common air should in-
jure or distract.

For the rest, accomplished, upright—ay, and
standing by his order
With a bearing not ungraceful; fond of art and
letters too;

Just a good man made a proud man, as the sandy
rocks that border
A wild coast, by circumstances, in a regnant ebb
and flow.

Thus, I knew that voice—I heard it, and I could
not help the hearkening,
In the room I stood up blindly, and my burning
heart within

Seemed to seethe and fuse my senses, till they ran
on all sides darkening,
And scorched, weighed, like melted metal round
my feet that stood therein.

And that voice, I heard it pleading, for love's sake,
for wealth, position,
For the sake of liberal uses, and great actions to
be done;

And she interrupted gently, "Nay, my lord, the
old tradition
Of your Normans, by some worthier hand than
mine is, should be won."

"Ah, that white hand!" he said quickly, and in
his he either drew it
Or attempted, for with gravity and instance she
replied,

"Nay, indeed, my lord, this talk is vain, and we
had best eschew it,
And pass on, like friends, to other points less
easy to decide."

What he said again, I know not. It is likely that
his trouble

Worked his pride up to the surface, for she an-
swered in slow scorn,

"And your lordship judges rightly. Whom I
marry, shall be noble,
Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think
how he was born."

There, I maddened! her words stung me. Life
swept through me into fever,
And my soul sprang up astonished, sprang, full-
statured in an hour.

Know you what it is when anguish, with apoca-
lyptic NEVER,
To a Pythian height dilates you—and despair
sublimes to power?

From my brain, the soul-wings budded—waved a
flame about my body,

Whence conventions coiled to ashes. I felt self-
drawn-out, as man,

From amalgamate false natures, and I saw the
skies grow ruddy

With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew
what spirits can.

I was mad—inspired—say either! (anguish work-
eth inspiration),

Was a man or beast—perhaps so, for the tiger
roars, when speared;

And I walked on, step by step, along the level of
my passion—

Oh, my soul! and passed the doorway to her
face, and never feared.

He had left her, peradventure, when my footstep
proved my coming—

But for *her*—she half arose, then sate—grew
scarlet and grew pale.

Oh, she trembled!—'tis so always with a worldly man or woman

In the presence of true spirits—what else *can* they do but quail?

Oh, she fluttered like a tame bird, in among its forest-brothers

Far too strong for it; then drooping, bowed her face upon her hands.

And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and others.

I, she planted in the desert, swathed her, wind-like, with my sands.

I plucked up her social fictions, bloody-rooted though leaf-verdant,

Trod them down with words of shaming—all the purple and the gold,

All the "landed stakes" and lordships, all that spirits pure and ardent

Are cast out of love and honor because chancing not to hold.

"For myself I do not argue," said I, "though I love you, madam,

But for better souls that nearer to the height of yours have trod.

And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam,

Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.

"Yet, O God," I said, "O grave," I said, "O mother's heart and bosom,

With whom first and last are equal, saint and corpse and little child!

We are fools to your deductions, in these figments of heart-closing,

We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies defiled.

"Learn more reverence, madam, not for rank or wealth—that needs no learning,

That comes quickly—quick as sin does, ay, and culminates to sin;

But for Adam's seed, *MAN!* Trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,

With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath within.

"What right have you, madam, gazing in your palace mirror daily,

Getting so by heart your beauty which all others must adore,

While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers, to vow gayly

You will wed no man that's only good to God, and nothing more?

"Why, what right have you, made fair by that same God—the sweetest woman

Of all women he has fashioned—with your lovely spirit-face,

Which would seem too near to vanish if its smile were not so human,

And your voice of holy sweetness, turning common words to grace!—

"What right *can* you have, God's other works to scorn, despise, revile them

In the gross, as mere men, broadly—not as *noble* men, forsooth—

As mere Pariahs of the outer world, forbidden to assail them

In the hope of living, dying, near that sweetness of your mouth?

"Have you any answer, madam? If my spirit were less earthly,

If its instrument were gifted with a better silver string,

I would kneel down where I stand, and say, Behold me! I am worthy

Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am worthy as a king.

"As it is, your ermined pride, I swear, shall feel this stain upon her,

That *I*, poor, weak, tossed with passion, scorned by me and you again,

Love you, madam, dare to love you, to my grief and your dishonor,

To my endless desolation, and your impotent disdain!"

More mad words like these—mere madness! friend, I need not write them fuller,

For I hear my hot soul dropping on the lines in showers of tears.

Oh, a woman! friend, a woman! why, a beast had
 scarce been duller
 Than roar bestial loud complaints against the
 shining of the spheres.

But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrat-
 ing with thunder
 Which my soul had used. The silence drew her
 face up like a call.

Could you guess what word she uttered! She
 looked up, as if in wonder,
 With tears beaded on her lashes, and said, "Ber-
 tram!" it was all.

If she had cursed me, and she might have—or if
 even, with queenly bearing
 Which at need is used by women, she had risen
 up and said,

"Sir, you are my guest, and therefore I have
 given you a full hearing,
 Now, beseech you, choose a name exacting some-
 what less, instead—"

I had borne it!—but that "Bertram"—why it
 lies there on the paper
 A mere word, without her accent, and you can-
 not judge the weight
 Of the calm which crushed my passion. I seemed
 drowning in a vapor,
 And her gentleness destroyed me whom her
 scorn made desolate.

So, struck backward and exhausted by that inward
 flow of passion
 Which had rushed on, sparing nothing, into
 forms of abstract truth,

By a logic agonizing through unseemly demonstra-
 tion,
 And by youth's own anguish turning grimly
 gray the hairs of youth—

By the sense accursed and instant, that if even I
 spake wisely
 I spake basely—using truth, if what I spake, in-
 deed was true,

To avenge wrong on a woman—*her*, who sate
 there weighing nicely
 A poor manhood's worth, found guilty of such
 deeds as I could do!

By such wrong and woe exhausted—what I suf-
 fered and occasioned—

As a wild horse through a city runs with light-
 ning in his eyes,
 And then dashing at a church's cold and passive
 wall impassioned,
 Strikes the death into his burning brain, and
 blindly drops and dies—

So I fell, struck down before her! do you blame me,
 friend, for weakness?

'Twas my strength of passion slew me!—fell be-
 fore her like a stone.

Fast the dreadful world rolled from me, on its
 roaring wheels of blackness—

When the light came, I was lying in this cham-
 ber, and alone.

Oh, of course, she charged her lacqueys to bear out
 the sickly burden,

And to cast it from her scornful sight, but not
beyond the gate;

She is too kind to be cruel, and too haughty not to
 pardon

Such a man as I—'twere something to be level
 to her hate.

But for me, you now are conscious why, my friend,
 I write this letter,

How my life is read all backward, and the charm
 of life undone.

I shall leave her house at dawn; I would to-night,
 if I were better,

And I charge my soul to hold my body strength-
 ened for the sun.

When the sun has dyed the oriel, I depart, with no
 last gazes,

No weak moanings (one word only, left in writ-
 ing for her hands),

Out of reach of all derision, and some unavailing
 praises,

To make front against this anguish in the far
 and foreign lands.

Blame me not. I would not squander life in
 grief, I am abstemious.

I but nurse my spirit's falcon, that its wing may
 soar again.

There's no room for tears of weakness in the blind
eyes of a Phemius!
Into work the poet kneads them, and he does
not die *till then*.

CONCLUSION.

Bertram finished the last pages, while along the
silence ever,
Still in hot and heavy splashes fell the tears on
every leaf.

Having ended, he leans backward in his chair, with
lips that quiver

From the deep unspoken, ay, and deep unwrit-
ten thoughts of grief.

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'tis a dream, a
dream of mercies!

'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains, how she stand-
eth still and pale!

'Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften his
self-curses,

Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing of
his wail.

"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing through me! are
ye eyes that did undo me?"

Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian
statue-stone!

Underneath that calm white forehead, are ye ever
burning torrid

O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and
life undone?"

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air, the
purple curtain

Swellevh in and swelleth out around her motion-
less pale brows,

While the gliding of the river sends a rippling
noise forever

Through the open casement whitened by the
moonlight's slant repose.

Said he—"Vision of a lady! stand there silent,
stand there steady!

Now I see it plainly, plainly; now I cannot
hope or doubt:

There the brows of mild repression, there the lips
of silent passion,

Curvèd like an archer's bow to send the bitter
arrows out."

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept
smiling,

And approached him slowly, slowly, in a gliding
measured pace;

With her two white hands extended, as if praying
one offended,

And a look of supplication, gazing earnest in his
face.

Said he—"Wake me by no gesture, sound of
breath, or stir of vesture?

Let the blessed apparition melt not yet to its
divine!

No approaching—hush, no breathing! or my
heart must swoon to death in

The too utter life thou bringest, O thou dream
of Geraldine!"

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept
smiling,

But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes, and
tenderly,

"Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me? Is no woman
far above me

Found more worthy of thy poet-heart than such
a one as I?"

Said he—"I would dream so ever, like the flowing
of that river,

Flowing ever in a shadow greenly onward to the
sea!

So, thou vision of all sweetness, princely to a full
completeness,

Would my heart and life flow onward, death-
ward, through this dream of THEE!"

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept
smiling,

While the silver tears ran faster down the blush-
ing of her cheeks;

Then with both her hands enfolding both of his,
she softly told him,

"Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . . 'tis the vision
only speaks."

Softened, quickened to adore her, on his knee he
fell before her,

And she whispered low in triumph, "It shall be
as I have sworn!"

Very rich he is in virtues, very noble, noble
certes ;

And I shall not blush in knowing that men call
him lowly born."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The Spinning-Wheel Song.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knit-
ting.

"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."

"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flap-
ping."

"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind
dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's
stirring ;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden sing-
ing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I
wonder ?"

"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush
under."

"What makes you be shoving and moving your
stool on,

And singing all wrong that old song of 'The
Coolun ?'"

There's a form at the casement, the form of her
true-love,

And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for
you, love ;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step
lightly,

We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's
stirring ;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden sing-
ing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her
fingers,

Steals up from her seat, longs to go, and yet
lingers ;

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-
mother,

Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the
other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round ;

Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound ;

Noiseless and light to the lattice above her

The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her
lover.

Slower, and slower, and slower the wheel swings ;

Lower, and lower, and lower the reel rings ;

Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and
moving,

Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight
are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Doris : A Pastoral.

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd-maiden ;
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers :
I sat and wooed her, through sunlight wheeling
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer-roses of sweet perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed, and heark-
ened,
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger :
She said, "We linger, we must not stay ;
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander ;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray !"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore !
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling,
Ah ! stay, my darling, a moment more !"

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day ;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded and sent away."

Said I, denying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home :
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered, meekly,
"That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild ;
But if they love me, it's none so fervent :
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply :
"Ah! do but prove me; and none shall bind
you,
Nor fray nor find you, until I die!"

She blushed and started : I stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine ;
But I did brave them ; I told her plainly
She doubted vainly,—she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes ;
And homeward drave them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,
My Doris tender, my Doris true ;
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling,
With love excelling, and undefiled ;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY.

The Old Story.

HE came across the meadow-pass,
That summer eve of eves,
The sunlight streamed along the grass
And glanced amid the leaves ;
And from the shrubbery below,
And from the garden trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
And humming of the bees ;
The garden gate was swung apart,
The space was brief between ;

But there, for throbbing of his heart,
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate ;
He looked, and scarce he breathed ;
Within the little porch she sat,
With woodbine overwreathed ;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh :
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie :
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while ;
For now it is a flitting glow,
And now a breaking smile ;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there —
An angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair ;
But still they hid her looks of light,
Those downcast eyelids pale —
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
Had rested on the hill,
And, save one thrush from out the hedge,
Both bower and grove were still.
The sun had almost bade farewell ;
But one reluctant ray
Still loved within that porch to dwell,
As charmed there to stay —
It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,
And through the woodbine fringe,
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
And bathed her in its tinge.

"O beauty of my heart!" he said,
"O darling, darling mine !
Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine ?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die ?"
A moment from that bursting thought
She felt his footstep nigh,

One sudden, lifted glance — but one —
 A tremor and a start —
 So gently was their greeting done
 That who would guess their heart ?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
 And all his golden hail
 Had died away to lines of brown,
 In duskier hues that fail.
 The grasshopper was chirping shrill ;
 No other living sound
 Accompanied the tiny rill
 That gurgled under ground ;
 No other living sound, unless
 Some spirit bent to hear
 Low words of human tenderness
 And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
 Deep in the liquid sky,
 Now forth upon the darkness burst,
 Sole kings and lights on high ;
 For splendor, myriad-fold, supreme,
 No rival moonlight strove ;
 Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,
 Nor more majestic Jove.
 But what if hearts there beat that night
 That recked not of the skies,
 Or only felt their imaged light
 In one another's eyes ?

And if two worlds of hidden thought
 And longing passion met,
 Which, passing human language, sought
 And found an utterance yet ;
 And if they trembled as the flowers
 That droop across the stream,
 And muse the while the starry hours
 Wait o'er them like a dream ;
 And if, when came the parting time,
 They faltered still and clung ;
 What is it all ? — an ancient rhyme
 Ten thousand times besung —
 That part of Paradise which man
 Without the portal knows,
 Which hath been since the world began,
 And shall be till its close.

ANONYMOUS.

Lochinvar.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west ;
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none ;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for
 stone ;
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was
 none ;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
 all ;
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
 sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
 word),
 "Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Loch-
 invar ?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you de-
 nied ;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
 tide ;
 And now I am come, with this lost love of
 mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine ;
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by
 far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochin-
 var."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it
 up ;
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the
 cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to
 sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Loch-
 invar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret and her father did
 fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet
 and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better
 by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-
 invar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her
 ear,
 When they reached the hall door and the charger
 stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Nether-
 by clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 they ran:
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie
 Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they
 see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-
 invar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Jock of Hazeldean.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye shall be his bride;
 And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
 Sae comely to be seen."
 But ay she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen."
 But ay she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
 And you the foremost of them a'
 Shall ride, our forest queen."
 But ay she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide;
 The tapers glimmered fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And knight and dame are there;
 They sought her both by bower and ha';
 The ladye was not seen.
 She's o'er the border, and aw'
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Outlaw.

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton Hall
 Beneath the turrets high,
 A maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily:
 "O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen."

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life lead we
 That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
 As blithe as Queen of May."
 Yet sung she: "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen.

"I read you by your bugle-horn
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a ranger sworn
 To keep the king's greenwood."
 "A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at peep of light;
 His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night."
 Yet sung she: "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay;
 I would I were with Edmund there
 To reign his Queen of May!

With burnished brand and musketoon
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold dragoon
 That lists the tuck of drum."
 "I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear;
 But when the beetle sounds his hum
 My comrades take the spear.
 And O, though Brignall banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare
 Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden, a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die;
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I.
 And when I'm with my comrades met
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.
 Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Love in the Valley.

UNDER yonder beech-tree standing on the green
 sward,
 Couched with her arms behind her little head,
 Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her bosom,
 Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
 Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her!
 Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow,
 Waking on the instant she could not but embrace
 me—
 Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;
 Swift as the swallow when, athwart the western
 flood,
 Circleting the surface, he meets his mirrored wing-
 lets,
 Is that dear one in her maiden bud.
 Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine-
 tops;
 Gentle—ah! that she were jealous—as the dove!
 Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
 Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her?
 Can she truly doubt me when looking on my
 brows?
 Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-
 tales;
 What can have taught her distrust of all my
 vows?
 No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eve-tide,
 Whispering together beneath the listening moon,
 I prayed till her cheek flushed, implored till she
 faltered—
 Fluttered to my bosom—ah! to fly away so soon!

When her mother tends her before the laughing
 mirror,
 Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
 Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
 I should have more love, and much less care.
 When her mother tends her before the bashful
 mirror,
 Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
 Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
 I should lose but one for so many boys and girls.

Clambering roses peep into her chamber,
 Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet;
 White-necked swallows, twittering of summer,
 Fill her with balm and nested peace from head to feet.

Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
 When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the leaves?

Will the autumn garner see her still ungathered,

When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves?

Comes a sudden question—should a strange hand pluck her!

Oh! what an anguish smites me at the thought!
 Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with jewels!

Can such beauty ever thus be bought?
 Sometimes the huntsmen, prancing down the valley,

Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth;
 They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!
 Would she were older and could read my worth!

Are there not sweet maidens, if she still deny me?

Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?
 Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,
 Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?
 So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me—

Through the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies,

Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids

From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes

Out on the weather through the window panes,
 Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily
 Bursting out of bud on the rippled river plains.
 When from bed she rises, clothed from neck to ankle

In her long night gown, sweet as boughs of May,
 Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily,
 Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

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Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles
 Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;
 When the cold-cheeked dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,

And the gold sun wakes and weds her in the blue.
 Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,
 She the only star that dies not with the dark!
 Powerless to speak all the ardor of my passion,
 I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweet-hearts?

Season after season tell a fruitless tale?

Will not the virgin listen to their voices?

Take the honeyed meaning, wear the bridal veil?

Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the bare branches?

Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?

Is she a nightingale that will not be nested

Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties!

With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, showery glee;

With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures;

And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for me!

Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!

Come, weeping loveliness in all thy blue delight!

Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!

Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Our Love shall Live.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand;

But came the waves and washed it away;

Again I wrote it with a second hand,

But came the tide and made my pains his prey.

Vain man! said she, that dost in vain assay

A mortal thing so to immortalize;

For I myself shall like to this decay,

And eke my name be wiped out likewise.

Not so, quoth I; let baser things devise

To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name,
 Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The Letters.

STILL on the tower stood the vane;
 A black yew gloomed the stagnant air;
 I peered athwart the chancel pane,
 And saw the altar cold and bare.
 A clog of lead was round my feet,
 A band of pain across my brow;
 "Cold altar, heaven and earth shall meet
 Before you hear my marriage vow."

I turned and hummed a bitter song
 That mocked the wholesome human heart;
 And then we met in wrath and wrong,
 We met, but only meant to part.
 Full cold my greeting was and dry;
 She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
 I saw, with half-unconscious eye,
 She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest;
 With half a sigh she turned the key,
 Then raised her head with lips comprest,
 And gave my letters back to me.
 And gave the trinkets and the rings,
 My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;
 As looks a father on the things
 Of his dead son, I looked on these.

She told me all her friends had said;
 I raged against the public liar.
 She talked as if her love were dead;
 But in my words were seeds of fire.
 "No more of love; your sex is known:
 I never will be twice deceived;
 Henceforth I trust the man alone;
 The woman cannot be believed."

"Through slander, meanest spawn of hell
 (And woman's slander is the worst),
 And you, whom once I loved so well,
 Through you my life will be accurst."

I spoke with heart, and heat, and force,
 I shook her breast with vague alarms —
 Like torrents from a mountain source
 We rushed into each other's arms.

We parted. Sweetly gleamed the stars,
 And sweet the vapor-braided blue;
 Low breezes fanned the belfry bars,
 As homeward by the church I drew.
 The very graves appeared to smile,
 So fresh they rose in shadowed swells;
 "Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,
 There comes a sound of marriage bells."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sonnets.

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assailed, or victor being charged;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged.
 If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,
 Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst
 owe.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure;
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and suffer day by day;
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know-
 ing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment mak-
 ing.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter:
 In sleep a king; but waking no such matter.

SOME say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport:
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and
 less;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteemed,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 To truths translated, and for true things deemed.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
 What old December's bareness everywhere!
 And yet this time removed was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease;
 Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
 grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They are but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you—you pattern of all those.
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

THE forward violet thus did I chide:
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
 that smells,
 If not from my love's breath? the purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 And to this robbery had annexed thy breath;
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet in color it had stolen from thee.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And for they looked but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing;
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage :
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now, with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me sub-
 scribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments ; love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove.
 Oh no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be
 taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
 cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out, even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

OH ! never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seemed my flame to qualify ;
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
 That is my home of love ; if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels, I return again —
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged ;
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reigned
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stained,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnets.

COME sleep, O, sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe ;
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low !
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw.
 Oh make in me those civil wars to cease ;
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head ;
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

IN martial sports I had my cunning tried,
 And yet to break more staves did me address ;
 While with the people's shouts I must confess,
 Youth, luck, and praise e'en filled my veins with
 pride ;
 When Cupid having me, his slave, descried
 In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
 " What now, Sir Fool ? " said he, " I would no less ;
 Look here, I say." — I looked, and Stella spied,
 Who, hard by, made a window send forth light ;
 My heart then quaked ; then dazzled were mine eyes ;
 One hand forgot to rule, the other to fight ;
 Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
 My foe came on and beat the air for me,
 Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

O HAPPY Thames that didst my Stella bear ;
 I saw myself with many a smiling line
 Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,
 While those fair planets on thy streams did shine ;
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear ;
 While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
 Ravished, staid not till in her golden hair
 They did themselves, oh sweetest prison ! twine ;
 And fain those Eol's youth there would their stay
 Have made, but forced by nature still to fly,
 First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
 She so dishevelled, blushed : from window I,
 With sight thereof, cried out, oh fair disgrace !
 Let honor's self to thee grant highest place.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the
skies,

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;

I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me:
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

I give Thee Eternity.

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding-
sheet,

Where I to thee eternity shall give

When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live

Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise;
Virgins and matrons reading these, my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve they lived not in these times,

To have seen thee, their sex's only glory:
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Sonnet.

I know that all beneath the moon decays;

And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.

I know that all the muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.

I know frail beauty's like the purple flower
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords.

Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Sonnet.

If it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,
Such I believe my love; for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing,
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,
Enamored through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the Primal Love,
As to its end, and honors in admiring:
For who adores the Maker needs must love His
work.

MICHEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.

To Vittoria Colonna.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;

For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts

As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

MICHEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Sonnets from the Portuguese.

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 "I love her for her smile, her look, her way
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
 For these things in themselves, beloved, may
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so
 wrought,
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
 To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
 Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
 I ring out to the full brown length, and say,
 "Take it!" My day of youth went yesterday;
 My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
 Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
 As girls do, any more. It only may
 Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
 Taught drooping from the head that hangs
 aside
 Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral
 shears
 Would take this first, but love is justified,—
 Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those years,
 The kiss my mother left there when she died.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
 That thou dost love me. Though the word re-
 peated
 Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost
 treat it,
 Remember, never to the hill or plain,
 Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
 Comes the fresh Spring in all her green com-
 pleted.
 Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
 By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain

Cry: "Speak once more—thou lovest!" Who can
 fear
 Too many stars, though each in heaven shall
 roll—
 Too many flowers, though each shall crown the
 year?
 Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
 The silver iterance!—only minding, dear,
 To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

IF I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
 And be all to me? Shall I never miss
 Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
 That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
 When I look up, to drop on a new range
 Of walls and floors—another home than this?
 Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
 Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
 That's hardest. If to conquer Love has tried,
 To conquer Grief tries more, as all things prove;
 For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
 Alas, I have grieved so, I am hard to love.
 Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide
 And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only kissed
 The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
 And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,
 Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "O list!"
 When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
 I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
 Than that first kiss. The second passed in
 height
 The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
 Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed!
 That was the chrism of love, which love's own
 crown,
 With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
 The third upon my lips was folded down
 In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
 I have been proud, and said, "My love, my
 own!"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
 I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling, out of sight,
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely as men strive for right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

To One who would make a Confession.

OH! leave the past to bury its own dead.
 The past is naught to us, the present all.
 What need of last year's leaves to strew Love's bed?
 What need of ghost to grace a festival?
 I would not, if I could, those days recall,
 Those days not ours. For us the feast is spread,
 The lamps are lit, and music plays withal.
 Then let us love and leave the rest unsaid.
 This island is our home. Around it roar
 Great gulfs and oceans, channels, straits, and seas.
 What matter in what wreck we reached the shore,
 So we both reached it? We can mock at these.
 Oh! leave the past, if past indeed there be;
 I would not know it; I would know but thee.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT.

To One Excusing his Poverty.

AH! love, impute it not to me a sin
 That my poor soul thus beggared comes to thee.
 My soul a pilgrim was, in search of thine,
 And met these accidents by land and sea.
 The world was hard, and took its usury,
 Its toll for each new night in each new inn;
 And every road had robber bands to fee;
 And all, even kindness, must be paid in coin.
 Behold my scrip is empty, my heart bare.
 I give thee nothing who my all would give.
 My pilgrimage is finished, and I fare
 Bare to my death, unless with thee I live.
 Ah! give, love, and forgive that I am poor.
 Ah! take me to thy arms and ask no more.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT.

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

STAND still, and I will read to thee
 A lecture, Love, in love's philosophy.
 These three hours that we have spent
 Walking here, two shadows went
 Along with us, which we ourselves produced:
 But, now the sun is just above our head,
 We do those shadows tread,
 And to brave clearness all things are reduced.
 So whilst our infant loves did grow,
 Disguises did and shadows flow
 From us and from our cares; but now it is not so.

That love hath not attained the high'st degree,
 Which is still diligent lest others see;
 Except our loves at this noon stay,
 We shall new shadows make the other way.
 As the first were made to blind
 Others, these which come behind
 Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes,
 If our loves faint, and westwardly decline,
 To me thou falsely thine,
 And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
 The morning shadows wear away,
 But these grow longer all the day;
 But, oh! love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing or full constant light,
 And his short minute, after noon, is night.

JOHN DONNE.

Phyllida and Corydon.

IN the merrie moneth of Maye,
 In a morne by break of daye,
 With a troupe of damsells playing,
 Forth I yode forsooth a-maying;

Where anon by a wood side,
 Whenas Maye was in his pride,
 I espied all alone
 Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, God wot;
 He wold love, and she wold not.
 She sayd never man was trewe;
 He sayes none was false to you.

He sayde hee had lovde her longe ;
 She sayes love should have no wronge.
 Corydon wold kisse her then ;
 She sayes maids must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.
 When she made the shepperde call
 All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
 Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with many a prettie othe,
 Yea and naye, and faithe and trothe —
 Such as seelie shepperdes use
 When they will not love abuse —

Love, that had bene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweete concluded ;
 And Phillida with garlands gaye
 Was made the ladye of the Maye.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

The White Rose.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN
 MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
 Placed in thy bosom bare,
 'Twill blush to find itself less white,
 And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
 As kiss it thou mayest deign,
 With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
 And Yorkish turn again.

WILLIAM CONGREVE AND WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

Love is a Sickness.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing ;
 A plant that most with cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using.
 Why so ?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
 Heigh-ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting ;
 And Jove hath made it of a kind,
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
 Why so ?
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
 Heigh-ho !

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Triumph of Charis.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love !
 Wherein my lady rideth !
 Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth.
 As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty.
 And, enamored, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side
 Through swords, through seas, whither she
 would ride.

Do but look on her eyes ! they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth ;
 Do but look on her hair ! it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth !
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother
 Than words that soothe her !
 And from her arched brows such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life,
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements'
 strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it ?
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
 Before the soil hath smutchted it ?
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
 Or swan's down ever ?
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier ?
 Or the nard i' the fire ?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
 Oh, so white ! oh, so soft ! oh, so sweet is she.

BEN JONSON.

Tell Me, my Heart.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Awed by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
 No other voice but hers can hear,
 No other wit but hers approve :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other youth commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleased before,
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

LORD LYTTELTON.

Discourse with Cupid.

NOBLEST Charis, you that are
 Both my fortune and my star !
 And do govern more my blood,
 Than the various moon the flood !
 Hear what late discourse of you
 Love and I have had ; and true.
 'Mongst my muses finding me,
 Where he chanced your name to see
 Set, and to this softer strain :
 " Sure," said he, " if I have brain,
 This here sung can be no other
 By description, but my mother !
 So hath Homer praised her hair ;
 So Anacreon drawn the air
 Of her face, and made to rise,
 Just about her sparkling eyes,
 Both her brows, bent like my bow.
 By her looks I do her know,

Which you call my shafts. And see !
 Such my mother's blushes be,
 As the bath your verse discloses
 In her cheeks of milk and roses ;
 Such as oft I wanton in.
 And above her even chin,
 Have you placed the bank of kisses
 Where, you say, men gather blisses,
 Ripened with a breath more sweet,
 Than when flowers and west winds meet.
 Nay, her white and polished neck,
 With the lace that doth it deck,
 Is my mother's ! hearts of slain
 Lovers, made into a chain !
 And between each rising breast
 Lies the valley called my nest,
 Where I sit and proyne my wings
 After flight ; and put new strings
 To my shafts ! Her very name,
 With my mother's is the same."
 " I confess all," I replied,
 " And the glass hangs by her side,
 And the girdle 'bout her waist,
 All is Venus ; save unchaste.
 But, alas ! thou seest the least
 Of her good, who is the best
 Of her sex ; but couldst thou, Love,
 Call to mind the forms that strove
 For the apple, and those three
 Make in one, the same were she.
 For this beauty still doth hide
 Something more than thou hast spied.
 Outward grace weak Love beguiles :
 She is Venus when she smiles,
 But she's Juno when she walks,
 And Minerva when she talks."

BEN JONSON.

To Celia.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

PHILOSTRATUS. (Greek.)

Translation of BEN JONSON.

Song.

SHE is not fair to outward view
 As many maidens be,
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me;
 Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply,
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye:
 Her very frowns are fairer far,
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

LOVE me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song.
 Love that is too hot and strong
 Burneth soon to waste.
 Still I would not have thee cold,
 Not too backward or too bold;
 Love that lasteth till 'tis old
 Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
 'Twill not prove as true as touch;
 Love me little, more than such,
 For I fear the end.
 I'm with little well content,
 And a little from thee sent
 Is enough, with true intent,
 To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
 I to thee my love will give,
 Never dreaming to deceive
 While that life endures:
 Nay, and after death, in sooth,
 I to thee will keep my truth
 As now, in my May of youth,
 This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
 And it will through life perséver;
 Give me that, with true endeavor
 I will it restore;
 A suit of durance let it be
 For all weathers; that for me,
 For the land or for the sea,
 Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
 Autumn's tempests on it beat,
 It can never know defeat,
 Never can rebel:
 Such the love that I would gain,
 Such the love, I tell thee plain,
 Thou must give, or woo in vain —
 So to thee farewell!

ANONYMOUS.

Shall I Tell?

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
 Harken then a while to me;
 And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versify,
 Be assured 'tis she or none,
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
 As she scorns the help of art.
 In as many virtues dight
 As e'er yet embraced a heart.
 So much good so truly tried,
 Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
 To make known how much she hath;
 And her anger flames no higher
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
 Full of pity as may be,
 Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
 And her virtues grace her birth;
 Lovely as all excellence,
 Modest in her most of mirth.
 Likelihood enough to prove
 Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
 Such a one as I have sung;
 Be she brown, or fair, or so
 That she be but somewhat young;
 Be assured 'tis she, or none,
 That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Beauty Clear and Fair.

BEAUTY clear and fair,
 Where the air
 Rather like a perfume dwells;
 Where the violet and the rose
 Their blue veins in blush disclose,
 And come to honor nothing else;

Where to live near,
 And planted there,
 Is to live, and still live new;
 Where to gain a favor is
 More than light, perpetual bliss,—
 Make me live by serving you!

Dear, again back recall
 To this light
 A stranger to himself and all;
 Both the wonder and the story
 Shall be yours, and eke the glory;
 I am your servant, and your thrall.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Speak, Love!

DEAREST, do not delay me,
 Since, thou knowest, I must be gone;
 Wind and tide, 'tis thought, do stay me;
 But 'tis wind that must be blown
 From that breath, whose native smell
 Indian odors far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair!
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
 But perfume this neighboring air,
 Else dull silence, sure, will starve me;
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
 Which, being restrained, a heart is broken.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A Match.

If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf,
 Our lives would grow together
 In sad or singing weather,
 Blown fields or flowerful closes,
 Green pleasure or gray grief;
 If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune,
 With double sound and single
 Delight our lips would mingle,
 With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon;
 If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
 And I, your love, were death,
 We'd shine and snow together
 Ere March made sweet the weather
 With daffodil and starling,
 And hours of fruitful breath;
 If you were life, my darling,
 And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy,
 We'd play for lives and seasons,
 With loving looks and treasons,
 And tears of night and morrow,
 And laughs of maid and boy;
 If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours,
 And draw for days with flowers,

Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down Love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Take, oh! take those Lips away.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

You Meaner Beauties.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanter of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The Lover to the Glow-Worms.

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And, studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come:
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler,

UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS.

AMONG the myrtles as I walkt,
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt:
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess.
Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
In every thing that's sweet, she is.
In yond' carnation go and seek,
Where thou shalt find her lip and cheek;

In that enamelled pansy by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye;
 In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
 There waves the streamer of her blood.
 'Tis true, said I; and thereupon,
 I went to pluck them, one by one,
 To make of parts an union;
 But on a sudden all were gone.
 At which I stopt; said Love, these be
 The true resemblances of thee;
 For as these flowers, thy joys must die,
 And in the turning of an eye;
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 Like those short sweets ere knit together.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Panglory's Wooing Song.

LOVE is the blossom where there blows
 Every thing that lives or grows.
 Love doth make the heavens to move,
 And the sun doth burn in love.
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
 And makes the ivy climb the oak;
 Under whose shadows lions wild,
 Softened by love, grow tame and mild.
 Love no med'cine can appease;
 He burns the fishes in the seas;
 Not all the skill his wounds can stench;
 Not all the sea his fire can quench.
 Love did make the bloody spear
 Once a heavy coat to wear;
 While in his leaves there shrouded lay
 Sweet birds, for love that sing and play:
 And of all love's joyful flame,
 I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see the flowers that below
 Now as fresh as morning blow;
 And of all, the virgin rose,
 That as bright Aurora shows—
 How they all unleaved die,
 Losing their virginity:
 Like unto a summer-shade,
 But now born, and now they fade.

Every thing doth pass away;
 There is danger in delay.
 Come, come gather then the rose,
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus' shore
 Into my bosom casts his ore;
 All the valleys' swimming corn
 To my house is yearly borne;
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
 While ten thousand kings, as proud
 To carry up my train, have bowed;
 And a world of ladies send me,
 In my chambers to attend me.
 All the stars in heaven that shine,
 And ten thousand more are mine.

Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

GILES FLETCHER.

Castara.

LIKE the violet, which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade,
 My Castara lives unknown,
 To no ruder eye betrayed;
 For she's to herself untrue
 Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts
 Have enriched with borrowed grace.
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood;
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant;
 Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence, eloquent.
 Of herself survey she takes,
 But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
 Her grave parents' wise commands;
 And so innocent, that ill
 She nor acts, nor understands.
 Women's feet run still astray
 If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
 Where oft virtue splits her mast;
 And retiredness thinks the port
 Where her fame may anchor cast.
 Virtue safely cannot sit
 Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best
 Where sin waits not on delight;
 Without mask, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.
 O'er that darkness whence is thrust
 Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
 While wild passions captive lie;
 And each article of time,
 Her pure thoughts to heaven fly;
 All her vows religious be,
 And she vows her love to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

The Night Piece.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
 The shooting-starres attend thee,
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-wispe mislight thee,
 Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
 But on thy way,
 Not making stay,
 Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My soule I'll pour into thee!

ROBERT HERRICK.

To Lucasta,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
 That from the nunnerie
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
 To warre and armes I flee.

True a new mistresse now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith imbrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you, too, should adore;
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Disdain Returned.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires,
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
 My resolved heart to return;
 I have searched thy soul within,
 And find nought but pride and scorn;
 I have learned thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.
 Some power, in my revenge, convey
 That love to her I cast away!

THOMAS CAREW.

To Althea—from Prison.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tinkle in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

To Lucasta.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that, when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'swage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

A Song.

To thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that nature nameth.

In free air
Flow thy hair,
That no more Summer's best dresses
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver!
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow,
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
(That we die not)

Those dear lips, whose door encloses
 All the Graces
 In their places,
 Brother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures
 Of ripe pleasures
 One bright smile to clear the weather;
 Earth and heaven
 Thus made even,
 Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee;
 Winds cling to thee;
 Might a word once fly from out thee,
 Storm and thunder
 Would sit under,
 And keep silence round about thee.

But if nature's
 Common creatures
 So dear glories dare not borrow;
 Yet thy beauty
 Owes a duty
 To my loving, lingering sorrow.

When, to end me,
 Death shall send me
 All his terrors to affright me;
 Thine eyes' graces
 Gild their faces,
 And those terrors shall delight me.

When my dying
 Life is flying,
 Those sweet airs that often slew me
 Shall revive me,
 Or reprove me,
 And to many deaths renew me.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Song.

How should I your true love know
 From another one?
 By his cockle hat and staff,
 And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone;
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow
 Larded with sweet flowers;
 Which bewept to the grave did go
 With true-love showers.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Let us Kiss and Part.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Song.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For in your beauty's orient deep,
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the day;
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past;
 For in your sweet, dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW.

Philomela's Ode

THAT SHE SANG IN HER ARBOR.

SITTING by a river's side
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honor is the chief content
That to man in life is lent;
And some others do contend
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health;
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he's lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss:
And in my thoughts I did approve
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees—
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall;
But unhappy maidens all
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind;
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.

Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No sweet love but honesty.

ROBERT GREENE.

Come away, Death.

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid!
Fly away, fly away, breath:
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, Oh! where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Tomb.

WHEN, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their powers bequeath
To those of death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn:
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in death than love.
And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And, (as a victor) proud
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade;
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devoured by this revengful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth or marble must
 Conceal my dust,
 Whilst, hid in some dark ruins, I
 Dumb and forgotten lie,
 The pride of all thy victory
 Will sleep with me ;
 And they who should attest thy glory,
 Will or forget or not believe this story.
 Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
 Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

THOMAS STANLEY.

Love not Me.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part,
 No, nor for my constant heart ;
 For those may fail or turn to ill,
 So thou and I shall sever ;
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why.
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To doat upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
 And speak in different tongues, and have no
 thought
 Each of the other's being, and no heed ;
 And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
 Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death ;
 And, all unconsciously, shape every act
 And bend each wandering step to this one
 end —

That one day out of darkness they shall meet
 And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
 So nearly side by side that should one turn
 Ever so little space to left or right
 They needs must stand acknowledged face to
 face,
 And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,

With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
 Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
 They seek each other all their weary days
 And die unsatisfied : and this is Fate.

ANONYMOUS.

When Thou art Near Me.

WHEN thou art near me,
 Sorrow seems to fly,
 And then I think, as well I may,
 That on this earth there is no one
 More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
 Doubts and fears arise,
 And darkness reigns,
 Where all before was light.
 The sunshine of my soul
 Is in those eyes,
 And when they leave me
 All the world is night.

But when thou art near me,
 Sorrow seems to fly,
 And then I feel, as well I may,
 That on this earth there dwells not one
 So blest as I.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

The Milk-Maid's Song.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fur-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

The Milk-Maid's Mother's Answer.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

My Dear and Only Love.

PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchie.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhore,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shun'st the prize so sore
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed,
 Lest thou thyself expose,
 And let all longing lovers feed
 Upon such looks as those.
 A marble wall then build about,
 Beset without a door;
 But if thou let thy heart fly out,
 I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
 Make any breach at all;
 Nor smoothness of their language plot
 Which way to scale the wall;
 Nor balls of wild-fire love consume
 The shrine which I adore;
 For if such smoke about thee fume,
 I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
 To suffer by surprise;
 Those victualled by my love so long,
 The siege at length must rise,
 And leave thee ruled in that health
 And state thou wast before;
 But if thou turn a commonwealth,
 I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,
 Thy heart to ruine come,
 I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
 Nor march by tuck of drum;
 But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,
 Thy falsehood to deplore,
 And bitterly will sigh and weep,
 And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
 When Rome was set on fire,
 Not only all relief forbid,
 But to a hill retire,
 And scorn to shed a tear to see
 Thy spirit grown so poor;
 But smiling sing, until I die,
 I'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bare thee once,
 Lest that thy name should die,
 A monument of marble-stone
 The truth shall testifie;

That every pilgrim passing by
 May pity and deplore
 My case, and read the reason why
 I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
 Upon this pillar hung,—
 A simple heart, a single eye,
 A true and constant tongue;
 Let no man for more love pretend
 Than he has hearts in store;
 True love begun shall never end;
 Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
 But in far different case;
 For mine was true, so was not thine,
 But lookt like Janus' face.
 For as the waves with every wind,
 So sail'st thou every shore,
 And leav'st my constant heart behind,—
 How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixed
 For constancy most strange,
 And thine shall with the moon be mixed,
 Delighting ay in change.
 Thy beauty shined at first more bright,
 And woe is me therefore,
 That ever I found thy love so light
 I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,
 The rocks' resounding echo,
 The whistling wind that murmur makes,
 Shall with me sing hey ho!
 The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
 Tears dropping from each shore,
 Shall tune with me their turtle notes —
 I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
 Her fellow's death regret,
 And daily mourns for his adieu,
 And ne'er renews her mate;
 So, though thy faith was never fast,
 Which grieves me wondrous sore,
 Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
 That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
 These monuments to view,
 Whereon is written, in and out,
 Thou traitorous and untrue;
 Then in a passion they shall pause,
 And thus say, sighing sore,
 "Alas! he had too just a cause
 Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Fame
 From east to west shall flee,
 She shall record it, to thy shame,
 How thou hast loved me;
 And how in odds our love was such
 As few have been before;
 Thou loved too many, and I too much,
 So I can love no more.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

Welcome, Welcome.

*Welcome, welcome, do I sing,
 Far more welcome than the spring;
 He that parteth from you never,
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

Love, that to the voice is near,
 Breaking from your ivory pale,
 Need not walk abroad to hear
 The delightful nightingale.

Love, that still looks on your eyes,
 Though the winter have begun
 To benumb our arteries,
 Shall not want the summer's sun.

Love, that still may see your cheeks,
 Where all rareness still reposes,
 Is a fool if e'er he seeks
 Other lilies, other roses.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,
 And perceives your breath in kissing,
 All the odors of the fields,
 Never, never shall be missing.

Love, that question would anew
 What fair Eden was of old,
 Let him rightly study you,
 And a brief of that behold.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
 Far more welcome than the spring;
 He that parteth from you never,
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Blest as the Immortal Gods.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
 And raised such tumults in my breast:
 For while I gazed, in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame:
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play—
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.

SAPPHO. (Greek.)

Translation of AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Kulnasatz, my Reindeer.

A LAPLAND SONG.

KULNASATZ, my reindeer,
 We have a long journey to go;
 The moors are vast,
 And we must haste.
 Our strength, I fear,
 Will fail, if we are slow;
 And so
 Our songs will do.

Kaigè, the watery moor,
 Is pleasant unto me,
 Though long it be,
 Since it doth to my mistress lead,
 Whom I adore;
 The Kilwa moor
 I ne'er again will tread.

Thoughts filled my mind,
 Whilst I through Kaigè passed
 Swift as the wind,
 And my desire
 Winged with impatient fire;
 My reindeer, let us haste!

So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain—
 Behold my mistress there,
 With decent motion walking o'er the plain.
 Kulnasatz, my reindeer,
 Look yonder, where
 She washes in the lake!
 See, while she swims,
 The water from her purer limbs
 New clearness take!

ANONYMOUS.

Lines to an Indian Air.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright;
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint
 On the dark the silent stream;
 The champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine,
 Beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
 I die, I faint, I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast;
 Oh, press it close to thine again,
 Where it will break at last!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Maid of Athens, ere we Part.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh, give me back my heart!
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest!
 Hear my vow before I go,
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone.
 Think of me, sweet, when alone.
 Though I fly to Istambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul.
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

LORD BYRON.

Sonnet.

THE might of one fair face sublimed my love,
 For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
 Nor death I need, nor purgatorial fires.
 Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
 Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
 For oh! how good, how beautiful, must be
 The God that made so good a thing as thee,
 So fair an image of the heavenly Dove.
 Forgive me if I cannot turn away
 From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
 For they are guiding stars, benignly given
 To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
 And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
 I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.



W. J. M. 1780

Love's Philosophy.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean;
 The winds of heaven mix for ever,
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea.
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Girl of Cadiz.

OH, never talk again to me
 Of northern climes and British ladies;
 It has not been your lot to see
 Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
 Although her eyes be not of blue,
 Nor fair her locks, like English lasses',
 How far its own expressive hue
 The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
 The fire that through those silken lashes
 In darkest glances seems to roll,
 From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
 And as along her bosom steal
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
 You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
 And curled to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
 And frigid even in possession;
 And if their charms be fair to view,
 Their lips are slow at love's confession;
 But, born beneath a brighter sun,
 For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
 And who, when fondly, fairly won,
 Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
 And if she love, or if she hate,
 Alike she knows not to dissemble.
 Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
 Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
 And, though it will not bend to gold,
 'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;
 For every thought is bent to prove
 Her passion in the hour of trial.
 When thronging foemen menace Spain,
 She dares the deed and shares the danger;
 And should her lover press the plain,
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
 She mingles in the gay bolero;
 Or sings to her attuned guitar
 Of Christian knight or Moorish hero;
 Or counts her beads with fairy hand
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper;
 Or joins devotion's choral band
 To chant the sweet and hallowed vesper:

In each her charms the heart must move
 Of all who venture to behold her.
 Then let not maids less fair reprove,
 Because her bosom is not colder;
 Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
 Where many a soft and melting maid is,
 But none abroad, and few at home,
 May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

LORD BYRON.

To ———.

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair,
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the heavens reject not :
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Song.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary !
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid !
 It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow ;
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary !
 No fond regret must Norman know ;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary !

A time will come with feeling fraught ;
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary !
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose
 To my young bride and me, Mary !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Stanzas for Music.

THERE be none of beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee ;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me :

When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lulled winds seem dreaming,

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep ;
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.*

HARK the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;
 Then a faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
 Where at moonshine, midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
 Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart ;
 I can die, but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.*

ROBERT BURNS.

Here's a Health to Ane I lo'e dear.

*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as the parting tear — Jessy!*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside — Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am locked in thy arms — Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree — Jessy!

*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as the parting tear — Jessy!*

ROBERT BURNS.

Farewell to Nancy.

AE fond kiss and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy —
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

There's nae Luck about the House.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think of wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think of wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak! I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.

*For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.*

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat:
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bank,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;

And mak' the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
 It's a' for love of my gudeman,
 For he's been long awa'.

O gi'e me down my bigonet,
 My bishop satin gown,
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue;
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath's like caller air!
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thrilled through my heart,
 They're a' blown by; I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part:
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I ha'e nae more to crave;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest above the lave:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

*For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck ava;
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our gudeman's awa'.*

JEAN ADAM.

A Red, Red Rose.

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June;
 Oh, my luve's like the melody
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I;
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry—

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
 And fare thee weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Lass o' Ballochmyle.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls did hang;
 The zephyr wantoned round the bean
 And bore its fragrant sweets along;
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seemed the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed;
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy;
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy.
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile;
 Perfection whispered, passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wandering in a lonely wild;

But woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Ev'n there her other works are foiled
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain,
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep
 Where fame and honors lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine.
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

ROBERT BURNS.

Annie Laurie.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gie'd me her promise true ;
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift ;
 Her throat is like the swan ;
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on ;
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her ee ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
 Like the winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet ;

Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

DOUGLAS OF FINGLAND.

Address to a Lady.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea ;
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
 The desert were a paradise
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign ;
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

Thou hast Vowed by thy Faith, my Jeanie.

THOU hast vowed by thy faith, my Jeanie,
 By that pretty white hand o' thine,
 And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
 That thou wad aye be mine !
 And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
 And by that kind heart o' thine,
 By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
 That thou shalt aye be mine !

Then foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
 And the heart wad part sic love ;
 But there's nae hand can loose the band,
 But the finger of Him above.
 Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
 An' my clothing e'er so mean,
 I should lap up rich in the faulds of love,
 Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
 Far softer than the down;
 And Love wad winnow o'er us, his kind, kind
 wings,
 And sweetly we'd sleep, an' soun'.
 Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
 Come here and kneel wi' me;
 The morn is full of the presence of God,
 And I canna pray without thee.

The morn-wind is sweet amang the new flow-
 ers,
 The wee birds sing saft on the tree;
 Our gudeman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
 And a blithe old bodie is he.
 The Beuk maun be ta'en whan he comes hame,
 Wi' the holy psalmodie;
 And I will speak of thee whan I pray,
 And thou maun speak of me.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Bonnie Leslie.

OH saw ye bonnie Leslie
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie—
 Thy subjects we, before thee;
 Thou art divine, fair Leslie—
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leslie!
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

Fair Ines.

OH saw ye not fair Ines?
 She's gone into the west,
 To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest;
 She took our daylight with her,
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

Oh turn again, fair Ines,
 Before the fall of night,
 For fear the moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivalled bright;
 And blessed will the lover be
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek
 I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
 That gallant cavalier
 Who rode so gayly by thy side,
 And whispered thee so near!
 Were there no bonny dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he should cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
 Descend along the shore,
 With bands of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before;
 And gentle youth and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore;
 It would have been a beauteous dream,
 If it had been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Ines!
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng;

But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell!
 To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before.
 Alas for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore!
 The smile that blest one lover's heart
 Has broken many more!

THOMAS HOOD.

Go where Glory waits Thee!

Go where glory waits thee;
 But, while fame elates thee,
 Oh still remember me!
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh then remember me!
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh then remember me!
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning;
 Oh thus remember me!
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its lingering roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them;
 Oh then remember me!

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh then remember me!

And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh still remember me!
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee,
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee;
 Oh then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

Fly to the Desert.

FLY to the desert, fly with me!
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
 But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
 Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough; but smiling there
 The acacia waves her yellow hair,
 Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
 For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare; but down their slope
 The silvery-footed antelope
 As gracefully and gayly springs
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come! thy Arab maid will be
 The loved and lone acacia-tree —
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless
 With their light sound thy loveliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart,
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
 Predestined to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
 When first on me they breathed and shone;
 New as if brought from other spheres,
 Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn;

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid and rudely break
Her worshipped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place,

Then, fare thee well! I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

THOMAS MOORE.

Lovely Mary Donnelly.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the
rest;
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where
it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before
me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a
rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they
give me many a shock;
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with
a shower,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in
its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows
lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a
china cup;
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so
fine—
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a
twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all
before—

No pretty girl for miles around was missing from
the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh! but she
was gay;

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my
heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were
so complete,

The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;
The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so
much praised;

But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once her
voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you
sung;

Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside
my tongue.

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on
both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger
stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind, in country or
in town;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.

If some great lord should come this way and see
your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains
fall;

Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and
small,

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only
wall!

O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my dis-
tress—

It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never
wish it less;

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am
poor and low,

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you
may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

The Dule's i' this Bonnet o' mine.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine:

My ribbins 'll never be reet;
Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,
For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet;
He met me i' th' lone t'other day
(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),
An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' May,
Bi th' mass, if he'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between,
An' aw durst n't look up in his face,
Becose on him seein' my e'en.
My cheek went as red as a rose;
There's never a mortal con tell
Heaw happy aw felt—for, thae knows,
One could n't ha' axed him thei'sel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:
To let it eawt would n't be reet,
For aw thought to seem forrurd wur wrung;
So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to-neet.
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,
Though it is n't a thing one should own,
Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',
Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've tow'd tho my mind;
What would to do iv 'twur thee?
"Aw'd tak him just while he're inclined,
An' a farrantly bargain he'd be;
For Jamie's as gradely a lad
As ever stept eawt into th' sun.
Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed;
An' may th' best o' th' job when it's done!"

Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon:
Aw should n't like Jamie to wait;
Aw connut for shame be too soon,
An' aw would n't for th' world be too late.
Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel:
Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do?
"Be off, lass—thae looks very weel;
He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

An Irish Melody.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel—

Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;

Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

The sun is gone down; but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;

While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair,
glancing;

'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could n't but choose to, go off to the dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;

And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—

Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;

With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—

The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—

Now cosily retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humdly through their dark lashes so mildly—

Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded
form —
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb
wildly ?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet
love ;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your
feet, love !"

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Song.

LOVE me if I live !
Love me if I die !
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh ?

Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor ;
Ah ! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure ?

Kiss me for my love !
Pay me for my pain !
Come ! and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st again !

BARRY CORNWALL.

Were I but his Own Wife.

WERE I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him,
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear ;
I'd chant my low love-verses, stealing beside him,
So faint and so tender his heart would but hear ;
I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and highland ;
And there at his feet I would lay them all down ;
I'd sing him the songs of our poor stricken island,
Till his heart was on fire with a love like my own.

There's a rose by his dwelling — I'd tend the lone
treasure,
That he might have flowers when the summer
would come ;
There's a harp in his hall — I would wake its sweet
measure,
For he must have music to brighten his home.

Were I but his own wife, to guide and to guard
him,

'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear ;
For every kind glance my whole life would award
him —

In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd cheer.

My heart is a fount welling upward for ever,
When I think of my true-love, by night or by
day ;

That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing river
Which gushes for ever and sings on its way.
I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to re-
pose in,

Were I but his own wife, to win and to woo —
Oh, sweet, if the night of misfortune were closing,
To rise like the morning star, darling, for you !

MARY DOWNING.

The Welcome.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning —
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning ;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore
you !

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than
ever,

And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't
sever !"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose
them !

Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my
bosom ;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire
you ;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-
vexed farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor ;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above
me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love
me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the
eyrie;

We'll tread round the rath on the track of the
fairy;

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give
her.

Oh! she'll whisper you — "Love, as unchange-
ably beaming,

And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly stream-
ing;

Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore
you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted:
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't
sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

Come into the Garden, Maud.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!

Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone!

And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."

Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate!

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near!"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late!"
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead,
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Summer Days.

IN summer, when the days were long,
 We walked together in the wood:
 Our heart was light, our step was strong;
 Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
 In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
 We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
 We walked mid poppies red as flame,
 Or sat upon the yellow downs;
 And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
 We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook;
 And still her voice flowed forth in song,
 Or else she read some graceful book,
 In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
 With shadows lessening in the noon;
 And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
 We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
 While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
 On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
 We feasted, with no grace but song;
 We plucked wild strawb'ries, ripe and red,
 In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not,
 For loving seemed like breathing then;
 We found a heaven in every spot;
 Saw angels, too, in all good men;
 And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
 Alone I wander, muse alone;
 I see her not; but that old song
 Under the fragrant wind is blown,
 In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
 But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
 And half I see, so glad and good,
 The honest daylight of her eyes,
 That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
 I love her as we loved of old;
 My heart is light, my step is strong;
 For love brings back those hours of gold,
 In summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS.

A Summer Reminiscence.

I HEAR no more the locust beat
 His shrill loud drum through all the day;
 I miss the mingled odors sweet
 Of clover and of scented hay.

No more I hear the smothered song
 From hedges guarded thick with thorn:
 The days grow brief, the nights are long,
 The light comes like a ghost at morn.

I sit before my fire alone,
 And idly dream of all the past:
 I think of moments that are flown—
 Alas! they were too sweet to last:

The warmth that filled the languid noons,
 The purple waves of trembling haze,
 The liquid light of silver moons,
 The summer sunset's golden blaze.

I feel the soft winds fan my cheek,
 I hear them murmur through the rye,
 I see the milky clouds that seek
 Some nameless harbor in the sky.

The stile beside the spreading pine,
 The pleasant fields beyond the grove,
 The lawn where, underneath the vine,
 She sang the song I used to love.

The path along the windy beach,
 That leaves the shadowy linden-tree,
 And goes by sandy capes that reach
 Their shining arms to clasp the sea.

I view them all, I tread once more
 In meadow-grasses cool and deep;
 I walk beside the sounding shore,
 I climb again the wooded steep.

Oh, happy hours of pure delight!
 Sweet moments drowned in wells of bliss!
 Oh, halcyon days so calm and bright,
 Each morn and evening seemed to kiss!

And that whereon I saw her first,
 While angling in the noisy brook,
 When through the tangled wood she burst;
 In one small hand a glove and book,

As with the other, dimpled, white,
 She held the slender boughs aside,
 While through the leaves the yellow light
 Like golden water seemed to glide,

And broke in ripples on her neck,
 And played like fire around her hat,
 And slid adown her form to fleck
 The moss-grown rock on which I sat.

She standing rapt in sweet surprise,
 And seeming doubtful if to turn;
 Her novel, as I raised my eyes,
 Dropped down amid the tall green fern.

This day and that—the one so bright,
 The other like a thing forlorn;
 To-morrow, and the early light
 Will shine upon her marriage morn.

For when the mellow autumn flushed
 The thickets where the chestnut fell,
 And in the vales the maple blushed,
 Another came who knew her well,

Who sat with her below the pine,
 And with her through the meadow moved,
 And underneath the purpling vine
 She sang to him the song I loved.

NATHANIEL GRAHAM SHEPHERD.

Ruth.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
 Deeply ripened; such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born,
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
 Which were blackest none could tell;
 But long lashes veiled a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim.
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
 Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

At the Church Gate.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
 Yet round about the spot
 Ofttimes I hover;
 And near the sacred gate,
 With longing eyes I wait,
 Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
 Above the city's rout,
 And noise and humming.
 They've hushed the minster bell:
 The organ 'gins to swell;
 She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
 Timid and stepping fast,
 And hastening hither,
 With modest eyes downcast;
 She comes — she's here, she's past!
 May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
 Pour out your praise or plaint
 Meekly and duly;
 I will not enter there,
 To sully your pure prayer
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
 Round the forbidden place,
 Linger a minute,
 Like outcast spirits, who wait,
 And see, through heaven's gate,
 Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

She is a Maid of Artless Grace.

SHE is a maid of artless grace,
 Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
 That sailest on the sea,
 If ship, or sail, or evening star,
 Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
 Whose shining arms I see,
 If steed, or sword, or battle-field,
 Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain that guard'st thy flock
 Beneath the shadowy tree,
 If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge,
 Be half so fair as she!

GL VICENTE. (Portuguese.)

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

My Love.

NOR as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear;
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening-star,
 And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
 Which lesser souls may never know;
 God giveth them to her alone,
 And sweet they are as any tone
 Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
 Although no home were half so fair;
 No simplest duty is forgot;
 Life hath no dim and lowly spot
 That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
 Which most leave undone, or despise;
 For naught that sets one heart at ease,
 And giveth happiness or peace,
 Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
 And, though she seem of other birth,
 Round us her heart entwines and clings,
 And patiently she folds her wings
 To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
 And deeds of week-day holiness
 Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
 Nor hath she ever chanced to know
 That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
 Her life doth rightly harmonize;
 Feeling or thought that was not true
 Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
 Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman — one in whom
 The spring-time of her childish years
 Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
 Though knowing well that life hath room
 For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
 As a broad river's peaceful might,
 Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
 Goes wandering at its own will,
 And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
 Like quiet isles my duties lie;
 It flows around them and between,
 And makes them fresh and fair and green—
 Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Serenade.

Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how
 I wake and passionate watches keep;
 And yet, while I address thee now,
 Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
 'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,
 That tender thought of love and thee,
 That while the world is hushed so deep,
 Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!
 With golden visions for thy dower,
 While I this midnight vigil keep,
 And bless thee in thy silent bower;
 To me 'tis sweeter than the power
 Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,
 That I alone, at this still hour,
 In patient love outwatch the world.

THOMAS HOOD.

Serenade.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
 And shame them with thine eyes,
 On which, than on the lights above,
 There hang more destinies.
 Night's beauty is the harmony
 Of blending shades and light:
 Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
 A sister to the night!
 Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
 Within my watching breast;
 Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
 Who robs all hearts of rest.

Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
 And make this darkness gay,
 With looks whose brightness well might make
 Of darker nights a day.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

The Miller's Daughter.

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,
 That I would be the jewel
 That trembles at her ear;
 For, hid in ringlets day and night,
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty, dainty waist,
 And her heart would beat against me
 In sorrow and in rest;
 And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom
 With her laughter or her sighs;
 And I would lie so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Brook-side.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
 I wandered by the mill;
 I could not hear the brook flow,
 The noisy wheel was still;
 There was no burr of grasshopper,
 No chirp of any bird,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
 I watched the long, long shade,
 And as it grew still longer
 I did not feel afraid;
 For I listened for a footfall,
 I listened for a word,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not —
 The night came on alone,
 The little stars sat one by one,
 Each on his golden throne;
 The evening wind passed by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirred,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind;
 A hand was on my shoulder,
 I knew its touch was kind:
 It drew me nearer—nearer,
 We did not speak one word,
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Ballad.

It was not in the winter
 Our loving lot was cast;
 It was the time of roses,
 We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned
 On early lovers yet!
 Oh no, the world was newly crowned
 With flowers when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
 But still you held me fast;
 It was the time of roses,
 We plucked them as we passed!

THOMAS HOOD.

A Health.

I FILL this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon;
 To whom the better elements
 And kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that, like the air,
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
 Like those of morning birds,
 And something more than melody
 Dwells ever in her words;
 The coinage of her heart are they,
 And from her lips each flows
 As one may see the burdened bee
 Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
 The measures of her hours;
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,
 The freshness of young flowers;
 And lovely passions, changing oft,
 So fill her, she appears
 The image of themselves by turns,
 The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
 A picture on the brain,
 And of her voice in echoing hearts
 A sound must long remain;
 But memory, such as mine of her,
 So very much endears,
 When death is nigh, my latest sigh
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon.
 Her health! and would on earth there stood
 Some more of such a frame,
 That life might be all poetry,
 And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

Love Song.

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty
 slumbers,
 Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her
 hair!
 Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy num-
 bers
 Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely
 air!

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
 To wind round the willow banks that lure him
 from above;
 Oh that, in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
 I, too, could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah, where the woodbines, with sleepy arms, have
 wound her,
 Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
 Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo
 round her,
 To her lost mate's call in the forests far away!

Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou ever
 bearest,
 Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me—
 Come! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,
 Bleeds with its death-wound—but deeper yet
 for thee!

GEORGE DARLEY.

Sylvia.

I've taught thee love's sweet lesson o'er,
 A task that is not learned with tears:
 Was Sylvia e'er so blest before
 In her wild, solitary years?
 Then what does he deserve, the youth
 Who made her con so dear a truth?

Till now in silent vales to roam,
 Singing vain songs to heedless flowers,
 Or watch the dashing billows foam,
 Amid thy lonely myrtle bowers—
 To weave light crowns of various hue—
 Were all the joys thy bosom knew.

The wild bird, though most musical,
 Could not to thy sweet plaint reply;
 The streamlet, and the waterfall,
 Could only weep when thou didst sigh!
 Thou couldst not change one dulcet word,
 Either with billow or with bird.

For leaves and flowers, but these alone,
 Winds have a soft, discoursing way;
 Heaven's starry talk is all its own,
 It dies in thunder far away.
 E'en when thou wouldst the moon beguile
 To speak, she only deigns to smile!

Now, birds and winds, be churlish still!
 Ye waters, keep your sullen roar!
 Stars, be as distant as ye will,—
 Sylvia need court ye now no more:
 In love there is society
 She never yet could find with ye!

GEORGE DARLEY.

The Awakening of Endymion.

LONE upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing
 round him,
 Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
 Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
 Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is
 undecayed.

When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying,
 Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;
 Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
 But the tones of the beloved one were never
 heard again.

When will he awaken?

Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;
 Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for
 him as dead;
 By day the gathered clouds have had him in their
 keeping,
 And at night the solemn shadows round his rest
 are shed.

When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful love's imploring;
 Long has hope been watching with soft eyes fixed
 above;
 When will the fates, the life of life restoring,
 Own themselves vanquished by much enduring
 love?

When will he awaken?

Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched untiring,
 Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
 Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
 Softened by the woman's meek and loving sigh.
 When will he awaken?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
And the poet's passionate world has entered in
his soul;

He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,

When sages and when kings first upheld the
mind's control.

When will he awaken?

Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour is
fated!

It is Endymion's planet that rises on the
air;

How long, how tenderly his goddess-love has
waited,

Waited with a love too mighty for despair!
Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of sing-
ing,

Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing
flowers depart;

Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmós but
is bringing

Music that is murmured from nature's inmost
heart.

Soon he will awaken

To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the hour is
holy;

Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;

Light like their own is dawning sweet and
slowly

O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that
yet dreaming boy.

Soon he will awaken!

Red as the red rose towards the morning turn-
ing,

Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his
own;

While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and
burning

With a life more glorious than, ere they closed,
was known.

Yes, he has awakened

For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
How true love still conquers by the deep
strength of truth—

How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and
youth?

'Tis for such they waken!

When every worldly thought is utterly forsak-
en,

Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted
few;

Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awa-
ken

To a being more intense, more spiritual, and
true.

So doth the soul awaken,
Like that youth to night's fair queen!

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

Song.

SING the old song, amid the sounds dispersing

That burden treasured in your hearts too long;

Sing it with voice low-breathed, but never
name her;

She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing

High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal
song—

Bend o'er her, gentle heaven, but do not claim
her!

In twilight caves, and secret lonelineses,

She shades the bloom of her unearthly days;

The forest winds alone approach to woo her.

Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses;

And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where she
strays,

Intelligible music warbling to her.

That spirit charged to follow and defend her,

He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain;

And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing.

And yet that face is not so sad as tender;

Like some sweet singer's, when her sweetest
strain

From the heaved heart is gradually dying!

AUBREY DE VERE.

Riding Down.

Oh, did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered rags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there, and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see.

NORA PERRY.

Absence.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more
near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes
pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Song.

DAY, in melting purple dying;
 Blossoms, all around me sighing;
 Fragrance, from the lilies straying;
 Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;

Ye but waken my distress,
 I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
 Come, ere night around me darken;
 Though thy softness but deceive me,
 Say thou 'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
 Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
 Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;
 All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
 Let the shining ore lie darkling;
 Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
 Gifts and gold are naught to me,
 I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
 Ecstasy but in revealing;
 Paint to thee the deep sensation,
 Rapture in participation!
 Yet but torture, if compest
 In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
 Let these eyes again caress thee.
 Once in caution I could fly thee;
 Now, I nothing could deny thee.
 In a look if death there be,
 Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA BROOKS.

The Groomsman to his Mistress.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
 Makes another, soon or late;
 Never yet was any marriage
 Entered in the book of fate,
 But the names were also written
 Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning
 When my friend, with fondest look,
 By the solemn rites' permission,
 To himself his mistress took,
 And the destinies recorded
 Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
 Still the ground the lovers eyed,
 And the parents and the kinsmen
 Aimed their glances at the bride;
 But the groomsman eyed the virgins
 Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her;
 One was dark, and one was fair;
 But nor fair nor dark the other,
 Save her Arab eyes and hair;
 Neither dark nor fair I call her,
 Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsman—shall I own it?
 Yes to thee, and only thee—
 Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
 Who was fairest of the three,
 Thus he thought: "How blest the bridal
 Where the bride were such as she!"

Then I mused upon the adage,
 Till my wisdom was perplexed,
 And I wondered, as the churchman
 Dwelt upon his holy text,
 Which of all who heard his lesson
 Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion
 For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
 Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;
 Or, who knows?—it may be mine.
 What if 'twere—forgive the fancy—
 What if 'twere—both mine and thine?

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

Song.

How delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at love's beginning,
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has rueing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes and Love he tarries,
Just as fate our fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last forever!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Chronicle.

MARGARITA first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza to this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passion-rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;

A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me;
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour
Judith held the sovereign power;
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;

The letter, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
(Numberless, nameless mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel the waiting-maid —
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.

An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim —
Heleonora, first of the name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

The Nun.

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show;
What! you become a nun, my dear,
I'll not believe it, no!

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant, "We trust in thee!"
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a dying,
The water turn to wine:
What! you go take the vows, my dear?
You may — but they'll be mine.

LEIGH HUNT.

Nocturne.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window —
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time —
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Crabbed Age and Youth.

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O, sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Maiden's Choice.

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage;
Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic ;
 Learned, not pedantic ;
 Frolic, not frantic —
 This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
 Meanness disdaining,
 Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new ;

Neat, but not finical ;
 Sage, but not cynical ;
 Never tyrannical,
 But ever true.

ANONYMOUS.

The Shepherd's Resolution.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May —
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind ?
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature ?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 The turtle dove or pelican —
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love ?
 Or, her well-deservings known,
 Make me quite forget mine own ?
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 Which may merit name of best,
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and die ?
 Those that bear a noble mind
 Where they want of riches find,

Think what with them they would do
 That without them dare to woo ;
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair ;
 If she love me, this believe —
 I will die ere she shall grieve.
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

GEORGE WITHER.

Song.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Pr'y thee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Pr'y thee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Pr'y thee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Pr'y thee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The devil take her !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Fly not Yet.

FLY not yet — 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon !
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made ;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing !

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet! the fount that played,
 In times of old, through Ammon's shade,
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like sounds of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter-brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here!

THOMAS MOORE.

Deceitfulness of Love.

Go, sit by the summer sea,
 Thou whom scorn wasteth,
 And let thy musing be
 Where the flood hasteth.
 Mark how o'er ocean's breast
 Rolls the hoar billow's crest;
 Such is his heart's unrest,
 Who of love tasteth.

Griev'st thou that hearts should change?
 Lo! where life reigneth,
 Or the free sight doth range,
 What long remaineth?
 Spring with her flowers doth die;
 Fast fades the gilded sky;
 And the full moon on high
 Ceaselessly waneth.

Smile, then, ye sage and wise:
 And if love sever
 Bonds which thy soul doth prize,
 Such does it ever!
 Deep as the rolling seas,
 Soft as the twilight breeze,
 But of more than these
 Boast could it never!

ANONYMOUS.

The Cheat of Cupid;

OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

ONE silent night of late,
 When every creature rested,
 Came one unto my gate,
 And, knocking, me molested.

Who's there, said I, beats there,
 And troubles thus the sleepy?
 Cast off, said he, all fear,
 And let not locks thus keep thee.

For I a boy am, who
 By moonless nights have swerved;
 And all with showers wet through,
 And e'en with cold half starved.

I, pitiful, arose,
 And soon a taper lighted;
 And did myself disclose
 Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
 And wings, too, which did shiver;
 And, looking down below,
 I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shrine
 Brought him, as Love professes,
 And chafed his hands with mine,
 And dried his dripping tresses.

But when that he felt warmed:
 Let's try this bow of ours,
 And string, if they be harmed,
 Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
 And wedded string and arrow,
 And struck me, that it went
 Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
 Away, and thus said, flying:
 Adieu, mine host, adieu!
 I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

ANACREON. (Greek.)

Translation of ROBERT HERRICK.

The Wanderer.

LOVE comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie, as he lay before;
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love which we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from over-spelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden Love!
E'en as we doubt, in our heart once move,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

If I Desire with Pleasant Songs.

IF I desire with pleasant songs
To throw a merry hour away,
Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
In careful tale he doth display,
And asks me how I stand for singing,
While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time, if I
A noon in shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gestures sly,
And flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me: My master dear,
Think of this noontide such a year!

And if elsewhere I lay my head
On pillow, with intent to sleep,
Lies Love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he: These looks, these tokens number;
May be, they'll help you to a slumber.

So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still;
And hunts up every sign concealed,
And every outward sign of ill;
And gives me his sad face's pleasures
For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

The Annoyer.

LOVE knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men,
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream,
And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud and the open sky,—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he.
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

A Memorable Dessert.

WE dined. A fish from the river beneath,
A cutlet, a bird from the windy heath
Where we had wandered, happy and mute;
It was a silent day with us—
In the early time it is often thus;
But my sweet love chatted when came the fruit.

Flavor of sunburnt nectarine,
And the light that danced through a wineglass thin,
Filled with juice of the grape of Rhine;
She talked and laughed about this and that,
Easy, exquisite, foolish chat,
While her pretty, fluttering hand sought mine.

And I thought: Come glory or come distress,
In this wonderful weary wilderness,
This hour is mine till the day of death;
The fruit, the wine, and my lady fair,
With a flower of the heath in her dim brown hair,
And a sigh of love in her fragrant breath.

ANONYMOUS.

Rory O'More;

OR, GOOD OMENS.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—
"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what
I'm about;
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside
out."

"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the
like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the
ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you
so!"

"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to
hear,

For dhramas always go by conthrarries, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same-till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black
lie!

And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me
enough;

Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes
and Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite
a baste,

So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her
neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;

And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with
light,

And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he
was right?

"Now Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me be-
fore."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory
O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Coming through the Rye.

GIN a body meet a body

Comin' through the rye,

Gin a body kiss a body,

Need a body cry?

Every lassie has her laddie—

Ne'er a ane hae I;

Yet a' the lads they smile at me

When comin' through the rye.

Among the train there is a swain

I dearly lo'e mysel';

But whaur his hame, or what his name,

I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Every lassie has her laddie —
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.

*Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e myself;
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.*

ANONYMOUS.

Molly Carew.

Och hone! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost,
 Like a bud in the frost:
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis dhramas and not sleep that comes into my
 head:
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew—
 And indeed, 'tis a sin and a shame!
 You're complater than nature
 In every feature;
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair;
 And I rather would see just one blink of your
 eye
 Than the prettiest star that shines out of the
 sky;
 And by this and by that,
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant by far than that same!
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in
 rhyme;
 Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it
 snublime.
 And then for your cheek,
 Troth 'twould take him a week

Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather;
 Then your lips! oh, machree!
 In their beautiful glow
 They a pattern might be
 For the cherries to grow.
 'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we
 know,
 For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;
 But at this time o' day,
 'Pon my conscience I'll say,
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
 You taze me all ways
 That a woman can plaze,
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat
 Magee,
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me;
 Tho' the piper I bate,
 For fear the old cheat
 Would n't play you your favorite tune.
 And when you're at mass
 My devotion you crass,
 For 'tis thinking of you
 I am, Molly Carew,
 While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep
 That I can't at your sweet pretty face get a peep.
 Oh, lave off that bonnet,
 Or else I'll lave on it
 The loss of my wandering sow!
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 Och hone! like an owl,
 Day is night, dear, to me without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
 For there's girls by the score
 That loves me—and more;
 And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd
 meet
 My wedding all marching in pride down the street;
 Troth, you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die with surprise
 To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
 And faith, Katty Naile,
 And her cow, I go bail,
 Would jump if I'd say,
 "Katty Naile, name the day;"

And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in
 May,
 While she's short and dark like a cold winter's
 day,
 Yet if you don't repent
 Before Easter, when Lent
 Is over, I'll marry for spite,
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 And when I die for you,
 My ghost will haunt you every night.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Widow Machree.

Widow machree, it's no wonder you frown—
 Och hone! widow machree;
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black
 gown—
 Och hone! widow machree.
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear—
 'Tis destroying your hair,
 Which should be flowing free:
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl—
 Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, now the summer is come—
 Och hone! widow machree—
 When every thing smiles, should a beauty look
 glum?
 Och hone! widow machree!
 See the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares—
 Why, even the bears
 Now in couples agree;
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't spake, they wish—
 Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in—
 Och hone! widow machree—
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone! widow machree.
 Sure the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,
 And the kettle sings songs

Full of family glee;
 While alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit you sup,
 Och hone! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've
 towld—
 Och hone! widow machree—
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the
 cowl,
 Och hone! widow machree!
 With such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace would be fled;
 Could you sleep in your bed
 Without thinking to see
 Some ghost or some sprite,
 That would wake you each night,
 Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree—
 Och hone! widow machree—
 And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone! widow machree!
 You'd have me to desire
 Then to stir up the fire;
 And sure Hope is no liar
 In whispering to me,
 That the ghosts would depart
 When you'd me near your heart—
 Och hone! widow machree!

SAMUEL LOVER.

The Courtin'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in,—
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet Gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gels,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*!
She seemed to've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furdur,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Nice Correspondent.

THE glow and the glory are plighted
 To darkness, for evening is come;
 The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
 The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
 I'm alone at my casement, for Pappy
 Is summoned to dinner to Kew:
 I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy —
 I'm thinking of you.

I wish you were here. Were I duller
 Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;
 I am drest in your favorite color —
 Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
 I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
 The necklace you fastened askew!
 Was there ever so rude or so reckless
 A darling as you?

I want you to come and pass sentence
 On two or three books with a plot;
 Of course you know "Janet's Repentance?"
 I'm reading Sir Waverley Scott,
 The story of Edgar and Lucy,
 How thrilling, romantic, and true!
 The Master (his bride was a goosey!)
 Reminds me of you.

To-day in my ride I've been crowning
 The beacon; its magic still lures,
 For up there you discoursed about Browning,
 That stupid old Browning of yours.
 His vogue and his verve are alarming,
 I'm anxious to give him his due;
 But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
 A poet as you.

I heard how you shot at The Beeches,
 I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
 I have read the report of your speeches,
 And echoed the echoing cheer.

There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
 I envy their owners, I do!
 Small marvel that Fortune is making
 Her idol of you.

Alas for the world, and its dearly
 Bought triumph and fugitive bliss!
 Sometimes I half wish I were merely
 A plain or a penniless miss;
 But, perhaps one is blest with a measure
 Of pelf, and I'm not sorry, too,
 That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,
 My dearest, to you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
 Your taste is for letters and art,
 This rhyme is the commonplace passion
 That glows in a fond woman's heart.
 Lay it by in a dainty deposit
 For relics, we all have a few!
 Love, some day they'll print it, because it
 Was written to you.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

Stanzas.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so
 plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
 wrinkled?
 'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew be-
 sprinkled.
 Then away with all such from the head that is
 hoary!
 What care I for the wreaths that can only give
 glory?

O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding
 phrases
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one dis-
 cover
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love
 her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found
thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround
thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my
story,
I knew it was love and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON.

The Maid's Lament.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke, yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And oh! pray, too, for me!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A Song of Autumn.

ALL through the golden weather
Until the autumn fell,
Our lives went by together
So wildly and so well.

But autumn's wind uncloses
The heart of all your flowers;
I think, as with the roses,
So hath it been with ours.

Like some divided river
Your ways and mine will be,
To drift apart for ever,
For ever till the sea.

And yet for one word spoken,
One whisper of regret,
The dream had not been broken,
And love were with us yet.

RENNELL RODD.

Jenny kissed Me.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add — Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

Song.

I BADE thee stay. Too well I know
The fault was mine, mine only:
I dared not think upon the past,
All desolate and lonely.

I feared in memory's silent air
Too sadly to regret thee,
Feared in the night of my despair
I could not all forget thee.

Yet go, ah, go! Those pleading eyes,
Those low, sweet tones, appealing
From heart to heart; ah, dare I trust
That passionate revealing?

For ah, those keen and pleading eyes
Evoke too keen a sorrow,
A pang that will not pass away
With thy wild vows to-morrow.

A love immortal and divine
 Within my heart is waking;
 Its dream of anguish and despair
 It owns not but in breaking.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Misconceptions.

THIS is a spray the bird clung to,
 Making it blossom with pleasure,
 Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.
 Oh, what a hope beyond measure
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung
 to,—
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the queen leant on,
 Thrilled in a minute erratic,
 Ere the true bosom she bent on,
 Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
 Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went
 on—
 Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on!

ROBERT BROWNING.

One Way of Love.

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves;
 Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves,
 And strew them where Pauline may pass.
 She will not turn aside? Alas!
 Let them lie. Suppose they die?
 The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
 These stubborn fingers to the lute!
 To-day I venture all I know.
 She will not hear my music? So!
 Break the string—fold music's wing.
 Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love;
 This hour my utmost art I prove

And speak my passion.—Heaven or hell?
 She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well—
 Lose who may—I still can say,
 Those who win heaven, blest are they.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Ballad.

SIGH on, sad heart, for love's eclipse
 And beauty's fairest queen,
 Though 'tis not for my peasant lips
 To soil her name between.
 A king might lay his sceptre down,
 But I am poor and naught;
 The brow should wear a golden crown
 That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
 Whose sudden beams surprise,
 Might bid such humble hopes beware
 The glancing of her eyes;
 Yet, looking once, I looked too long;
 And if my love is sin,
 Death follows on the heels of wrong,
 And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily-leaves,
 It was so pure and fine—
 Oh lofty weaves, and lowly weaves,
 But hoddin gray is mine;
 And homely hose must step apart,
 Where gartered princes stand;
 But may he wear my love at heart
 That wins her lily hand!

Alas! there's far from russet frieze
 To silks and satin gowns;
 But I doubt if God made like degrees
 In courtly hearts and clowns.
 My father wronged a maiden's mirth,
 And brought her cheeks to blame;
 And all that's lordly of my birth
 Is my reproach and shame!

'Tis vain to weep, 'tis vain to sigh,
 'Tis vain this idle speech—
 For where her happy pearls do lie
 My tears may never reach;

Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
 May say, of what has been,
 His love was nobly born and died,
 Though all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude, but speech is weak
 Such love as mine to tell;
 Yet had I words, I dare not speak:
 So, lady, fare thee well!
 I will not wish thy better state
 Was one of low degree,
 But I must weep that partial fate
 Made such a churl of me.

THOMAS HOOD.

West Point.

'Twas Commencement eve, and the ball-room belle
 In her dazzling beauty was mine that night,
 As the music dreamily rose and fell,
 And the waltzers whirled in a blaze of light:
 I can see them now in the moonbeam's glance
 Across the street on a billowy floor,
 That rises and falls with the merry dance,
 To a music that floats in my heart once more.

A long half-hour in the twilight leaves
 Of the shrubbery: she, with coquettish face,
 And dainty arms in their flowing sleeves,
 A dream of satins and love and lace.
 In the splendor there of her queenly smile,
 Through her two bright eyes I could see the glow
 Of cathedral windows, as up the aisle
 We marched to a music's ebb and flow.

All in a dream of Commencement eve!
 I remember I awkwardly buttoned a glove
 On the dainty arm in its flowing sleeve,
 With a broken sentence of hope and love.
 But the diamonds that flashed in her wavy hair,
 And the beauty that shone in her faultless face,
 Are all I recall as I struggled there,
 A poor brown fly in a web of lace.

Yet a laughing, coquettish face I see,
 As the moonlight falls on the pavement gray,
 I can hear her laugh in the melody
 Of the waltz's music across the way.

And I kept the glove so dainty and small,
 That I stole as she sipped her lemonade,
 Till I packed it away I think with all
 Of those traps I lost in our Northern raid.

But I never can list to that waltz divine,
 With its golden measure of joy and pain,
 But it brings like the flavor of some old wine
 To my heart the warmth of the past again.
 A short flirtation—that's all, you know,
 Some faded flowers, a silken tress,
 The letters I burned up years ago,
 When I heard from her last in the Wilderness.

I suppose, could she see I am maimed and old,
 She would soften the scorn that was changed
 to hate,
 When I chose the bars of the gray and gold,
 And followed the South to its bitter fate.
 But here's to the lads of the Northern blue,
 And here's to the boys of the Southern gray,
 And I would that the Northern star but knew
 How the Southern cross is borne to-day.

L. C. STRONG.

Song.

I WENT to her who loveth me no more,
 And prayed her bear with me, if so she might;
 For I had found day after day too sore,
 And tears that would not cease night after night.
 And so I prayed her, weeping, that she bore
 To let me be with her a little; yea,
 To soothe myself a little with her sight,
 Who loved me once, ah! many a night and day.

Then she who loveth me no more, maybe
 She pitied somewhat: and I took a chain
 To bind myself to her, and her to me;
 Yea, so that I might call her mine again.
 Lo! she forbade me not; but I and she
 Fettered her fair limbs, and her neck more fair,
 Chained the fair wasted white of love's domain,
 And put gold fetters on her golden hair.

Oh! the vain joy it is to see her lie
 Beside me once again; beyond release,
 Her hair, her hand, her body, till she die,
 All mine, for me to do with as I please!

For, after all, I find no chain whereby
To chain her heart to love me as before,
Nor fetter for her lips, to make them cease
From saying still she loveth me no more.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

The Dream.

I.

Our life is twofold : sleep hath its own world—
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence : sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality ;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts ;
They take a weight from off our waking toils ;
They do divide our being ; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity ;
They pass like spirits of the past, they speak
Like sibyls of the future ; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
They make us what we were not—what they
will ;
They shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows. Are they so ?
Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
Creations of the mind ?—the mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision, which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep ; for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity ; the last,
As 'twere the cape, of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs ; the hill

Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array—so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath ;
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her ;
And both were young, and one was beautiful ;
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
The boy had fewer summers ; but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him ; he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away ;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects ; he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all ; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously, his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share :
Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
Even as a brother, but no more ; 'twas much ;
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him,
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race. It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and
why ?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another. Even now she loved another ;
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :
There was an ancient mansion ; and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake ; he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen and traced

Words which I could not guess of; then he
leaned

His bowed head on his hands, and shook, as 'twere
With a convulsion; then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written; but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet. As he paused,
The lady of his love re-entered there;
She was serene and smiling then; and yet
She knew she was by him beloved; she knew—
How quickly comes such knowledge! that his
heart

Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched; but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced; and then it faded as it came.
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow
steps

Retired; but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles. He passed
From out the massy gate of that old hall;
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The boy was sprung to manhood. In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay,
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around;
And they were canopied by the blue sky—
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. In her home,
A thousand leagues from his, her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—She had all she
loved;

And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him
not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair; but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood. As he stood,
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came;
And he stood calm and quiet; and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words;
And all things reeled around him; he could
see

Not that which was, nor that which should have
been,

But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade—
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny—came back
And thrust themselves between him and the
light;

What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :
 The lady of his love — oh ! she was changed,
 As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
 Had wandered from its dwelling ; and her eyes,
 They had not their own lustre, but the look
 Which is not of the earth ; she was become
 The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
 Were combinations of disjointed things,
 And forms impalpable, and unperceived
 Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
 And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;
 What is it but the telescope of truth ?
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
 And brings life near to utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real !

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :
 The wanderer was alone, as heretofore ;
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,
 Or were at war with him ; he was a mark
 For blight and desolation — compassed round
 With hatred and contention ; pain was mixed
 In all which was served up to him ; until,
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
 He fed on poisons ; and they had no power,
 But were a kind of nutriment. He lived
 Through that which had been death to many
 men ;
 And made him friends of mountains. With the
 stars,
 And the quick spirit of the universe,
 He held his dialogues, and they did teach
 To him the magic of their mysteries ;
 To him the book of night was opened wide,
 And voices from the deep abyss revealed
 A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past ; it had no further change.
 It was of a strange order, that the doom
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
 Almost like a reality — the one
 To end in madness — both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

Divided.

I.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
 Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom :
 We two among them wading together,
 Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
 Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet :
 Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
 Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
 Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
 'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
 Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
 And short dry grass under foot is brown,
 But one little streak at a distance lieth
 Green, like a ribbon, to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
 And God, He knoweth how blithe we were !
 Never a voice to bid us eschew it ;
 Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair !

Hey the green ribbon ! we kneeled beside it,
 We parted the grasses dewy and sheen ;
 Drop over drop there filtered and slid
 A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
 Light was our talk as of faëry bells —
 Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us,
 Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
 We lapped the grass on that youngling spring,
 Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
 And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows ;
 Circling above us the black rooks fly,
 Forward, backward : lo, their dark shadows
 Flit on the blossoming tapestry —

Flit on the beck — for her long grass parteth,
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;
And lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather,
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over" — I may not follow;
I cry, "Return" — but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh — a sigh for answer;
A little talking of outward things:
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider —
"Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell:"
"I may not cross" — and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning:
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
"Come to me now, for the west is burning:
Come ere it darkens." — "Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching —
The beck grows wider and swift and deep;
Passionate words as of one beseeching —
The loud beck drowns them: we walk and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places,
On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where the kids are tethered,
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
The beck, a river — with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,
On she goes under fruit-laden trees;
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river;
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river hasteth, her banks recede;
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily, and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing —
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air) —
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther — I see it — know it —
My eyes brim over, it melts away:
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly,—
 A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
 I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
 Yea, better—e'en better than I love him;

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to
 me."

JEAN INGELow.

Ask Me no more.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the
 sea;
 The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the
 shape,
 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape.
 But, oh too fond, when have I answered thee?
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed.
 I strove against the stream and all in vain.
 Let the great river take me to the main.
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
 Ask me no more!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

We Parted in Silence.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
 On the banks of that lonely river;
 Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
 We met, and we parted for ever?
 The night-bird sang, and the stars above
 Told many a touching story,
 Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
 Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
 With the tears that were past controlling;
 We vowed we would never—no, never forget,
 And those vows at the time were consoling;
 But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
 Are as cold as that lonely river;
 And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
 Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
 And my heart grows full of weeping;
 Each star is to me a sealed book,
 Some tale of that loved one keeping.
 We parted in silence—we parted in tears,
 On the banks of that lonely river:
 But the odor and bloom of those by-gone years
 Shall hang o'er its waters for ever.

JULIA CRAWFORD.

When We Two Parted.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted,
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well.
 Long, long, shall I rue thee
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee? —
 In silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

In a Year.

NEVER any more
 While I live,
 Need I hope to see his face
 As before.
 Once his love grown chill,
 Mine may strive —
 Bitterly we re-embrace,
 Single still.

Was it something said,
 Something done,
 Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
 Turn of head?
 Strange! that very way
 Love begun,
 I as little understand
 Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
 I recall
 How he looked as if I sang
 — Sweetly too.
 If I spoke a word,
 First of all
 Up his cheek the color sprang,
 Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
 At my feet,
 So he breathed the air I breathed,
 Satisfied!
 I, too, at love's brim
 Touched the sweet.
 I would die if death bequeathed
 Sweet to him.

"Speak — I love thee best!"
 He exclaimed —
 "Let thy love my own foretell."
 I confessed:
 "Clasp my heart on thine
 Now unblamed,
 Since upon thy soul as well
 Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
 Being truth?
 Why should all the giving prove
 His alone?
 I had wealth and ease,
 Beauty, youth —
 Since my lover gave me love,
 I gave these.

That was all I meant,
 — To be just,
 And the passion I had raised
 To content.
 Since he chose to change
 Gold for dust,
 If I gave him what he praised
 Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,
 On and on,
 While I found some way undreamed
 — Paid my debt!
 Gave more life and more,
 Till, all gone,
 He should smile "She never seemed
 Mine before.

"What — she felt the while,
 Must I think?
 Love's so different with us men,"
 He should smile.
 "Dying for my sake —
 White and pink!
 Can't we touch these bubbles then
 But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
 Do thy part,
 Have thy pleasure. How perplex
 Grows belief!

Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God?

ROBERT BROWNING.

Mariana in the South.

WITH one black shadow at its feet,
The house through all the level shines,
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines;
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.
But "Ave Mary," made she moan,
And "Ave Mary," night and morn;
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Through rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown
To left and right, and made appear,
Still lighted in a secret shrine,
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
And "Ave Mary," was her moan,
"Madonna, sad is night and morn;"
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

Till all the crimson changed, and passed
Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady murmured she;
Complaining, "Mother, give me grace
To help me of my weary load!"
And on the liquid mirror glowed
The clear perfection of her face.
"Is this the form," she made her moan,
"That won his praises night and morn?"
And "Ah," she said, "but I wake alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn."

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vault;

But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt;
Till now at noon she slept again,
And seemed knee-deep in mountain grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.
She breathed in sleep a lower moan;
And murmuring, as at night and morn,
She thought, "My spirit is here alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream;
She felt he was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere and small.
The river-bed was dusty white;
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.
She whispered, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
"Sweet mother, let me not here alone
Live forgotten, and die forlorn."

And, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth;
For "Love," they said, "must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth."
An image seemed to pass the door,
To look at her with slight, and say,
"But now thy beauty flows away,
So be alone for evermore."
"O cruel heart," she changed her tone,
"And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
Is this the end—to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn!"

But sometimes in the falling day
An image seemed to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
"But thou shalt be alone no more."
And flaming downward over all,
From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
The one black shadow from the wall.
"The day to night," she made her moan,
"The day to night, the night to morn,
And day and night I am left alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

At eve a dry cicala sung ;
 There came a sound as of the sea ;
 Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
 And leaned upon the balcony.
 There, all in spaces rosy-bright,
 Large Hesper glittered on her tears,
 And deepening through the silent spheres,
 Heaven over heaven, rose the night,
 And weeping then she made her moan,
 " The night comes on that knows not morn ;
 When I shall cease to be all alone,
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn. "

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Song.

" A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid, '
 A weary lot is thine !
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine !
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green —
 No more of me you knew,
 My love !
 No more of me you knew.

" The morn is merry June, I trow —
 The rose is budding fain ;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again. "
 He turned his charger as he spake,
 Upon the river shore ;
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, " Adieu for evermore,
 My love !
 And adieu for evermore. "

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

First and Last.

THEY sat together, hand in hand,
 The sunset flickered low ;
 The fickle sea crept up the strand,
 And caught the after-glow.

He sang a song, a little song
 No other poet knew,
 And she looked up and thought him strong,
 Looked down and dreamed him true.

The fickle sea crept up the strand,
 And laughed a wanton laugh ;
 Took up the song the poet planned,
 And sang the other half.

Times change ; the two went diverse ways :
 The evening shades increase
 On him, grown old in fame and praise,
 And her in household peace.

The echo of the false, sweet words
 He spoke so long ago
 Has passed as pass the summer birds
 Before the winter snow.

But as to-night the angel's hand
 Loosens the silver cord,
 And calls her to that other land
 Of love's supreme reward,

She hears but one sound, silent, long,
 A whisper soft and low,
 The echo of the false, sweet song
 He sang so long ago.

ANONYMOUS.

Locksley Hall.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis
 early morn —
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon
 the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the cur-
 lews call,
 Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over
 Locksley Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the
 sandy tracts,
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cata-
 racts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I
went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the
west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the
mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver
braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a
youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result
of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise
that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye
could see—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the bur-
nished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should
be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute ob-
servance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the
truth to me;
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets
to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and
a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the north-
ern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sud-
den storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel
eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they
should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping,
"I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in
his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the
chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in
music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the
copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the ful-
ness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the
stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of
the lips.

Oh my cousin, shallow-hearted! Oh my Amy,
mine no more!
Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh the barren,
barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs
have sung—
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrew-
ish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known
me; to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart
than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by
day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympa-
thize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with
a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to
drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than
his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy—think not they
are glazed with wine.
Go to him; it is thy duty—kiss him; take his
hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is over-
wrought—
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with
thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to
understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew
thee with my hand.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the
heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the
strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the
living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened fore-
head of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst
thou less unworthy proved,
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than
ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears
but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be
at the root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such length
of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging
rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the
mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew
her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she
speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to
love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the
love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly; love is love for
evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth
the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy
heart be put to proof,
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is
on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art star-
ing at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the
shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his
drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that
thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by
the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of
thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness
on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy
rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender
voice will cry;
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy
trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival
brings thee rest —
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the
mother's breast.

Oh, the child, too, clothes the father with a dearness
not his due;
Half is thine, and half is his — it will be worthy of
the two.

Oh, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty
part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down
a daughter's heart:

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings — she
herself was not exempt —
Truly, she herself had suffered." Perish in thy
self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore
should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by
despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon
days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to
golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the
markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which
I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's
ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds
are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier
page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous
mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before
the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult
of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield —
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his
father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and
nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like
a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before
him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throngs of men —

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do;

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see —
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be —

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the cen-
tral blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-
wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through
the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the
battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fret-
ful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in uni-
versal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion, sweeping through
me, left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with
the jaundiced eye —

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are
out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on
from point to point ;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping
nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-
dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his
youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever
like a boy's ?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers ; and I lin-
ger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more
and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he
bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness
of his rest.

Hark ! my merry comrades call me, sounding on
the bugle horn —
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for
their scorn ;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
mouldered string ?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved
so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a
shallower brain ;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto
wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah,
for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining orient, where my life began
to beat !

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-
starred ;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander
far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the
day —

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and
happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European
flag —
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the
trailer from the crag —

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the
heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres
of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than
in this march of mind —
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts
that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have
scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and
they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their
lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-
bows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books.

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my
words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the
Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our
glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with
lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage, what to me were sun
or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
time —

I, that rather held it better men should perish one
by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's
moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, for-
ward let us range;
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into
the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Ca-
thay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as
when life begun —
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the light-
nings, weigh the sun —

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath
not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my
fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to
Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the
roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over
heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or
fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and
I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Oh that 'twere Possible.

Oh that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes —
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls ;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet :
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings.
In a moment we shall meet ;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye ?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry —
There is some one dying or dead ;
And a sullen thunder is rolled ;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake — my dream is fled ;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold !

Get thee hence, nor come again !
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about !
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

Then I rise ; the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide ;
The day comes — a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame ;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud
The shadow still the same ;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall !

Would the happy spirit descend
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest ?"

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be ;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me ;
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Orpheus to Beasts.

HERE, here, oh here, Eurydice —
Here was she slain —
Her soul 'stilled through a vein ;
The gods knew less
That time divinity,
Than even, even these
Of brutishness.

Oh could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,

You'd drop a tear ;
 Seeing more harmony
 In her bright eye,
 Than now you hear.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Remembrance.

COLD in the earth, and the deep snow piled above
 thee,

Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
 Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
 Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer
 hover

Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
 Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves
 cover

Thy noble heart for ever, evermore ?

Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers,
 From those brown hills have melted into spring :
 Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
 After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
 While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
 Other desires and other hopes beset me,
 Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
 No second morn has ever shone for me ;
 All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
 All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had per-
 ished,
 And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;
 Then did I learn how existence could be cher-
 ished,
 Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion —
 Weaned my young soul from yearning after
 thine ;

Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
 Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
 Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
 Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
 How could I seek the empty world again ?

EMILY BRONTË.

The Bloom hath Fled thy Cheek, Mary.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
 As spring's rath blossoms die ;
 And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
 Thy once bright eye ;
 But look ! on me the prints of grief
 Still deeper lie.
 Farewell !

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary ;
 Thy step is sad and slow ;
 The morn of gladness hath gone by
 Thou erst did know ;
 I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
 For very woe.
 Farewell !

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
 We were the happiest twain,
 When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
 Dropping like rain,
 Discoursed my love, and told how loved
 I was again.
 Farewell !

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
 We gave our passion name ;
 Scorning such tedious eloquence,
 Our hearts' fond flame
 And long-imprisoned feelings fast
 In deep sobs came.
 Farewell !

Would that our love had been the love
 That merest worldlings know,
 When passion's draught to our doomed lips
 Turns utter woe,
 And our poor dream of happiness
 Vanishes so !
 Farewell !

But in the wreck of all our hopes
 There's yet some touch of bliss,
 Since fate robs not our wretchedness
 Of this last kiss:
 Despair, and love, and madness meet
 In this, in this.
 Farewell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Waly, waly, but Love be Bonny.

OH waly, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly, down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burnside,
 Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bowed, and syne it brak —
 Sae my true love did lightly me!

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new;
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the morning dew.

Oh wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed;
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I'm weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad in the black velvet,
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
 And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gane,
 And the green grass growin' over me!

ANONYMOUS.

Jeanie Morrison.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never can forget
 The luvie o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luvie grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears:
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part;
 Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither leir;
 And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think.
 When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
 We cleeked thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The scule then skail't at noon,)
 When we ran off to speel the braes,
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about —
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As aye by aye the thochts rush back
 O' scule-time and o' thee.
 Oh mornin' life! oh mornin' luve!
 Oh lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin o' the wood
 The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees —
 And we, with nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled — unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me?

Oh, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine!
 Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way;
 And channels deeper, as it rins,
 The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young
 I've never seen your face nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

My Heid is like to Rend, Willie.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
 My heart is like to break;
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
 I'm dyin' for your sake!
 Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my briest-bane;
 Oh, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
 When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie —
 Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
 But let me rest upon your briest
 To sab and greet my fill.
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
 Let me shed by your hair,
 And look into the face, Willie,
 I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life,
 A pur heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife.

Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met!
Oh, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,
And wae's me for the destinie
That gart me luvè thee sae!

Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie —
I downa seek to blame;
But oh, it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a world's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie —
A sair stoun' through my heart;
Oh, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet!
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lightly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That liltis far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be!
And oh, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair,
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

The Rose and the Gauntlet.

Low spake the knight to the peasant-girl:
"I tell thee sooth, I am belted earl;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall;

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
Here with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest! this full-blown rose,
A token of love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed, "Thou seest, sir knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scattered,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell;
But she turned from the knight, and said, "Fare-
well!"

"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize;
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot
horse
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue;
That morning the maiden was fair to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the withered leaves, and the maiden dead.

JOHN STERLING.

Maud Muller.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune:

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Heliotrope.

AMID the chapel's checkered gloom
She laughed with Dora and with Flora,
And chattered in the lecture-room —
The saucy little sophomora.

Yet while, as in her other schools,
She was a privileged transgressor,
She never broke the simple rules
Of one particular professor.

But when he spoke of varied lore
Paroxystones and modes potential,
She listened with a face that wore
A look half fond, half reverential.
To her, that earnest voice was sweet;
And, though her love had no confessor,
Her girlish heart lay at the feet
Of that particular professor.

And he had learned, among his books
That held the lore of ages olden,
To watch those ever-changing looks,
The wistful eyes, and tresses golden,
That stirred his pulse with passion's pain
And thrilled his soul with soft desire,
Longing for youth to come again,
Crowned with its coronet of fire.

Her sunny smile, her winsome ways,
Were more to him than all his knowledge,
And she preferred his words of praise
To all the honors of the college.

Yet "What am foolish I to him?"
 She whispered to her one confessor,
 "She thinks me old, and gray, and grim,"
 In silence pondered the professor.

Yet once, when Christmas bells were rung
 Above ten thousand solemn churches,
 And swelling anthems grandly sung
 Pealed through the dim cathedral arches —
 Ere home returning, filled with hope,
 Softly she stole by gate and gable,
 And a sweet spray of heliotrope
 Left on his littered study-table.

Nor came she more, from day to day,
 Like sunshine through the shadows rifting;
 Above her grave, far, far away,
 The ever-silent snows were drifting.
 And those who mourned her winsome face,
 Found in its stead a swift successor,
 And loved another in her place;
 All, save the silent, old professor.

But, in the tender twilight gray,
 Shut from the sight of carping critic,
 His lonely thoughts would often stray
 From Vedic verse and tongues Semitic —
 Bidding the ghost of perished hope
 Mock with its past the sad possessor
 Of the dead spray of heliotrope
 That once she gave the old professor.

ANONYMOUS.

Auld Robin Gray.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
 hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his
 bride;
 But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside.
 To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to
 sea;
 And the croun and the pund were baith for me!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
 When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was
 stown awa;
 My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the
 sea —
 And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna
 spin;
 I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna
 win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in
 his ee,
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie
 back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
 wrack;
 The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie
 dee?
 Or, why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
 But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to
 break;
 Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was
 in the sea;
 And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
 When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it
 he,
 Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry
 thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we
 say;
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
 And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

Bertha in the Lane.

Put the broidery-frame away,
For my sewing is all done!
The last thread is used to-day,
And I need not join it on.
Though the clock stands at the noon,
I am weary! I have sewn,
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,
And stand near me, dearest-sweet!
Do not shrink nor be afraid,
Blushing with a sudden heat!
No one standeth in the street!
By God's love I go to meet,
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down! drop it in
These two hands, that I may hold
'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,
Stroking back the curls of gold.
'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth—
Larger eyes and redder mouth
Than mine were in my first youth!

Thou art younger by seven years—
Ah!—so bashful at my gaze
That the lashes, hung with tears,
Grow too heavy to upraise?
I would wound thee by no touch
Which thy shyness feels as such—
Dost thou mind me, dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother
To thy sweetness—tell me, dear?
Have we not loved one another
Tenderly, from year to year?
Since our dying mother mild
Said, with accents undefiled,
"Child, be mother to this child!"

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
Stand up on the jasper sea,
And be witness I have given
All the gifts required of me—
Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,
Love that left me with a wound,
Life itself, that turned around!

Mother, mother, thou art kind,
Thou art standing in the room,
In a molten glory shrined,
That rays off into the gloom!
But thy smile is bright and bleak,
Like cold waves—I cannot speak;
I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof
One hour longer from my soul,
For I still am thinking of
Earth's warm-beating joy and dole!
On my finger is a ring
Which I still see glittering,
When the night hides every thing.

Little sister, thou art pale!
Ah, I have a wandering brain,
But I lose that fever-bale,
And my thoughts grow calm again.
Lean down closer—closer still!
I have words thine ear to fill,
And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,
Thee and Robert, through the trees,
When we all went gathering
Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
Do not start so! think instead
How the sunshine overhead
Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!
Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away,
At the sight of the great sky;
And the silence, as it stood
In the glory's golden flood,
Audibly did bud, and bud!

Through the winding hedgerows green,
How we wandered, I and you,
With the bowery tops shut in,
And the gates that showed the view;
How we talked there! thrushes soft
Sang our pauses out, or oft
Bleatings took them, from the croft.

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,
Left me muter evermore;

And, the winding road being long,
I walked out of sight, before;
And so, wrapt in musings fond,
Issued (past the wayside pond)
On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech
Which leans over to the lane,
And the far sound of your speech
Did not promise any pain;
And I blessed you, full and free,
With a smile stooped tenderly
O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word
As the speakers drew more near —
Sweet, forgive me that I heard
What you wished me not to hear.
Do not weep so — do not shake —
Oh, — I heard thee, Bertha, make
Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too! let him stand
In thy thoughts, untouched by blame;
Could he help it, if my hand
He had claimed with hasty claim!
That was wrong perhaps — but then
Such things be — and will, again!
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee, when he swore
He would love but me alone?
Thou wert absent — sent before
To our kin in Sidmouth town.
When he saw thee, who art best,
Past compare, and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
Thou and I, dear, if we might?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
Flying straightway to the light;
Mine are older. — Hush! — look out —
Up the street! Is none without?
How the poplar swings about!

And that hour — beneath the beech —
When I listened in a dream,
And he said, in his deep speech,
That he owed me all esteem —

Each word swam in on my brain
With a dim, dilating pain,
Till it burst with that last strain.

I fell flooded with a dark,
In the silence of a swoon.
When I rose, still, cold and stark,
There was night — I saw the moon:
And the stars, each in its place,
And the May-blooms on the grass,
Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart
From myself when I could stand;
And I pitied my own heart,
As if I held it in my hand —
Somewhat coldly, with a sense
Of fulfilled benevolence,
And a "Poor thing" negligence.

And I answered coldly too,
When you met me at the door;
And I only heard the dew
Dripping from me to the floor;
And the flowers I bade you see,
Were too withered for the bee —
As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so — dear — heart-warm!
It was best as it befell!
If I say he did me harm,
I speak wild — I am not well.
All his words were kind and good —
He esteemed me! Only blood
Runs so faint in womanhood.

Then I always was too grave,
Like the saddest ballads sung,
With that look, besides, we have
In our faces, who die young.
I had died, dear, all the same —
Life's long, joyous, jostling game
Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I; that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root !
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus underfoot :
I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree ;
Thou, like merry summer bee !
Fit, that I be plucked for thee.

Yet who plucks me ? — no one mourns —
I have lived my season out —
And now die of my own thorns,
Which I could not live without.
Sweet, be merry ! How the light
Comes and goes ! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door ?
Look out quickly. Yea, or nay ?
Some one might be waiting for
Some last word that I may say.
Nay ? So best ! So angels would
Stand off clear from deathly road,
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet —
When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
And the rosemary be spread,
That if any friend should come
(To see thee, sweet !), all the room
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave — where it will light
All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave, drop not a tear !
Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear
I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun —
Or forget me — smiling on !

Art thou near me ? nearer ? so !
Kiss me close upon the eyes,

That the earthly light may go
Sweetly as it used to rise
When I watched the morning gray
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
He was sure to come that day.

So — no more vain words be said !
The hosannas nearer roll —
Mother, smile now on thy dead —
I am death-strong in my soul !
Mystic Dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss !

Jesus, victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation !
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire !
I aspire while I expire !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Then.

I GIVE thee treasures hour by hour,
That old-time princes asked in vain,
And pined for in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit, or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers, like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear ;
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Her thousand streams of wealth untold,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness ?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn
 My triumph shines, more sweet than late;
 When from these mortal mists withdrawn,
 Thy heart shall know me — I can wait.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The Forsaken Merman.

COME, dear children, let us away!
 Down and away below.
 Now my brothers call from the bay;
 Now the great winds shorewards blow;
 Now the salt tides seaward flow;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chaff and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away;
 This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
 Call once yet,
 In a voice that she will know:
 "Margaret! Margaret!"
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear;
 Children's voices wild with pain.
 Surely, she will come again.
 Call her once, and come away;
 This way, this way.
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay,"
 The wild white horses foam and fret,
 Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
 Call no more.
 One last look at the white-walled town,
 And the little gray church on the windy shore,
 Then come down.
 She will not come, though you call all day.
 Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell?
 Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
 Where the sea-beasts ranged all around
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world forever and aye?

When did music come this way?
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away?
 Once she sat with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sat on her knee.
 She combed its bright hair and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of the far-off bell;
 She sighed, she looked up through the clear green
 sea;

She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
 And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee."
 I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-
 caves."

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay;
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
 Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the
 bay.

We went up the beach in the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled
 town,

Through the narrow-paved streets, where all was
 still,

To the little gray church on the windy hill.
 From the church came a murmur of folk at their
 prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
 We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with
 rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
 panes.

She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear;
 "Margaret, hie! come quick, we are here.
 Dear heart," I said, "we are here alone.
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But ah, she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
 "Loud prays the priest; shut stands the
 door."

Come away, children, call no more,
 Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
 Down to the depths of the sea;
 She sits at her wheel in the humming town
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark what she sings: "Oh joy, oh joy,
 For the humming street, and the child with its
 toy,
 For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,
 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun."
 And so she sings her fill,
 Singing most joyfully,
 Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
 And the whizzing wheel stands still.
 She steals to the window, and looks at the
 sand;
 And over the sand at the sea;
 And her eyes are set in a stare;
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh,
 For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaid
 And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
 Come, children, come down.
 The hoarse wind blows colder;
 Lights shine in the town.
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door;
 She will hear the winds howling,
 Will hear the waves roar;
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl.

Singing, "Here came a mortal,
 But faithless was she,
 And alone dwell forever
 The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow,
 When clear falls the moonlight,
 When spring-tides are low,
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starred with broom,
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanched sands a gloom;
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie;
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze from the sand-hills,
 At the white sleeping town;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back, down.
 Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she;
 She left lonely forever
 The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Excuse.

I too have suffered. Yet I know
 She is not cold, though she seems so;
 She is not cold, she is not light;
 But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
 While we for hopeless passion die;
 Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
 Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
 Was turned upon the sons of men;
 But light the serious visage grew—
 She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
 Our labored puny passion-fits—
 Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
 Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet oh, that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we,
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights;
His voice like sounds of summer nights;
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry, Long, long I've looked for thee!

Then will she weep — with smiles, till then
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Indifference.

I MUST not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair;
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth — what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by fortune tried,
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath
Has charmed at birth from gloom and care,
These ask no love, these plight no faith,
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,
And garlands for their forehead weave;
And what the world can give, they take —
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ears
To one demand alone are coy.
They will not give us love and tears;
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

It was not love that heaved thy breast,
Fair child! it was the bliss within.
Adieu! and say that one, at least,
Was just to what he did not win.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Allan Percy.

It was a beauteous lady richly dressed;
Around her neck are chains of jewels rare;
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is softly slumbering there.
In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,
She bears him onward to the greenwood tree;
Is the dun heath, thou fair and thoughtless one,
The place where an earl's son should cradled be?
Lullaby!

Though a proud earl be father to my child,
Yet on the sward my blessed babe shall lie;
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
And toss the green boughs upward to the sky.
Well knows that earl how long my spirit pined.
I loved a forester, glad, bold, and free;
And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
My child were cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.
Lullaby!

Slumber thou still, my innocent, mine own,
While I call back the dreams of other days.
In the deep forest I feel less alone
Than when those palace splendors mock my
gaze.
Fear not! my arm shall bear thee safely back;
I need no squire, no page with bended knee,
To bear my baby through the wildwood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.
Lullaby!

Here I can sit; and while the fresh wind blows,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving thy cheek a deeper tinge of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;

I can make visions of a different home,
 Such as we hoped in other days might be;
 There no proud earl's unwelcome footsteps come—
 There, Allan Percy, I am safe with thee!
 Lullaby!

Thou art mine own—I'll bear thee where I list,
 Far from the dull, proud tower and donjon
 keep;
 From my long hair the pearl chains I'll untwist,
 And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep.
 Thy glittering broidered robe, my precious one,
 Changed for a simpler covering shall be;
 And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,
 And think poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.
 Lullaby!

CAROLINE NORTON.

Changes.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
 Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
 The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
 And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;
 Much given away which it were sweet to
 keep.
 God help us all! who need, indeed, His care,
 And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His
 sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
 Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
 He has his father's eager eyes, I know;
 And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
 And I can feel his light breath come and go,
 I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)
 Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago;

Who might have been . . . ah, what I dare not
 think!
 We are all changed. God judges for us best.
 God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
 And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
 Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
 Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
 Who knows the past? and who can judge us
 right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
 And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
 My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
 These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall
 know all!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

Florence Vane.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
 My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again;
 I renew in my fond vision,
 My heart's dear pain—
 My hopes, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
 Where thou didst hark my story,
 At even told—
 That spot—the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain—
 I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main.
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under—
 Alas, the day!
 And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain,
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep;
 The daisies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep.
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

Minstrel's Song.

Oh, sing unto my roundelay!
 Oh, drop the briny tear with me!
 Dance no more at holiday;
 Like a running river be.
*My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.*

Black his hair as the winter night,
 White his neck as the summer snow,
 Ruddy his face as the morning light;
 Cold he lies in the grave below.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
 Quick in dance as thought can be:
 Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
 Oh, he lies by the willow-tree!

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
 In the briered dell below;
 Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
 To the nightmares as they go.

See! the white moon shines on high;
 Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
 Whiter than the morning sky,
 Whiter than the evening cloud.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
 Shall the barren flowers be laid,
 Nor one holy saint to save
 All the coldness of a maid.

With my hands I'll bind the briers
 Round his holy corse to gre;
 Ouphant fairy, light your fires;
 Here my body still shall be.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
 Drain my heart's blood all away;
 Life and all its good I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day.
*My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.*

Water-witches, crowned with reyes,
 Bear me to your lethal tide.
 I die! I come! my true-love waits.
 Thus the damsel spake, and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

When the Grass shall Cover Me.

WHEN the grass shall cover me
 Head to foot where I am lying,
 When not any wind that blows,
 Summer bloom or winter snows,
 Shall awake me to your sighing:
 Close above me as you pass,
 You will say, "How kind she was;"
 You will say, "How true she was,"
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
 Holden close to earth's warm bosom,
 While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
 Nevermore for anything,
 You will find in blade and blossom
 Sweet small voices, odorous,
 Tender pleaders of my cause,
 That shall speak me as I was,
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
 Ah! beloved, in my sorrow
 Very patient can I wait,
 Knowing that, or soon or late,
 There will dawn a clearer morrow,
 When your heart will moan, "Alas,
 Now I know how true she was;
 Now I know how dear she was,"
 When the grass grows over me.

ANONYMOUS.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden lived, whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more than love,
 I and my Annabel Lee—
 With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So that her high-born kinsmen came,
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre,
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me.
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we,
 Of many far wiser than we;
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me
 dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
 And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
 Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Evelyn Hope.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
 Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
 Little has yet been changed, I think;
 The shutters are shut—no light may pass,
 Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
 It was not her time to love; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares;
 And now was quiet, now astir—
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
 What! your soul was pure and true;
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
 And just because I was thrice as old,
 And our paths in the world diverged so
 wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be told?
 We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love;
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
 Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
 Much is to learn and much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall
 say,
 In the lower earth—in the years long still—
 That body and soul so gay?
 Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's
 red,
 And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
 Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me—
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
 My heart seemed full as it could hold—
 There was place and to spare for the frank young
 smile,
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's young
 gold.
 So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
 See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Highland Mary.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There Simmer first unfold her robes
 And there she langest tarry!
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder;
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mould'ring now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

She is far from the Land.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero
 sleeps,
 And lovers are round her sighing;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native
 plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking;
 Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he
 died,
 They were all that to life had entwined
 him;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams
 rest
 When they promise a glorious morrow;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the
 west,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

Song.

"O LADY, thy lover is dead," they cried;
 "He is dead, but hath slain the foe;
 He hath left his name to be magnified
 In a song of wonder and woe."

"Alas ! I am well repaid," said she,
 " With a pain that stings like joy ;
 For I feared, from his tenderness to me,
 That he was but a feeble boy.

"Now I shall hold my head on high,
 The queen among my kind.
 If ye hear a sound, 'tis only a sigh
 For a glory left behind."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usherest in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary ! dear, departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayre we met,
 To live one day of parting love ?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past —
 Thy image at our last embrace !
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayre, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green ;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care ;
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary ! dear, departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

ROBERT BURNS.

Anx Italiens.

At Paris it was, at the opera there ;
 And she looked like a queen in a book that
 night,
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
 And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* ;
 And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
 The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest
 way,
 As we heard him sing, while the gas burned
 low,
 "*Non ti scordar di me ?*"

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
 Looked grave ; as if he had just then seen
 The red flag wave from the city gate,
 Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye :
 You'd have said that her fancy had gone back
 again,
 For one moment, under the old blue sky,
 To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat,
 Together, my bride betrothed and I ;
 My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
 And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad ;
 Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
 With that regal, indolent air she had ;
 So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
 Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
 Who died the richest and roundest of men,
 The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
 Through a needle's eye he had not to pass ;
 I wish him well, for the jointure given
 To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
 As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
 Till over my eyes there began to move
 Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
 When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees together,
 In that lost land, in that soft clime,
 In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
 And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
 And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
 And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
 (Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
 And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
 And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
 And the letter that brought me back my ring;
 And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
 Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
 Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
 And I thought, "Were she only living still,
 How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
 And of how, after all, old things are best,
 That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
 Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
 It made me creep, and it made me cold!
 Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
 Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked: she was sitting there,
 In a dim box over the stage; and drest
 In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
 And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
 And the glittering horseshoe curved between:
 From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
 And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
 And over her primrose face the shade,
 (In short, from the future back to the past)
 There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
 One moment I looked. Then I stole to the
 door,
 I traversed the passage; and down at her side
 I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
 Or something which never will be exprest,
 Had brought her back from the grave again,
 With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
 But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
 And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
 My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
 She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
 And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass;
 She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
 With her primrose face, for old things are best;
 And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
 The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
 And love must cling where it can, I say:
 For beauty is easy enough to win;
 But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and
 men,
 There's a moment when all would go smooth and
 even,
 If only the dead could find out when
 To come back and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmine flower!
 And oh that music! and oh the way
 That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

Too Late.

"Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu."

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows —
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

Laodamia.

"WITH sacrifice, before the rising morn,
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from th' infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required;
Celestial pity I again implore;
Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her
hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye ex-
pands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

Oh terror! what hath she perceived? — oh joy!

What doth she look on? — whom doth she be-
hold?

Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is — if sense deceive her not — 'tis he!
And a god leads him — winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake — and touched her with his
wand

That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crowned
thy prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to
clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts — but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!

Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne!

Speak! and the floor thou tread'st on will re-
joice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave
His gifts imperfect: spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan
strand

Should die; but me the threat could not with-
hold —

A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes ! bravest, noblest, best !
 Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
 Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
 By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;
 Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou
 art—
 A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
 And he whose power restores thee hath decreed
 Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave ;
 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
 As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this ;
 Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side !
 Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
 To me, this day a second time thy bride !"
 Jove frowned in heaven ; the conscious Parcæ
 threw
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past ;
 Nor should the change be mourned, even if the
 joys
 Of sense were able to return as fast
 And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
 Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains ;
 Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
 Rebellious passion : for the gods approve
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;
 A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
 Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore ? Did not Hercules by force
 Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
 Alcæstis, a reanimated corse,
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom ?
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
 And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful, and they
 Yet further may relent ; for mightier far
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
 Of magic potent over sun and star,

Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
 And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's
 breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace !" he
 said ;
 She looked upon him and was calmed and
 cheered ;
 The ghastly color from his lips had fled ;
 In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
 Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
 No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest
 day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
 That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
 "The end of man's existence I discerned,
 Who from ignoble games and revelry
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain de-
 light,
 While tears were thy best pastime, day and
 night ;

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)
 Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
 By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
 Chieftains and kings in council were detained,
 What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given ; I then re-
 solved
 The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be

The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains,
flowers—
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept th' indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend,
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled—her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung,—
'tis vain;
The hours are past,—too brief had they been
years;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly
day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for wilful crime,
By the just gods, whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she
died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their
view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Fairest Thing in Mortal Eyes.

To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both His hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her, who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all—
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en

By God to deck His paradise,
And with His saints to reign;
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;
All soon or late in death shall sleep;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS. (French.)
Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

The Burial of Love.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm, sad brows and raven hair;
And one was pale and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown;
Bring forest blooms of name unknown;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep;
And fold his hands in sign of rest,
His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue-birds, in the misty spring,
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around
His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet;

And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye:
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache, and tears will start.

The bow, the band, shall fall to dust;
The shining arrows waste with rust;
And all of Love that earth can claim,
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in this narrow cell;
But he whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground, shall live again —

Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and purer sight,
And in th' eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Sonnet.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did
fly.

Sweet be the bands the which true love doth
tye

Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
The gentle bird feels no captivity

Within her cage; but sings and feeds her fill;
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath
bound;

But simple truth, and mutual good-will,
Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each other's
wound;

There faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless pleasure builds her sacred bower.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Love not.

LOVE not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow-
ers —

Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
 Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die —
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth,
 Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said
 In present hours as in years gone by;
 Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head,
 Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
 Love not!
 CAROLINE NORTON.

Winifreda.

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood;
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke:
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder
 How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess;
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
 Sufficient for our wishes give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread;
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 While 'round my knees they fondly clung,
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy, time, transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

ANONYMOUS.

Song.

GATHER ye rose-buds as ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Time still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Hebrew Wedding.

BRIDAL SONG.

To the sound of timbrels sweet
 Moving slow our solemn feet,
 We have borne thee on the road
 To the virgin's blest abode;
 With thy yellow torches gleaming,
 And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
 And the canopy above
 Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
 And the mirth and wine have ceased;

And now we set thee down before
 The jealously-unclosing door,
 That the favored youth admits
 Where the veiled virgin sits
 In the bliss of maiden fear,
 Waiting our soft tread to hear,
 And the music's brisker din
 At the bridegroom's entering in,
 Entering in, a welcome guest,
 To the chamber of his rest.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
 Bride of David's kingly line!
 How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
 And thy shrouded eye resembleth
 Violets, when the dews of eve
 A moist and tremulous glitter leave
 On the bashful, sealèd lid!
 Close within the bride-veil hid,
 Motionless thou sit'st and mute,
 Save that, at the soft salute
 Of each entering maiden friend,
 Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
 The door unfolds — 'tis he! 'tis he!
 Thus we lift our lamps to meet him!
 Thus we touch our lutes to greet him!
 Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
 Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

Epithalamion.

YE learned sisters, which have oftentimes
 Beene to the ayding others to adorne,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rymes,
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
 To heare theyr names sung in your simple lays,
 But joyed in theyr praise;
 And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
 Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did
 rayse,
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your doleful dreriment;

Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
 And, having all your heads with girlands crowned,
 Helpe me mine owne love's prayes to resound,
 Ne let the same of any be envide.
 So Orpheus did for his owne bride;
 So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
 The woods shal to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lampe
 His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
 Having disperst the night's uncheerful dampe,
 Doe ye awake; and with fresh lustyhed
 Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
 My truest turtle dove;
 Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
 And long since ready forth his maske to move,
 With his bright torch that flames with many a
 flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In theyr fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight;
 For loe! the wished day is come at last,
 That shal, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her usury of long delight!
 And, whylest she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo
 ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can heare,
 Both of the rivers and the forests greene,
 And of the sea that neighbours to her neare;
 All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay girland,
 For my fayre love, of lillies and of roses,
 Bound, true-love-wise, with a blue silk riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale posies;
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridale bowers.
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
 And diaped lyke the discolored mead.
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
 For she will waken strait;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shal to you answer, and your echo
 ring.

Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver-scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which used therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell;)
And ye, likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none do fishes take—
Bynd up the locks the which hang scattered
light,

And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie
No blemish she may spie.

And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre—
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to de-
voure,

With your steele darts doe chace from coming
neare—

Be also present here,
To helpe to decke her, and to helpe to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo
ring.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time:
The rosy morne long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coache to clyme;
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerfull birds do chaunt theyr
laies,

And carroll of love's praise!
The merry larke his mattins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant playes;
The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft:
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this daye's merriment.

Ah! my deare love, why do ye sleepe thus long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the coming of your joyous make;
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr echo
ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame;
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly
beame,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth reare.

Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight!

But first come, ye fayre houres, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot;
And all that ever in this world is fayre,
Do make and still repayre!

And ye, three handmayds of the Cyprian queene,
The which do still adorn her beauteous pride,
Helpe to adorn my beautifullest bride;
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seene;

And, as ye used to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your echo
ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come—
Let all the virgins, therefore, well awayt;
And ye fresh boys, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare yourselves; for he is coming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely-good array,
Fit for so joyfull day—

The joyfulest day that ever sun did see.
Fair sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.

O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy minde delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine,
Then I thy soverayne prayeses loud will sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr echo
ring.

Harke! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far—
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the damzels do delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boyes run up and doune the
street,

Crying aloud with strong, confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce:

Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen ! they do shout,
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud ;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen ! sing,
That all the woods them answer, and they echo ring.

Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the east.
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long, loose, yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Do lyke a golden mantle her attyre ;
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayes sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse do ye still loud her prayes sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before ?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and vertue's store ?
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright ;
Her forehead ivory white ;
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath
 rudded ;
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte ;
Her brest lyke to a bowl of cream uncrudded ;
Her paps lyke lillies budded ;
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre ;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up with many a stately stayre,
To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo
 ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that
 sight,
And stand astonisht, lyke to those which red
Medusae's mafeul hed.
There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty ;
There vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will ;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo
 ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love !
Open them wide, that she may enter in !
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you !
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She commeth in before th' Almighty's view.
Of her, ye virgins, learne obedience,—
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endesse matrimony make ;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The choristers the joyous antheme sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo
 ring.

Behold ! whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimson dyde in grayne :

That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand.
The pledge of all our band !
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo
ring !

Now all is done : bring home the bride again —
Bring home the triumph of our victory ;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine —
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day than this,
Whom heaven would heape with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day ;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay —
Poure not by cups, but by the belly-full —
Poure out to all that wull !
And sprinkle all the postes and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withall.
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine ;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can do it best ;
The whiles the maydens do theyr carrol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr echo
ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labours for this day :
This day is holy — do ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may, —
This day the sun is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees
But for this time it ill-ordained was
To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare ;
Yet never day so long but late would passe.

Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonfires make all day :
And daunce about them, and about them sing
That all the woods may answer, and your echo
ring.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love ?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend !
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move !
Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,
Within the westernne foame ;
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden crest
Appeare out of the east.
Fayre child of beauty ! glorious lamp of love !
That all the host of heaven in rankes dost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How cherefully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo
ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights forepast ;
Enough it is that all the day was yours.
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast ;
Now bring the bryde into the brydall bowres.
The night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay ;
Lay her in lylies and in violets ;
And silken curtains over her display,
And odour sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does lye,
In proud humility !
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry grass,
'Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night — ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone ;
And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo
ring.

Now welcome, night ! thou night so long expected,
That long daie's labour doest at last defray,

And all my cares which cruell love collected,
 Hast summd in one, and cancelled for aye!
 Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
 That no man may us see;
 And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
 From feare of perill and foule horror free.
 Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our joy;
 But let the night be calme, and quiet some,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad afay:
 Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
 When he begot the great Tirynthian groome;
 Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lye,
 And begot Majesty.
 And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr echo ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor doleful teares,
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
 Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
 Make sudden, sad affrights;
 Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helples harmes,
 Ne let the pouke, nor other evill sprights,
 Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes,
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not:
 Let not the shriech-owle, nor the storke, be heard;
 Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells;
 Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spells;
 Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard.
 Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croking
 Make us to wish theyr choking.
 Let none of these theyr dreary accents sing;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr echo
 ring.

But let stil silence true night-watches keepe,
 That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,
 And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
 The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
 Like divers-fethered doves,
 Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
 And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
 Their pretty stealthes shall worke, and snares shall
 spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceald through covert night.
 Ye sonnes of Venus play your sports at will!
 For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
 Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes
 Than what ye do, albeit good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 For it will soone be day;
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo
 ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
 Or whose is that fayre face that shines so bright?
 Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes?
 But walks about high Heaven all the night?
 O fayrest goddess, do thou not envy
 My love with me to spy;
 For thou likewise didst love, though now un-
 thought,
 And for a fleece of wool which privily
 The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
 His pleasures with thee wrought.
 Therefore to us be favourable now;
 And sith of women's labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly dost enlarge,
 Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
 And the chaste womb informe with timely seed,
 That may our comfort breed:
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
 Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
 The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
 And eke for comfort often called art
 Of women in their smart —
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.
 And thou, glad genius! in whose gentle hand
 The brydale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
 Without blemish or staine;
 And the sweet pleasures of theyr love's delight
 With secret ayde dost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny;
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night;
 And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
 Grant that it may so be;

Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
Ne any wood shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye, high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne —
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which, from the earth which they may long pos-
sesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo
ring.

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been deckt,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse monument.*

EDMUND SPENSER.

Epithalamium.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease —
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

Not Ours the Vows.

Nor ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

My Love has Talked.

My love has talked with rocks and trees;
He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crowned;
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life,—
I looked on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two, they dwelt with eye on eye;
 Their hearts of old have beat in tune;
 Their meetings made December June;
 Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never passed away;
 The days she never can forget
 Are earnest that he loves her yet,
 Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone — he sits apart —
 He loves her yet — she will not weep,
 Though, rapt in matters dark and deep
 He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind;
 He reads the secret of the star;
 He seems so near and yet so far;
 He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before —
 A withered violet is her bliss;
 She knows not what his greatness is;
 For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
 Of early faith and plighted vows;
 She knows but matters of the house;
 And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixed and cannot move;
 She darkly feels him great and wise;
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes:
 "I cannot understand — I love."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
 When, on our deck reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
 My twilight steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind, approving eye,
 Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star
 Beholds me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
 My course be onward still,
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
 O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor mild Malwah detain;
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
 Across the dark blue sea;
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
 As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER.

If Thou wert by my Side, my Love.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
 How fast would evening fail
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,
 Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,
 How gayly would our pinnace glide
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

A Wish.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

The Fireside.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance;
 Though singularity and pride
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
 No noisy neighbor enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam;
 The world has nothing to bestow —
 From our own selves our bliss must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
 If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise;
 We'll form their minds with studious care
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 • And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs;
 They'll grow in virtue every day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot;
 Monarchs, we envy not your state —
 We look with pity on the great,
 And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
 But then how little do we need,
 For nature's calls are few;
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power;
 For, if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
 Patient when favors are denied,
 And pleased with favors given —
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
 But, when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
 Its chequered paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble, or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead;

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath —
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife of mine.

The world's wrack, we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't,
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

Watching.

SLEEP, love, sleep!
 The dusty day is done.
 Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
 Wide over groves of balm,
 Down from the towering palm,
 In at the open casement cooling run,
 And round thy lowly bed,
 Thy bed of pain,
 Bathing thy patient head,
 Like grateful showers of rain,
 They come;
 While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
 Fan the sick air;
 And pityingly the shadows come and go,
 With gentle human care,
 Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
 The night begun;
 While prayerful watch I keep,
 Sleep, love, sleep!
 Is there no magic in the touch
 Of fingers thou dost love so much?
 Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now;
 Or, with its mute caress,
 The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe press
 Upon thy weary lid and aching brow;
 While prayerful watch I keep,
 Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
 The bells are swinging,
 Their little golden circlet in a flutter
 With tales the wooing winds have dared to
 utter
 Till all are ringing,
 As if a choir
 Of golden-nested birds in heaven were sing-
 ing;
 And with a lulling sound
 The music floats around,
 And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
 Commingling with the hum
 Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
 And lazy beetle ever droning near.
 Sounds these of deepest silence born,
 Like night made visible by morn;
 So silent that I sometimes start
 To hear the throbbings of my heart,
 And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
 To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
 Peeps from the mortise in surprise
 At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
 Then boldly ventures out,
 And looks about,
 And with his hollow feet
 Treads his small evening beat,
 Darting upon his prey
 In such a tricky, winsome sort of way,
 His delicate marauding seems no sin.
 And still the curtains swing,
 But noiselessly;
 The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
 As tears were in the sky:

More heavily the shadows fall,
 Like the black foldings of a pall
 Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
 The candles flare
 With fresher gusts of air;
 The beetle's drone
 Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
 Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

EMILY CHUBBUCK JUDSON.

The Poet's Bridal-Day Song.

OH, my love 's like the steadfast sun,
 Or streams that deepen as they run;
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
 Nor moments between sighs and tears,
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
 To sober joys and soften woes,
 Can make my heart or fancy flee,
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
 In maiden bloom and matron wit;
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
 We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
 Set on the sea an hour too soon;
 Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
 When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
 Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
 And time, and care, and birthtime woes
 Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
 To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
 Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
 When words descend like dews, unsought,
 With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
 And fancy in her heaven flies free,
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave, of old,
 To silver, than some give to gold,
 'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
 How we should deck our humble bower;

'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
 The golden fruit of fortune's tree;
 And sweeter still to choose and twine
 A garland for that brow of thine—
 A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
 While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
 Grave moments of sedater thought,
 When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
 One gleam of her inconstant light;
 And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
 Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
 Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
 And proud resolve and purpose meek,
 Speak of thee more than words can speak,
 I think this wedded wife of mine,
 The best of all that's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Poet's Song to his Wife.

How many summers, love,
 Have I been thine?
 How many days, thou dove,
 Hast thou been mine?
 Time, like the winged wind
 When 't bends the flowers,
 Hath left no mark behind,
 To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
 On thee he leaves;
 Some lines of care round both
 Perhaps he weaves;
 Some fears,—a soft regret
 For joys scarce known;
 Sweet looks we half forget;—
 All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
 I mourn and sing!
 Look, where our children start,
 Like sudden spring!
 With tongues all sweet and low,
 Like a pleasant rhyme,
 They tell how much I owe
 To thee and time!

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Blissful Day.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet;
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toiled,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line—
 Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more; it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give—
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee and thee alone I live;
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Golden Wedding.

O LOVE, whose patient pilgrim feet
 Life's longest path have trod;
 Whose ministry hath symbolled sweet
 The dearer love of God;
 The sacred myrtle wreathes again
 Thine altar, as of old;
 And what was green with summer then,
 Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the future's face
 Is flushed with fancy's light;
 But memory, with a milder grace,
 Shall rule the feast to-night.
 Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
 Nor less the blinding shower;
 The bud of fifty years ago
 Is love's perfected flower.

O memory, ope thy mystic door;
 O dream of youth, return;
 And let the light that gleamed of yore
 Beside this altar burn.
 The past is plain; 'twas love designed
 E'en sorrow's iron chain;
 And mercy's shining thread has twined
 With the dark warp of pain.

So be it still. O Thou who hast
 That younger bridal blest,
 Till the May-morn of love has passed
 To evening's golden west;
 Come to this later Cana, Lord,
 And, at thy touch divine,
 The water of that earlier board
 To-night shall turn to wine.

DAVID GRAY.

John Anderson.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

PART V.

POEMS OF AMBITION.

PATRIOTS have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.

WILLIAM COWPER.

——— Oh courage ! there he comes ;
What ray of honor round about him looms !
Oh, what new beams from his bright eyes do glance !
O princely port ! presageful countenance
Of hap at hand ! He doth not nicely prank
In clinquant pomp, as some of meanest rank,
But armed in steel ; that bright habiliment
Is his rich valor's sole rich ornament.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

En avant ! marchons
Contre leurs canons !
A travers le fer, le feu des bataillons,
Courons à la victoire !

CASIMIR DE LA VIGNE.

THE perfect heat of that celestial fire,
That so inflames the pure heroic breast,
And lifts the thought, that it can never rest
Till it to heaven attain its prime desire.

LORD THURLOW.

POEMS OF AMBITION.

Horatius.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF ROME CCCLX.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome !

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine ;

From lordly Volaterrae,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ;

From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels desery
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky ;

From the proud mart of Pisae,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers,
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear ;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill ;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill ;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer ;
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap ;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;

And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand.
 Evening and morn the thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore;

And with one voice the thirty
 Have their glad answer given:
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena—
 Go forth, beloved of heaven!
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome,
 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array;
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally;
 And with a mighty following,
 To join the muster, came
 The Tusculan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright;
 From all the spacious champaign
 To Rome men took their flight.
 A mile around the city
 The throng stopped up the ways;
 A fearful sight it was to see
 Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches,
 And women great with child,
 And mothers, sobbing over babes
 That clung to them and smiled,
 And sick men borne in litters
 High on the necks of slaves,
 And troops of sunburned husbandmen
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
 Laden with skins of wine,
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
 And endless herds of kine,
 And endless trains of wagons,
 That creaked beneath the weight
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
 Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The fathers of the city,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands,
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,
 In Crustumium stands.
 Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the senate
 There was no heart so bold
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the consul,
 Up rose the fathers all;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
 Before the river-gate;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.

Out spake the consul roundly :
 "The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear :
 "To arms ! to arms ! sir consul —
 Lars Porsena is here."
 On the low hills to westward
 The consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
 Doth the red whirlwind come ;
 And louder still, and still more loud,
 From underneath that rolling cloud,
 Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,
 The trampling and the hum.
 And plainly and more plainly
 Now through the gloom appears,
 Far to left and far to right,
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
 The long array of helmets bright,
 The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
 Above that glimmering line,
 Now might ye see the banners
 Of twelve fair cities shine ;
 But the banner of proud Clusium
 Was highest of them all —
 The terror of the Umbrian,
 The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
 Now might the burghers know,
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,
 Each warlike Lucumo :
 There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen ;
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,
 Girt with the brand none else may wield ;
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
 And dark Verbenna from the hold
 By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,

Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name ;
 And by the left false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the housetops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed,
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

But the consul's brow was sad,
 And the consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe :
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down ;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town ?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate :
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods ?

"And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame —
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play —
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
 A Ramnian proud was he:
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius—
 Of Titian blood was he:
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party—
 Then all were for the state;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great;
 Then lands were fairly portioned!
 Then spoils were fairly sold:
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the tribunes beard the high,
 And the fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold;
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe;
 And fathers, mixed with commons,
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way,

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the hill of vines;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman three;
 And Lausulus of Urge,
 The rover of the sea;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar—
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
 Lartius laid Ocnus low;

Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow:
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark;
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns, when they spy
 Thy thrice-accursed sail!"

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes;
 A wild and wrathful clamor
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
 And lo! the ranks divide;
 And the great lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
 A smile serene and high;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay;
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh—
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space—

Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Avernus
 A thunder-smitten oak.
 Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread;
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
 Right firmly pressed his heel,
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here!
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless three;
 And from the ghastly entrance,
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank—like boys who, unaware,
 Ranging a wood to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack;
 But those behind cried "Forward!"
 And those before cried "Back!"

And backward now, and forward,
 Wavers the deep array;
 And on the tossing sea of steel
 To and fro the standards reel,
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
 Strode out before the crowd;
 Well known was he to all the three,
 And they gave him greeting loud:
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
 Now welcome to thy home!
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
 Thrice looked he at the dead;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread;
 And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the fathers all—
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius—
 Herminius darted back;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free;
 And whirling, down in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind—
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face;
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!"
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank,
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain;

And fast his blood was flowing;
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows;
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,—
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the river-gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high—
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see,—
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee;
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volseian home;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit;
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
 sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

Harmodius and Aristogeiton.

I'LL wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
 The sword that laid the tyrant low,
 When patriots, burning to be free,
 To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though 'reft of breath,
 Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;
 The heroes' happy isles shall be
 The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
 The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
 When at Athena's adverse fane
 He knelt, and never rose again.

While freedom's name is understood,
 You shall delight the wise and good;
 You dared to set your country free,
 And gave her laws equality.

Translation of LORD DENMAN. CALLISTRATUS. (Greek.)

It is Great for our Country to Die.

OH! it is great for our country to die, where ranks
 are contending:

Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits
 us for aye—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light
 never ending—

Glory that never shall fade, never, oh! never
 away.

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How softly
 reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of
 his love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him
 with garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he
 triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for
 country hath perished;

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there
 with her smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is
 cherished;

Gods love the young who ascend pure from the
 funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious
 river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, roll-
 ing sea;

But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted
 for ever;

There shall assemble the good, there the wise,
 valiant, and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die, in the
 front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout
 in our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our
 memory cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased
 the sweet music to hear.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

Leonidas.

SHOUT for the mighty men
 Who died along this shore,
 Who died within this mountain's glen!
 For never nobler chieftain's head
 Was laid on valor's crimson bed,
 Nor ever prouder gore
 Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
 Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
 Who on the Persian tents,
 Like lions from their midnight den
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,
 Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;
 Like the roused elements,
 Let loose from an immortal hand
 To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear—
 Greece is a hopeless slave.
 Leonidas! no hand is near
 To lift thy fiery falchion now;
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow .
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.
 The voice that should be raised by men
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! The surge,
 The tree, the rock, the sand
 On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
 In sounds that speak but to the free,
 The memory of thine and thee!
 The vision of thy band
 Still gleams within the glorious dell
 Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
 Mother of men like these!
 Has not thy outcry gone
 Where justice has an ear to hear?
 Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,
 Till in thy crimsoned seas
 Are plunged the chain and scimitar.
 Greece shall be a new-born star!

GEORGE CROLY.

Boadicea.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief:

Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow :
Rushed to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Pericles and Aspasia.

THIS was the ruler of the land
When Athens was the land of fame ;
This was the light that led the band
When each was like a living flame ;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won :
Feared — but alone as freemen fear,
Loved — but as freemen love alone,
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title, mind !

Resistless words were on his tongue ;
Then eloquence first flashed below.
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the thunderer's brow !
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride ;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage —
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won —
He perished in his height of fame ;
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die ;
Her conquest was posterity !

GEORGE CROLY.

Alfred the Harper.

DARK fell the night, the watch was set,
The host was idly spread,
The Danes around their watch-fires met,
Caroused, and fiercely fed.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
And Guthrum, king of all,
Devoured the flesh of England's bees,
And laughed at England's fall.
Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
In mail and wolf-skin clad,
Their bracelets white with plundered pearl,
Their eyes with triumph mad.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,
And on to Tamar stream,
Where Thames makes green the towery strand,
Where Medway's waters gleam,
With hands of steel and mouths of flame
They raged the kingdom through :
And where the Norseman sickle came,
No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse
With wealth of cities fair ;
They dragged from many a father's corse
The daughter by her hair.
And English slaves, and gems and gold,
Were gathered round the feast :
Till midnight in their woodland hold,
Oh ! never that riot ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude
Before the strong sea-kings ;
"Ye lords and earls of Odin's brood,
Without a harper sings.
He seems a simple man and poor,
But well he sounds the lay ;
And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure,
Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen cold look,
And glanced along the board,
That with the shout and war-cry shook
Of many a Danish lord.

But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
 Soon bent on him their gaze,
 While calm he gazed, as if to learn
 Who chief deserved his praise.

Loud Guthrum spake,—“Nay, gaze not thus,
 Thou harper weak and poor!
 By Thor! who bandy looks with us
 Must worse than looks endure.
 Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,
 High praise each dauntless earl;
 The brave who stun this English coast
 With war's unceasing whirl.”

The harper slowly bent his head,
 And touched aloud the string;
 Then raised his face, and boldly said,
 “Hear thou my lay, O king!
 High praise from every mouth of man
 To all who boldly strive,
 Who fall where first the fight began,
 And ne'er go back alive.

“Fill high your cups, and swell the shout,
 At famous Regnar's name!
 Who sank his host in bloody rout,
 When he to Humber came.
 His men were chased, his sons were slain,
 And he was left alone.
 They bound him in an iron chain
 Upon a dungeon stone.

“With iron links they bound him fast;
 With snakes they filled the hole,
 That made his flesh their long repast,
 And bit into his soul.

“Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes?
 Why champ your teeth in pain?
 Still lives the song though Regnar dies!
 Fill high your cups again.
 Ye too, perchance, O Norseman lords!
 Who fought and swayed so long,
 Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
 And owe your names to song.

“This land has graves by thousands more
 Than that where Regnar lies.

When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,
 The sod must close your eyes.
 How soon, who knows? Not chief, nor bard;
 And yet to me 'tis given
 To see your foreheads deeply scarred,
 And guess the doom of Heaven.

“I may not read or when or how,
 But, earls and kings, be sure
 I see a blade o'er every brow,
 Where pride now sits secure.
 Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain!
 When chief and monarch fall,
 Their names in song shall breathe again,
 And thrill the feastful hall.”

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a groan,
 And one grew pale with dread,
 His iron mace was grasped by one,
 By one his wine was shed.
 And Guthrum cried, “Nay, bard, no more
 We hear thy boding lay;
 Make drunk the song with spoil and gore!
 Light up the joyous fray!”

“Quick throbs my brain,”—so burst the
 song,—
 “To hear the strife once more.
 The mace, the axe, they rest too long;
 Earth cries, My thirst is sore.
 More blithely twang the strings of bows
 Than strings of harps in glee;
 Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
 Or rosy lips to me.

“Oh! fairer than a field of flowers,
 When flowers in England grew,
 Would be the battle's marshalled powers,
 The plain of carnage new.
 With all its deaths before my soul
 The vision rises fair;
 Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl!
 I would that I were there!”

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
 Rolled fiercely round the throng;
 It seemed two crashing hosts were nigh,
 Whose shock aroused the song.

A golden cup King Guthrum gave
To him who strongly played;
And said, "I won it from the slave
Who once o'er England swayed."

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Alfred's own;
Thy song befits the brave:
The king who cannot guard his throne
Nor wine nor song shall have."
The minstrel took the goblet bright,
And said, "I drink the wine
To him who owns by justest right
The cup thou bid'st be mine."

"To him, your lord, oh shout ye all!
His meed be deathless praise!
The king who dares not nobly fall,
Dies basely all his days."

"The praise thou speakest," Guthrum said,
"With sweetness fills mine ear;
For Alfred swift before me fled,
And left me monarch here.
The royal coward never dared
Beneath mine eye to stand.
Oh, would that now this feast he shared,
And saw me rule his land!"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,
And gazed upon the king,—
"Not now the golden cup I take,
Nor more to thee I sing.
Another day, a happier hour,
Shall bring me here again:
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power
Till I demand it then."

The harper turned and left the shed,
Nor bent to Guthrum's crown;
And one who marked his visage said
It wore a ghastly frown.
The Danes ne'er saw that harper more,
For, soon as morning rose,
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,
And slew ten thousand foes.

JOHN STERLING.

The Bull-Fight of Gazul.

KING Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,
And they have closed the spacious lists beside the Alhambra's gate;
In gowns of black, and silver-laced, within the tent-ed ring,
Eight Moors, to fight the bull, are placed in presence of the king.

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious through;
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust;
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly; then clangs the loud tambour:
Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw wide the door!
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum—
The Alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth come!

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the infantas all a-rowe;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony, was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;

And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords
with anxious eye,
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look
is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two
come roaring on;
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his
rejon;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him
such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back, across the sand
to go.

"Turn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—"the third
comes up behind;
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils
snuff the wind;"
The mountaineers that lead the steers without
stand whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud Alcaide to stun Harpado
so?"

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from
Xenil,
From Guadalquivir of the plain, or Barvas of the
hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's
waters clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed, this proud
and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within
doth boil;
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to
the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of
snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass
upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand
close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers
they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old
knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows
curled, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are
black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of
his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from
forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcaide's
shock.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come—
thrice meet, and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's
breast of black—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front
of dun:
Once more advance upon his lance—once more,
thou fearless one!

Once more, once more—in dust and gore to ruin
must thou reel;
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious
heel—
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see thee
stagger;
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern
Alcaide's dagger!

They have slipped a noose around his feet, six
horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joy-
ful din.
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring
of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado
low.

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Chevy-Chase.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take—

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt
When day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here; "

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;"
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;"
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he—
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art—
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone;

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows—
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side—
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

"In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was
 Who saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
 Who, with a spear full bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
 Without a dread or fear;
 And through Earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear;

With such vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The staff ran through the other side
 A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain.
 An English archer then perceived
 The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
 So right the shaft he set,
 The gray goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun:
 For when they rung the evening-bell,
 The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
 Sir John of Egerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is wo
 That ever he slain should be,
 For when his legs were hewn in two,
 He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
 One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too —
 His sister's son was he;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
 But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
 Did with Earl Douglas die:
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three;
 The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail;
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
 They bore with them away;
 They kissed them dead a thousand times,
 Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain:

"Oh heavy news," King James did say;
 "Scotland can witness be
 I have not any captain more
 Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our king,
 "Since 'twill no better be;
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred as good as he :

"Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
 But I will vengeance take :
 I'll be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
 After at Humbledown ;
 In one day fifty knights were slain,
 With lords of high renown ;

And of the best, of small account,
 Did many hundreds die :
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
 Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
 With plenty, joy, and peace ;
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease !

ANONYMOUS.

The Ballad of Agincourt.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour —
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide

To the king sending ;
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet, with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then :
 Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed ;
 Yet have we well begun —
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
 This my full rest shall be ;
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain ;
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vaward led ;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear —
 A braver man not there :
 O Lord ! how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone ;
 Armor on armor shone ;
 Drum now to drum did groan —
 To hear was wonder ;
 That with the cries they make
 The very earth did shake ;
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham!
 Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
 When, from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their bilbows drew,
 And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy:
 Arms were from shoulders sent;
 Scalps to the teeth were rent;
 Down the French peasants went;
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broadsword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother—
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up.

Suffolk his axe did ply;
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry;
 Oh, when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

The Bard.

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'-
 ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood:
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 "Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale ;
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkeley's roof that
ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him
wait !
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord !
Low on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were
born,
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast ;
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havoc urge their destined
course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their
way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail !

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line :
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her
 play !
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored
 wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
 cloud,
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
 day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me ; with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign.
 Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
 To triumph, and to die, are mine,"
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
 height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
 night.

THOMAS GRAY.

The Cavalier's Song.

A STEED ! a steed of matchlesse speed,
 A sword of metal keene !
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowlinge of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
 Be soundes from heaven that come ;
 And oh ! the thundering presse of knightes,
 Whenas their war-cryes swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte, brave gallants all,
 And don your helmes amaine ;
 Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish feares shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand —
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
 For the fayrest of the land ;
 Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
 Thus weepe and puling crye ;
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Prince Eugene.

PRINCE EUGENE, our noble leader,
 Made a vow in death to bleed, or
 Win the emperor back Belgrade :
 "Launch pontoons, let all be ready
 To bear our ordnance safe and steady
 Over the Danube" — thus he said.

There was mustering on the border
 When our bridge in marching order
 Breasted first the roaring stream ;
 Then at Semlin, vengeance breathing,
 We encamped to scourge the heathen
 Back to Mahound, and fame redeem.

'Twas on August one-and-twenty,
 Scouts and glorious tidings plenty

Galloped in, through storm and rain ;
 Turks, they swore, three hundred thousand
 Marched to give our prince a rouse, and
 Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head-quarters
 Met our fine old fighting Tartars
 Generals and field marshals all ;
 Every point of war debated,
 Each in his turn the signal waited,
 Forth to march and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager
 When the word sped round our leaguer :
 "Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-night
 Then, bold hearts, sound boot and saddle,
 Stand to your arms, and on to battle,
 Every one that has hands to fight !"

Musqueteers, horse, yagers, forming,
 Sword in hand each bosom warming,
 Still as death we all advance ;
 Each prepared, come blows or booty,
 German-like to do our duty,
 Joining hands in the gallant dance.

Our cannoneers, those tough old heroes,
 Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,
 Firing ordnance great and small ;
 Right and left our cannon thundered,
 Till the pagans quaked, and wondered,
 And by platoons began to fall.

On the right, like a lion angered,
 Bold Eugene cheered on the bold vanguard ;
 Ludovic spurred up and down,
 Crying "On, boys ; every hand to 't ;
 Brother Germans, nobly stand to 't ;
 Charge them home, for our old renown !"

Gallant prince ! he spoke no more ; he
 Fell in early youth and glory,
 Struck from his horse by some curst ball :
 Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,
 For a brother's love he bore him ;
 Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes ;
 Cannon peals and musket flashes

O'er his grave due honors paid :
 Then, the old black eagle flying,
 All the pagan powers defying,
 On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Translation of JOHN HUGHES.

Ivry.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all
 glories are !
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of
 Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and
 the dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O
 pleasant land of France !
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city
 of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourn-
 ing daughters ;
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy ;
 For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought
 thy walls annoy.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the
 chance of war !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the
 dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the league drawn out in long
 array ;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel
 peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
 Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
 of our land ;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
 in his hand ;
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
 empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with
 his blood ;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
 fate of war,
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of
 Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest;

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his
gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout: God save
our lord the king!

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well
he may—

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody
fray—

Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst
the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Na-
varre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the min-
gled din,

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roar-
ing culverin.

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and
Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen
of France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the
lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand
spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the
snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like
a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours: Mayenne
hath turned his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish
count is slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags,
and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along
our van,

Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed from
man to man.

But out spake gentle Henry—"No Frenchman is
my foe:

Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your
brethren go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or
in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought
for France to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;

And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet
white—

Ourown true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of
false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all the host
may know

How God hath humbled the proud house which
wrought His Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their
loudest point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry
of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who
never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that your
arms be bright;

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and
ward to-night;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God
hath raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor
of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all
glories are;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of
Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY.

Bannock-Burn.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled —
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led —
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa' —
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

Give a Rouse.

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Naseby.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the
north,
With your hands, and your feet, and your rai-
ment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous
shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that
ye tread?

Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the
fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that
we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty
and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints
of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of
June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cui-
rasses shine,
And the man of blood was there, with his long es-
senced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of
the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his bible and his
sword,
The general rode along us to form us for the
fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled
into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's
right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charging line:

For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws!

For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,

His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of White-hall;

They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close your ranks!

For Rupert never comes, but to conquer or to fall.

They are here — they rush on — we are broken — we are gone —

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound — the centre hath given ground.

Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row:

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;

And he — he turns! he flies! shame on those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,

First give another stab to make your search secure;

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven, and hell, and fate?

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! for ever down, with the mitre and the crown!

With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!

There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,

And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the houses and the word!

LORD MACAULAY.

An Horatian Ode,

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And, with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould!

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain —
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art:

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn.
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust :

Nor yet grown stiffer by command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And, what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul ;
To Italy an Hannibal ;
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Piet no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colored mind ;
But from this valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect !

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Sonnets.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a
cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pur-
sued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots im-
bued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much re-
mains
To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from
harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and
seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, tho' clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, t' have lost them over-
 plied
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask,
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON.

When Banners are Waving.

WHEN banners are waving,
 And lances a-pushing;
 When captains are shouting,
 And war-horses rushing;
 When cannon are roaring,
 And hot bullets flying,
 He that would honor win,
 Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick
 That it seems to be snowing;
 Though streamlets with blood
 More than water are flowing;
 Though with sabre and bullet
 Our bravest are dying,
 We speak of revenge, but
 We ne'er speak of flying.

Come, stand to it, heroes!
 The heathen are coming;
 Horsemen are round the walls,
 Riding and running;
 Maidens and matrons all
 Arm! arm! are crying,
 From petards the wildfire's
 Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
 Loudly are braying;
 The steeds for the onset
 Are snorting and neighing;
 As waves in the ocean,
 The dark plumes are dancing;
 As stars in the blue sky,
 The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
 Their sabres are sweeping;
 Now swords from our sheaths
 By the thousand are leaping;
 Like the flash of the levin
 Ere men hearken thunder,
 Swords gleam, and the steel caps
 Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased,
 And the flashing of cannon!
 I looked from the turret
 For crescent and pennon:
 As flax touched by fire,
 As hail in the river,
 They were smote, they were fallen,
 And had melted for ever.

ANONYMOUS.

The Covenanters' Battle-Chant.

To battle! to battle!
 To slaughter and strife!
 For a sad, broken covenant
 We barter poor life.
 The great God of Judah
 Shall smite with our hand,
 And break down the idols
 That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
 In prayer, and in song;
 Remember the battle
 Is not to the strong.
 Lo, the Ammonites thicken!
 And onward they come,
 To the vain noise of trumpet,
 Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
 With hagbut and spear;
 They lust for a banquet
 That's deathful and dear.
 Now horseman and footman
 Sweep down the hill-side;
 They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
 To die in their pride!

See, long plume and pennon
 Stream gay in the air!
 They are given us for slaughter,
 Shall God's people spare?
 Nay, nay; lop them off—
 Friend, father, and son;
 All earth is athirst till
 The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,
 And lift high the sword!
 For biting must blades be
 That fight for the Lord.
 Remember, remember,
 How saints' blood was shed,
 As free as the rain, and
 Homes desolate made!

Among them!—among them!
 Unburied bones cry:
 Avenge us,—or, like us,
 Faith's true martyrs die!
 Hew, hew down the spoilers!
 Slay on, and spare none;
 Then shout forth in gladness,
 Heaven's battle is won!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

The Cameronian's Dream.

IN a dream of the night I was wafted away
 To the muirland of mist, where the martyrs lay;
 Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,
 Engraved on the stone where the heather grows
 green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood
 When the minister's home was the mountain and
 wood;

When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of
 Zion,
 All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from
 the east
 Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's
 breast;
 On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining
 dew
 Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and moun-
 tain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny
 cloud,
 The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
 And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and
 deep,
 Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of
 sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and
 gladness—
 The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and
 redness;
 Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
 And drink the delight of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other
 feelings,
 Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings;
 Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sor-
 row,
 For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-
 morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron
 were lying
 Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl
 was crying;
 For the horsemen of Earls hall around them were
 hovering,
 And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty
 covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were un-
 sheathed,
 But the vengeance that darkened their brow was
 unbreathed;

With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they
were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and un-
clouded;

Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and un-
bending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is
rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was
streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was roll-
ing,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty
were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat
was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud de-
scended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of
brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribu-
lation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salva-
tion.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are
riding—
Glide swiftly, bright spirits; the prize is before
ye—
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

JAMES HYSLOP.

The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

To the lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse who
spoke,
"Ere the king's crown shall fall, there are crowns
to be broke;
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!*

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let
him be,
The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dun-
dee!"

As he rode doun the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie
and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dun-
dee!

With sour-featured whigs the grass-market was
thranged,
As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in
each ee,
As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie Dun-
dee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes.
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
 Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond
 Forth;
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in
 the north;
 There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
 three
 Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of bonnie Dun-
 dee.

"There's brass on the target of barked bull-
 hide,
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles be-
 side;
 The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash
 free,
 At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
 Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;
 And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your
 glee,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
 blown,
 The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode
 on,
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
 Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
 Come open your doors and let me gae free,
 For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lochaber no more.

FAREWELL to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day been!
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on war,

Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my
 mind;
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favor I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Charlie is my Darling.

'Twas on a Monday morning
 Richt early in the year,
 That Charlie cam' to our town,
 The young chevalier.

*And Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling;
 Charlie he's my darling,
 The young chevalier!*

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view,
 Oh, there he spied a bonny lass
 The window looking through.

Say licht's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin;
 And wha sae ready as hersel'
 To let the laddie in?

He set his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland dress;
 For brawly weel he kenn'd the way
 To please a bonnie lass.

It's up on yon heathery mountain,
And down yon seroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.

*And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!*

ANONYMOUS.

The Gallant Grahams.

To wear the blue I think it best,
Of a' the colors that I see;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams
That are banished frae their ain countrie.

I'll crown them east, I'll crown them west,
The bravest lads that e'er I saw;
They bore the gree in free fighting,
And ne'er were slack their swords to draw.

They wan the day wi' Wallace wight;
They were the lords o' the south countrie;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
Till the gallant Grahams come o'er the sea.

At the Gouk head, where their camp was set,
They rade the white horse and the gray,
A' glancing in their plated armor,
As the gowd shines in a summer's day.

But woe to Hacket, and Strachan baith,
And ever an ill death may they die,
For they betrayed the gallant Grahams,
That aye were true to majesty.

Now fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale,
Baith kith and kin that I could name;
Oh, I would sell my silken snood
To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

ANONYMOUS.

Kenmure's On and Awa.

Oh, Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
Oh, Kenmure's on and awa!
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
Oh, Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true —
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa;
And here's the flower that I love best —
The rose that's like the snaw.

ROBERT BURNS.

Here's a Health to Them that's Awa.

HERE's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!

Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!
 There's nane ever feared that the truth should be
 heard
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 And here's to them that's awa;
 Here's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha does na
 like 'em
 We'll build in a hole o' the wa'.
 Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
 Here's fruit that's sound at the core!
 May he that would turn the buff and blue coat
 Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 And here's to them that's awa;
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
 And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread!

ROBERT BURNS.

Lochiel's Warning.

WIZARD. LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
 crown;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of
 war
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the
 gate.
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led —
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
 torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
 From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the
 north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
 Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the
 blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of
 heaven.

O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to
 burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
 stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing
 brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
 They are true to the last of their blood and their
 breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
 rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;

When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal;

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!

For never shall Albin a destiny meet
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Border Ballad.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale!
 Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!

All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border!

Many a banner spread

Flutters above your head,

Many a crest that is famous in story! —

Mount and make ready, then,

Sons of the mountain glen,

Fight for the queen and our old Scottish glory!

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding;

War-steeds are bounding;

Stand to your arms, and march in good order,

England shall many a day

Tell of the bloody fray,

When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,

Pibroch of Donuil,

Wake thy wild voice anew,

Summon Clan-Conuil!

Come away, come away —

Hark to the summons!

Come in your war array,

Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and

From mountain so rocky;

The war-pipe and pennon

Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded!
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster —
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come —
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Kneel for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Wae's Me for Prince Charlie.

A WEE bird came to our ha' door;
He warbled sweet and clearly;
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonny, bonny bird,
The tears came drapping rarely;
I took my bonnet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie,

Quoth I: "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is't some words ye've learned by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"

"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain! —
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart near bursted fairly;
For sadly changed indeed was he —
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night came on; the tempest howled
Out owre the hills and valleys;
And where was't that your prince lay down,
Whose hame should be a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom —
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"Oh! this is no a land for me —
I'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hovered on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain,
'Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

WILLIAM GLEN.

Hame, Hame, Hame!

HAME, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on
the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning now to fa';
The bonnie white rose, it is withering an' a';
But we'll water it wi' the bluid of usurping tyrannie,
And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie!
Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh there's nocht now frae ruin my countrie can
save,

But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltye
Ma'y rise again and fight for their ain coun-
trie.

*Hame, hame, hame ! oh hame I fain would be !
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !*

The great now are gone wha attempted to save,
The green grass is growing abune their grave ;
Yet the sun through the mist seems to promise to
me,

"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

*Hame, hame, hame ! oh hame I fain would be !
Oh hame, hame, hame ! to my ain countrie !*

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My Ain Countrie.

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he ;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
Oh gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

Oh it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e.
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
An' smiled my fair Marie :
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee ;
But I'll win back — oh never,
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
An there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countrie.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Broadswords of Scotland.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm
on the sea,

Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
free,

Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dun-
dee.

*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland !
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !*

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the
brave —

Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with
the slave,

Whose libation comes slow while we honor his
grave.

*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland !
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !*

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on
the shore,

Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.

*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland !
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !*

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim ;
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Gra-
ham,

*All the broadswords of old Scotland !
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !*

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of
the Forth,

Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of
the north ;

Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and
their worth,

*All the broadswords of old Scotland !
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !*

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.

*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland !
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !*

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dun-
dee.

*Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland !
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !*

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Fontenoy.

THRICE at the huts of Fontenoy the English col-
umn failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in
vain assailed ;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flank-
ing battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch
auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British
soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back diminished
and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anx-
ious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance
to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals
ride !
And mustering came his chosen troops like clouds
at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column
tread ;
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay
is at their head.
Steady they step adown the slopes, steady they
mount the hill,
Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right
onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a
furnace-blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bul-
lets showering fast ;
And on the open plain above they rose and kept
their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at
hostile force.

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow
their ranks,
They break as breaks the Zuyder Zee through Hol-
land's ocean-banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs
rush round ;
As stubble to the lava-tide, French squadrons
strew the ground ;
Bombshell and grape and round-shot tore, still on
they marched and fired ;
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur re-
tired.

"Push on my household cavalry," King Louis
madly cried.

To death they rush, but rude their shock, not un-
avenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King
Louis turned his rein.

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed ; "the Irish
troops remain."

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a
Waterloo,

Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement,
and true.

"Lord Clare," he said, "you have your wish ; there
are your Saxon foes !"

The Marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he
goes.

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont
to be so gay !

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
hearts to-day :

The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas
writ could dry ;

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their
women's parting cry ;

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their
country overthrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on
him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud
exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he
commands :

"Fix bayonets—charge !" Like mountain-storm
rush on those fiery bands.

Thin is the English column now, and faint their
volleys grow,
Yet mustering all the strength they have, they
make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that
battle-wind!
Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the
men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when through
the surging smoke,
With empty guns 'clutched in their hands, the
headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce
huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the
Saesanagh!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hun-
ger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles
sprang;
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns
are filled with gore;
Through scattered ranks and severed files and
trampled flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength, paused,
rallied, scattered, fled;
The green hillside is matted close with dying and
with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hide-
ous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is
fought and won!

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

Song of the Cornish Men.

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Outspake their captain, brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar land to land,
The Severn is no stay—
With one and all, and hand-in-hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London wall,—
A pleasant sight to view,—
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
To better men than you!

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why!"

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Song.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And there the last unfinished word
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were covered by the sounding sea;
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty!

THOMAS MOORE.

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks
 To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

Ode.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blessed!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Peace to the Slumberers.

PEACE to the slumberers!
 They lie on the battle-plain,
 With no shroud to cover them;
 The dew and the summer rain
 And all that sweep over them.
 Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery!
 The fallen oak lies where it lay
 Across the wintry river;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
 Are gone, alas! forever.
 Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
 Of whom his sword bereft us,
 Ere we forget the deep arrears
 Of vengeance they have left us!
 Woe to the conqueror!

THOMAS MOORE.

Veteran and Recruit.

HE filled the crystal goblet
 With golden-beaded wine:
 "Come, comrades, now, I bid ye—
 'To the true love of mine!'

"Her forehead's pure and holy,
 Her hair is tangled gold,
 Her heart to me so tender,
 To others' love is cold.

"So drain your glasses empty
 And fill me another yet;
 Two glasses at least for the dearest
 And sweetest girl, Lisette."

Up rose a grizzled sergeant—
 "My true love I give thee,
 Three true loves blent in one love,
 A soldier's trinity.

"Here's to the flag we follow,
 Here's to the land we serve,
 And here's to holy honor
 That doth the two preserve."

Then rose they up around him,
 And raised their eyes above,
 And drank in solemn silence
 Unto the sergeant's love.

EDWARD WENTWORTH HAZEWELL.

God Save the King.

God save our gracious king!
 Long live our noble king!
 God save the king!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us—
 God save the king!

O Lord our God, arise!
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks;
 On him our hopes we fix,
 God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice—
God save the king!

ANONYMOUS.

Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! the French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Oh! the French are in the bay;
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
*Oh! the French are in the bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
On the Currach of Kildare;
The boys they will be there
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
*To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?
*What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?*

And what color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
What color should be seen,
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
*What color should be seen,
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
*Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

ANONYMOUS.

How They brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts
undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great
pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew
 near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
 clear;
 At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
 half-chime —
 So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
 bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
 track;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and
 anon
 His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
 spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in
 her;
 We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
 wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and stagger-
 ing knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble
 like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his
 roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
 fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
 peer —
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise,
 bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
 As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the
 ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of
 wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Knight's Leap.

A LEGEND OF ALTENAUH.

So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine;
 And the water is spent and gone?
 Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine:
 I never shall drink but this one.

And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
 And lead him me round to the door:
 He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
 As horse never took before.

I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
 I have drunk my share of wine;
 From Trier to Cöln there was never a knight
 Led a merrier life than mine.

I have lived by the saddle for years twoscore;
 And if I must die on tree,
 Then the old saddle tree, which has borne me of yore,
 Is the properest timber for me.

So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
 How the Altenahr hawk can die :
 If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
 He must take to his wings and fly.

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
 And he mounted his horse at the door ;
 And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
 As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
 And he leaped him out over the wall ;
 Out over the cliff, out into the night,
 Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
 With never a bone in him whole —
 A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen,
 For such a bold rider's soul.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Indian Death-Song.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the
 day,

But glory remains when their lights fade away.
 Begin, you tormentors ! your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low !
 Why so slow ? do you wait till I shrink from the
 pain ?
 No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation
 away.

Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain ;
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
 Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from
 pain ;
 And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorned to com-
 plain.

ANNE HUNTER.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
 Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled ;
 The land is full of harvests and green meads."
 BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dashed high,
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came ;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ;
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea ;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
 This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band :
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod;
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

THE Pilgrim Fathers, where are they?
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
 As they break along the shore—
 Still roll in the bay as they rolled that day
 When the Mayflower moored below,
 When the sea around was black with storms,
 And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep
 Still brood upon the tide;
 And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
 To stay its waves of pride:
 But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale
 When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
 As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
 Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!
 The hill, whose icy brow
 Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
 In the morning's flame burns now.
 And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
 On the hill-side and the sea,
 Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
 But the pilgrim, where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
 When Summer is throned on high,
 And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
 Go, stand on the hill where they lie:
 The earliest ray of the golden day
 On the hallowed spot is cast;
 And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
 Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled:
 It walks in noon's broad light;
 And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
 With the holy stars by night:

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
 And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
 Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of every glorious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time,
 Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
 The force of art by nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
 Where nature guides and virtue rules,
 Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
 The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empire and of arts,
 The good and great uprising epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
 The four first acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

Hymn

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONU-
 MENT, APRIL 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone,
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, or leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Carmen Bellicosum.

In their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old continentals,
 Yielding not,
 When the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon-shot;
 When the files
 Of the isles,
 From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
 Unicorn,
 And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll
 Of the drummer,
 Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
 And the balls whistled deadly,
 And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
 As the roar
 On the shore,
 Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
 Of the plain;
 And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gun-powder,
 Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
 Worked the red St. George's
 Cannoniers;
 And the "villainous saltpetre"
 Rung a fierce, discordant metre
 Round their ears;
 As the swift
 Storm-drift,
 With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards'
 clangor
 On our flanks.
 Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud;
 And his broad sword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet loud.
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
 And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
 Rifle-breath;
 And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
 Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

Song of Marion's Men.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress-tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea;
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near!

On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear;
 When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again;
 And they who fly in terror, deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil;
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodlands ring with laugh and shout
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads —
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp —
 A moment — and away!
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs;
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton,
 For ever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The Star-spangled Banner.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
 gleaming —
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
 perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
 streaming!
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
 air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was
 still there.
 Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the
 deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
 reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
 steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
 closes?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
 beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's con-
 fusion
 A home and a country should leave us no
 more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
 pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the
 grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

The American Flag.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there;
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
 Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on;

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall,
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 For ever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

❶ Mother of a Mighty Race.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
 Admire and hate thy blooming years;
 With words of shame
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.
 For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
 That tints thy morning hills with red;

Thy step — the wild deer's rustling feet
 Within thy woods are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail — those haughty ones,
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons!
 They do not know how loved thou art,
 How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
 Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
 What virtues with thy children bide —
 How true, how good, thy graceful maids
 Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
 What generous men
 Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
 By thy lone rivers of the west;
 How faith is kept, and truth revered,
 And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
 And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
 For earth's down-trodden and opprest,
 A shelter for the hunted head,
 For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power, at thy bounds,
 Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
 Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
 Deep in the brightness of thy skies
 The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
 Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
 Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
 And when thy sisters, elder born,
 Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye
 Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Our State.

THE south-land boasts its teeming cane,
 The prairied west its heavy grain,
 And sunset's radiant gates unfold
 On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State
 Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
 — Her yellow sands are sands alone,
 Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
 Too long her winter woods complain;
 From budding flower to falling leaf,
 Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
 And wintry hills, the school-house stands;
 And what her rugged soil denies
 The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the commonwealth
 Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
 And more to her than gold or grain
 The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
 The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
 And still maintains, with milder laws,
 And clearer light, the good old cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
 While near her school the church-spire stands;
 Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
 While near her church-spire stands the school.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Monterey.

WE were not many, we who stood
 Before the iron sleet that day;
 Yet many a gallant spirit would
 Give half his years if but he could
 Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
 Yet not a single soldier quailed
 When wounded comrades round them wailed
 Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept
 Through walls of flame its withering way;
 Where fell the dead, the living slept,
 Still charging on the guns which swept
 The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
 When, striking where he strongest lay,
 We swooped his flanking batteries past,
 And braving full their murderous blast,
 Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
 And there our evening bugles play;
 Where orange-boughs above their grave,
 Keep green the memory of the brave
 Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, we who pressed
 Beside the brave who fell that day;
 But who of us has not confessed
 He'd rather share their warrior rest
 Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

The Battle-Field.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
 And fiery hearts and armed hands
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still:
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
 And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
 Men start not at the battle-cry—
 Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
 Who minglest in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year;
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blench not at thy chosen lot;
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
 For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
 The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
 When they who helped thee flee in fear,
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
 Another hand the standard wave,
 Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
 The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The Battle Autumn of 1862.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
 The charging trumpets blow;
 Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
 No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
 Her ancient promise well,
 Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
 The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
 Through harvest-happy farms,
 And still she wears her fruits and flowers
 Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
 This joy of eve and morn,
 The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
 And yellow locks of corn ?

Ah ! eyes may well be full of tears,
 And hearts with hate are hot ;
 But even-paced come round the years,
 And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
 With songs our groans of pain ;
 She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
 The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
 Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm ;
 Too near to God for doubt or fear,
 She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
 The fires that blast and burn ;
 For all the tears of blood we sow
 She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
 The good of suffering born,—
 The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
 And ripen like her corn.

O, give to us in times like these,
 The vision of her eyes ;
 And make her fields and fruited trees
 Our golden prophecies !

O, give to us her finer ear !
 Above this stormy din,
 We too would hear the bells of cheer
 Ring peace and freedom in !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Fredericksburg.

THE increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
 And on the churchyard by the road, I know,
 It falls as white and noiselessly as snow.
 'Twas such a night two weary summers fled ;
 The stars as now were waning overhead.
 Listen ! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow
 Where the swift currents of the river flow
 Past Fredericksburg ; far off the heavens are red
 With sudden conflagration : on yon height,
 Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their
 breath ;
 A signal-rocket pierces the dense night,
 Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath ;
 Hark !—the artillery massing on the right,
 Hark !—the black squadrons wheeling down to
 death.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Roll-Call.

"CORPORAL GREEN !" the orderly cried.
 "Here !" was the answer, loud and clear,
 From the lips of the soldier who stood near ;
 And "Here !" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew !"—then silence fell—
 This time no answer followed the call ;
 Only his rear man had seen him fall,
 Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
 These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
 As plain to be read as open books,
 While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with
 blood,
 And down in the corn where the poppies
 grew,
 Were redder stains than the poppies knew ;
 And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
 That day, in the face of a murderous fire
 That swept them down in its terrible ire,
 And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind
sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it, and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory, yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

NATHANIEL G. SHEPHERD.

Barbara Frietchie.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave !

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Black Regiment.

MAY 27TH, 1863.

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land ;—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine ;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

" Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
" Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land ; or bound,
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again !"
Oh ! what a shout there went
From the black regiment !

" Charge !" Trump and drum awoke ;
Onward the bondmen broke ;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush,
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh ;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course ;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel ;—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

" Freedom !" their battle-cry—
" Freedom ! or leave to die !"
Ah ! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout ;
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood ;
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe ;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death ;
Praying—alas ! in vain !—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty !
This was what " freedom " lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell ;
But they are resting well ;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true !
Hail them as comrades tried ;
Fight with them side by side ;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Vigil Strange I kept on the Field.

VIGIL strange I kept on the field one night:
 When you, my son and my comrade, dropt at my
 side that day,
 One look I but gave, which your dear eyes re-
 turn'd, with a look I shall never forget;
 One touch of your hand to mine, O boy, reached
 up as you lay on the ground;
 Then onward I sped in the battle, the even-con-
 tested battle;
 Till late in the night relieved to the place at last
 again I made my way;
 Found you in death so cold, dear comrade—found
 your body, son of responding kisses, (never
 again on earth responding;)
 Bared your face in the starlight—curious the
 scene—cool blew the moderate night-wind;
 Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around
 me the battle-field spreading;
 Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet, there in the fra-
 grant silent night;
 But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh.—
 Long, long I gazed;
 Then on the earth partially reclining, sat by your
 side, leaning my chin in my hands;
 Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours
 with you, dearest comrade—not a tear, not a
 word;
 Vigil of silence, love, and death—vigil for you,
 my son and my soldier;
 As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones
 upward stole;
 Vigil final for you, brave boy, (I could not save
 you, swift was your death,
 I faithfully loved you and cared for you living—
 I think we shall surely meet again;)
 Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just
 as the dawn appeared,
 My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, enveloped well
 his form.
 Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over
 head, and carefully under feet;
 And there and then, and bathed by the rising sun,
 my son in his grave, in his rude-dug grave, I
 deposited;
 Ending my vigil strange with that—vigil of night
 and battle-field dim;

Vigil for boy of responding kisses (never again on
 earth responding;)
 Vigil for comrade swiftly slain—vigil I never for-
 get, how as day brightened,
 I rose from the chill ground, and folded my soldier
 well in his blanket,
 And buried him where he fell.

WALT WHITMAN.

A Sight in Camp in the Day-break Gray and Dim.

A SIGHT in camp in the day-break gray and dim,
 As from my tent I emerge so early, sleepless,
 As slow I walk in the cool fresh air, the path near
 by the hospital tent,
 Three forms I see on stretchers lying, brought out
 there, untended lying,
 Over each the blanket spread, ample brownish
 woollen blanket,
 Gray and heavy blanket, folding, covering all.

Curious I halt, and silent stand;
 Then with light fingers I from the face of the near-
 est, the first, just lift the blanket:
 Who are you, elderly man so gaunt and grim, with
 well-grayed hair, and flesh all sunken about the
 eyes?
 Who are you, my dear comrade?

Then to the second I step. And who are you, my
 child and darling?
 Who are you, sweet boy, with cheeks yet blooming?

Then to the third—a face nor child, nor old, very
 calm, as of beautiful yellow-white ivory;
 Young man, I think I know you—I think this face
 of yours is the face of the Christ himself;
 Dead and divine, and brother of all, and here again
 he lies.

WALT WHITMAN.

Our Fallen Heroes.

THE angel of the nation's peace
 Has wreathed with flowers the battle-drum;
 We see the fruiting fields increase
 Where sound of war no more shall come.

The swallow skims the Tennessee,
Soft winds play o'er the Rapidan;
There only echo notes of glee,
Where gleamed a mighty army's van!

Fair Chattanooga's wooded slope
With summer airs is lightly stirred,
And many a heart is warm with hope
Where once the deep-mouthed gun was heard.

The blue Potomac stainless rolls,
And Mission Ridge is gemmed with fern;
On many a height sleep gallant souls,
And still the blooming years return.

Thank God! unseen to outward eye,
But felt in every freeman's breast,
From graves where fallen comrades lie
Ascends at Nature's wise behest,

With springing grass and blossoms new,
A prayer to bless the nation's life,
To freedom's flower give brighter hue,
And hide the awful stains of strife.

O, Boys in Blue, we turn to you,
The scarred and mangled who survive;
No more we meet in grand review,
But all the arts of freedom thrive.

Still glows the jewel in its shrine,
Won where the James now tranquil rolls;
Its wealth for all, the glory thine,
O memory of heroic souls!

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind:
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind:
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.

Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dark fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war its richest spoil,
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

Incident of the French Camp.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow,
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall," —
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect —
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The marshal 's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him ! " The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes ;
 " You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, sire ! " And, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Hohenlinden.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
 Then rushed the steeds to battle driven ;
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
 On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
 And bloodier yet shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ave Imperatrix !

SET in this stormy northern sea,
 Queen of these restless fields of tide,
 England ! what shall men say of thee,
 Before whose feet the worlds divide ?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
To leap through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steep of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armed men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
Our winged dogs of victory?

The almond-groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go;

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabul,
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat;

Where through the narrow straight bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar,
Unto some old and bearded Khan;

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery flight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England — she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with lovè-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
And in each house made desolate,

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain,
Some tarnished epaulette, some sword,
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, laid to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead loved best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
 O silence of the sunless day!
 O still ravine! O stormy deep!
 Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And thou whose wounds are never healed,
 Whose weary race is never won,
 O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
 For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
 Change thy glad song to song of pain;
 Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
 And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
 Possess the flower of English land—
 Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
 Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
 The whole round world with nets of gold,
 If hidden in our heart is found
 The care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
 Pine-forest-like, on every main?
 Ruin and wreck are at our side,
 Grim warders of the house of pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
 Where is our English chivalry?
 Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
 And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
 What word of love can dead lips send?
 O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
 Is this the end? Is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
 To vex their solemn slumber so:
 Though childless and with thorn-crowned head,
 Up the steep road must England go;

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
 Her watchmen shall desery from far
 The young Republic like a sun
 Rise from these crimson seas of war.

OSCAR WILDE.

The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of death,
 Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred;
 For up came an order which
 Some one had blundered.
 "Forward, the light brigade!
 Take the guns!" Nolan said:
 Into the valley of death,
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the light brigade!"
 No man was there dismayed—
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered:
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die—
 Into the valley of death,
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well;
 Into the jaws of death,
 Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed all at once in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 With many a desperate stroke
 The Russian line they broke;
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.



THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

SEA SCENE 1 ADULT N 1

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the light brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ye Mariners of England.

YE mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow —
While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow —
While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
 Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy winds do blow —
When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow —
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Battle of the Baltic.

OF Nelson and the north
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line —
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
 As they drifted on their path
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail,
 Or in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave:
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 And we conquer but to save;
 So peace instead of death let us bring;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day.
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good Riou—
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

An Old-Fashioned Sea-Fight.

Would you hear of an old-fashioned sea-fight?
 Would you learn who won by the light of the moon
 and stars?
 List to the story as my grandmother's father, the
 sailor, told it to me.

Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you, (said
 he;)
 His was the surly English pluck, and there is no
 tougher or truer, and never was, and never
 will be;
 Along the lowered eve he came, horribly rak-
 ing us.

We closed with him, the yards entangled, the can-
 non touched;
 My captain lashed fast with his own hands.

We had received some eighteen-pound shots under
 the water;
 On our lower-gun-deck two large pieces had burst
 at the first fire, killing all around, and blow-
 ing up overhead.

Fighting at sundown, fighting at dark;
 Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our
 leaks on the gain, and five feet of water re-
 ported;
 The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined
 in the after-hold, to give them a chance for
 themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt
 by the sentinels,
 They see so many strange faces, they do not know
 whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire;
 The other asks if we demand quarter,
 If our colors are struck, and the fighting is
 done.

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my
 little captain:

*We have not struck, he composedly cries, we have
 just begun our part of the fighting.*

Only three guns are in use;
One is directed by the captain himself against the
enemy's main-mast;
Two, well served with grape and canister, silence
his musketry and clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery,
especially the main-top;
They hold out bravely during the whole of the action.

Not a moment's cease;
The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire eats
toward the powder-magazine.

One of the pumps has been shot away, it is gener-
ally thought we are sinking.

Serene stands the little captain;
He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor
low;
His eyes give more light to us than our battle-
lanterns.

Toward twelve at night, there in the beams of the
moon, they surrender to us.

Stretched and still lies the midnight;
Two great hulls motionless on the breast of the
darkness;
Our vessel riddled and slowly sinking—prepara-
tions to pass to the one we have conquered;
The captain on the quarter-deck coldly giving
his orders through a countenance white as a
sheet;
Near by, the corpse of the child that served in the
cabin;
The dead face of an old salt with long white hair
and carefully curled whiskers;
The flames, spite of all that can be done, flickering
aloft and below;
The husky voices of the two or three officers yet
fit for duty;
Formless stacks of bodies, and bodies by them-
selves, dabs of flesh upon the masts and
spars,
Cut of cordage, dangle of rigging, slight shock of
the soothe of waves,
Black and impassive guns, litter of powder-parcels,
strong scent,

Delicate sniffs of sea-breeze, smells of sedgy grass,
and charge to survivors,
The hiss of the surgeon's knife, the gnawing teeth
of his saw,
Wheeze, chuck, swash of falling blood, short wild
scream, and long, dull, tapering groan;
These so—these irretrievable.

WALT WHITMAN.

The Sea-Fight.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

AN, yes, the fight! Well, messmates, well,
I served on board that ninety-eight;
Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.
To-night, be sure a crushing weight
Upon my sleeping breast, a hell
Of dread will sit. At any rate,
Though land-locked here, a watch I'll keep—
Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep?

That ninety-eight I sailed on board;
Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;
Right aft the rising tempest roared;
A noble first-rate hove in view;
And soon high in the gale there soared
Her streamed-out bunting—red, white, blue!
We cleared for fight, and landward bore,
To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn
Twice laid with words of silken stuff.
A fact's a fact; and ye may larn
The rights o' this, though wild and rough
My words may loom. 'Tis your consarn,
Not mine, to understand. Enough!
We neared the Frenchman where he lay,
And as we neared, he blazed away.

We tacked, hove to; we filled, we wore;
Did all that seamanship could do
To rake him aft, or by the fore;
Now rounded off, and now broached to;
And now our starboard broadside bore,
And showers of iron through and through
His vast hull hissed; our larboard then
Swept from his three-fold decks his men.

As we, like a huge serpent, toiled,
 And wound about, through that wild sea,
 The Frenchman each manœuvre foiled —
 'Vantage to neither there could be.
 Whilst thus the waves between us boiled,
 We both resolved right manfully
 To fight it side by side; — began
 Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain
 Rings out her wild, delirious scream!
 Redoubling thunders shake the main;
 Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.
 The timbers with the broadsides strain;
 The slippery decks send up a steam
 From hot and living blood, and high
 And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splintered bone,
 Th' unstiffened corpse, now block the way!
 Who now can hear the dying groan?
 The trumpet of the judgment-day,
 Had it pealed forth its mighty tone,
 We should not then have heard, — to say
 Would be rank sin; but this I tell,
 That could alone our madness quell.

Upon the forecastle I fought
 As captain of the for'ad gun.
 A scattering shot the carriage caught!
 What mother then had known her son
 Of those who stood around? — distraught,
 And smeared with gore, about they run,
 Then fall, and writhe, and howling die!
 But one escaped — that one was I!

Night darkened round, and the storm pealed,
 To windward of us lay the foe.
 As he to leeward over keeled,
 He could not fight his guns below;
 So just was going to strike — when reeled
 Our vessel, as if some vast blow
 From an almighty hand had rent
 The huge ship from her element.

Then howled the thunder. Tumult then
 Had stunned herself to silence. Round
 Were scattered lightning-blasted men!
 Our mainmast went. All stifled, drowned,

Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again
 The bolt burst on us, and we found
 Our masts all gone, our decks all riven:
 Man's war mocks faintly that of heaven!

Just then — nay, messmates, laugh not now —
 As I, amazed, one minute stood
 Amidst that rout; I know not how —
 'Twas silence all — the raving flood,
 The guns that pealed from stem to bow,
 And God's own thunder — nothing could
 I then of all that tumult hear,
 Or see aught of that scene of fear.

My aged mother at her door
 Sat mildly o'er her humming wheel;
 The cottage, orchard, and the moor —
 I saw them plainly all. I'll kneel,
 And swear I saw them! Oh, they wore
 A look all peace. Could I but feel
 Again that bliss that then I felt,
 That made my heart, like childhood's, melt!

The blessed tear was on my cheek,
 She smiled with that old smile I know:
 "Turn to me, mother, turn and speak,"
 Was on my quivering lips — when lo!
 All vanished, and a dark, red streak
 Glared wild and vivid from the foe,
 That flashed upon the blood-stained water —
 For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck and hailed us. On us fast
 All burning, helplessly, she came —
 Near, and more near; and not a mast
 Had we to help us from that flame.
 'Twas then the bravest stood aghast —
 'Twas then the wicked, on the name
 (With danger and with guilt appalled,)
 Of God, too long neglected, called.

Th' eddying flames with ravening tongue
 Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash —
 We almost touched — when ocean rung
 Down to its depths with one loud crash!
 In heaven's top vault one instant hung
 The vast, intense, and blinding flash!
 Then all was darkness, stillness, dread —
 The wave moaned o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone! blown up! that gallant foe!
 And though she left us in a plight,
 We floated still; long were, I know,
 And hard, the labors of that night
 To clear the wreck. At length in tow
 A frigate took us, when 'twas light;
 And soon an English port we gained —
 A hulk all battered and blood-stained.

So many slain — so many drowned!
 I like not of that fight to tell.
 Come, let the cheerful grog go round!
 Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho, spell —
 Though a pressed man, I'll still be found
 To do a seaman's duty well.
 I wish our brother landsmen knew
 One half we jolly tars go through.

ANONYMOUS.

Ye Gentlemen of England.

Ye gentlemen of England
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 All the cares and the fears
 When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
 Must bear a valiant heart,
 For when you come upon the seas,
 You must not think to start;
 Nor once to be faint-hearted,
 In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
 Nor to think for to shrink
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
 Poor seamen do endure,
 Both day and night, with many a fright,
 We seldom rest secure.
 Our sleep it is disturbed
 With visions strange to know,
 And with dreams, on the streams,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
 Which darkness doth enforce,
 We often find our ship to stray
 Beyond our wonted course;
 Which causeth great distractions,
 And sinks our hearts full low;
 'Tis in vain to complain,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
 Our ship is tossed in waves,
 And every man expecting
 The sea to be their graves;
 Then up aloft she mounteth,
 And down again so low;
 'Tis with waves — O! with waves,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
 With all our might and thought;
 When refuge all doth fail us,
 'Tis that must bear us out;
 To God we call for succor,
 For he it is, we know,
 That must aid us, and save us,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
 That sit in gowns of fur,
 In closets warm can take no harm,—
 Abroad they need not stir;
 When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
 And beats with hail and snow,
 We are sure to endure,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
 And jewels of great price,
 To serve our English gallantry,
 With many a rare device;
 To please the English gallantry,
 Our pains we freely show,
 For we toil, and we toil,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies
 To fetch home spices rare;
 Sometimes again to France and Spain,
 For wines beyond compare:

Whilst gallants are carousing,
 In taverns on a row,
 Then we sweep o'er the deep
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
 And greatest fears are past,
 In weather fair, and temperate air,
 We straight lie down to rest ;
 But when the billows tumble,
 And waves do furious grow,
 Then we rouse, up we rouse,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
 When England is at wars,
 With any foreign nations,
 We fear not wounds nor scars ;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valor for to know,
 Whilst they reel in the keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred ;
 We'll play our parts like valiant hearts,
 And never fly for dread ;
 We'll ply our business nimbly,
 Where'er we come or go,
 With our mates to the Straits,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismayed,—
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade ;
 Our merchants will employ us
 To fetch them wealth, I know ;
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
 With wages for our pains,
 The tapster and the vintner
 Will help to share our gains ;
 We'll call for liquor roundly,
 And pay before we go ;
 Then we'll roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

MARTYN PARKER.

Casabianca.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but him had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud — " Say, father, say,
 If yet my task is done ?"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,
 " If I may yet be gone !"
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And looked from that lone post of death
 In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 " My father ! must I stay ?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —
 The boy — oh ! where was he ?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part —
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young, faithful heart !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Hervé Riel.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
 ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French—woe to
 France!

And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through
 the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
 sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the
 Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor
 in full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great
 ship, Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place,

"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick;
 or, quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and
 leaped on board;

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like
 these to pass?" laughed they:

Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
 scarred and scored,

Shall the 'Formidable,' here, with her twelve-and-
 eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single
 narrow way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
 twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands, or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight:

Brief and bitter the debate.

"Here's the English at our heels: would you have
 them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
 and bow;

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
 the beach!

France must undergo her fate!"

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard:

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck,
 amid all these,—

A captain? a lieutenant? a mate,—first, second,
 third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tour-
 ville for the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot, he,—Hervé Riel, the
 Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?"
 cried Hervé Riel.

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cow-
 ards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals?—me, who took
 the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
 swell,

'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the riv-
 er disembogues?

Are you bought for English gold? Is it love the
 lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Soli-
 dor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were
 worse than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, then know I speak the truth! Sirs, be-
 lieve me, there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this 'Formidable' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I
 know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,—
 Keel so much as grate the ground,—
 Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!"

cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is admiral, in brief.

Still the north wind, by God's grace.

See the noble fellow's face,

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock;

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past!

All are harbored to the last!

And, just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate,

Up the English, come,— too late!

So the storm subsides to calm;

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève;

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rupture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth, and glare askance

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is paradise for hell!

Let France, let France's king,

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more;

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,—

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard;

Praise is deeper than the lips:

You have saved the king his ships;

You must name your own reward.

Faith, our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will,

France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke

On the bearded mouth that spoke,

As the honest heart laughed through

Those frank eyes of Breton blue:—

"Since I needs must say my say,

Since on board the duty's done,

And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—

Since 'tis ask and have, I may;

Since the others go ashore,—

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"

That he asked, and that he got,— nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank;

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Song of the Greek Poet.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet;
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' Islands of the Blest.

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea:
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now,
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
 Ah no!—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one, arise—we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine;
 He served—but served Polycrates,
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend!
 That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there perhaps some seed is sown
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON.

Marco Bozzaris.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
 He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
 God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose.
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death;
 Come to the mother's when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys —
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's —
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The Memory of the Dead.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;

But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few —
Some lie far off beyond the wave —
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone — but still lives on
The fame of those who died —
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam —
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that might can vanquish right —
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory — may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-eight!

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

The Relief of Lucknow.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort !

We knew that it was the last ;
That the enemy's mines crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death ;
And the men and we all worked on ;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee ;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
she said,
"Oh ! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death ;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep ; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden ; but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face ; and she caught my hand
And drew me near and spoke :

"The Hielanders ! Oh ! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa ?
The McGregor's ? Oh ! I ken it weel ;
It's the grandest o' them a' !

"God bless thae bonny Hielanders !

We're saved ! we're saved !" she cried ;
And fell on her knees ; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back ; — they were there to die ;
But was life so near them, then ?

They listened for life ; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all ; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, "That slogan's done ;
But can ye hear them noo,
The Campbells are comin' ? It's no a dream ;
Our succors hae broken through !"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear ;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way, —
A thrilling, ceaseless sound :
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipers of the Highlanders !
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd ;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first ;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line ;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL.

The Private of the Buffs.

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls! — with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring, —
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

The Old Politician.

Now that Tom Dunstan's cold,
Our shop is duller;
Scarce a story is told!
And our chat has lost the old
Red-republican color!
Though he was sickly and thin,
He gladdened us with his face —
How, warming at rich man's sin,
With bang of the fist, and chin
Thrust out, he argued the case!
He prophesied folk should be free,
And the money-bags be bled —
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,
Like spiders spinning,
Stitching full fine and fleet,
While the old Jew on his seat
Sat greasily grinning:
And there Tom said his say,
And prophesied Tyranny's death,
And the tallow burnt all day,
And we stitched and stitched away
In the thick smoke of our breath,
Wearily, wearily,
With hearts as heavy as lead —
But "Patience, she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

And at night, when we took here
The pause allowed to us,
The paper came with the beer,
And Tom read, sharp and clear,
The news out loud to us;
And then, in his witty way,
He threw the jest about —
The cutting things he'd say
Of the wealthy and gay!
How he turned them inside out!
And it made our breath more free
To hearken to what he said —
"She's coming, she's coming!" says he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,
 Would mutter, "Master!
 If Freedom means to appear,
 I think she might step here
 A little faster?"
 Then it was fine to see Tom flame,
 And argue and prove and preach,
 Till Jack was silent for shame,
 Or a fit of coughing came
 O' sudden to spoil Tom's speech.
 Ah! Tom had the eyes to see,
 When Tyranny should be sped;
 "She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!
 Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak,
 The hard hours shook him;
 Hollower grew his cheek,
 And when he began to speak
 The coughing took him.
 Ere long the cheery sound
 Of his chat among us ceased,
 And we made a purse all round,
 That he might not starve, at least;
 His pain was sorry to see,
 Yet there, on his poor sick-bed,
 "She's coming, in spite of me!
 Courage, and wait!" cried he,
 "Freedom's ahead!"

A little before he died,
 To see his passion!
 "Bring me a paper!" he cried,
 And then to study it tried
 In his old sharp fashion;
 And with eyeballs glittering
 His look on me he bent,
 And said that savage thing
 Of the lords of the Parliament.
 Then, darkening, smiling on me,
 "What matter if one be dead?
 She's coming, at least!" said he;
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!
 Freedom's ahead!"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold,
 The shop feels duller;

Scarce a story is told!
 Our talk has lost the old
 Red-republican color.
 But we see a figure gray,
 And we hear a voice of death,
 And the tallow burns all day,
 And we stitch and stitch away,
 In the thick smoke of our breath;
 Ay, here in the dark sit we,
 While wearily, wearily,
 We hear him call from the dead—
 "She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
 "Freedom's ahead!"

How long, O Lord, how long
 Doth thy handmaid linger?
 She who shall right the wrong?
 Make the oppressed strong?—
 Sweet morrow, bring her!
 Hasten her over the sea,
 O Lord, ere hope be fled—
 Bring her to men and to me!
 O slave, pray still on thy knee—
 "Freedom's ahead!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

George Nidiver.

MEN have done brave deeds,
 And bards have sung them well;
 I of good George Nidiver
 Now the tale will tell.

In California mountains
 A hunter bold was he;
 Keen his eye and sure his aim
 As any you should see.

A little Indian boy
 Followed him everywhere,
 Eager to share the hunter's joy,
 The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer
 Fell by the hunter's skill,
 The boy was always near
 To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft
 Between two mountains steep,
 Shut in both right and left,
 Their questing way they keep,

They see two grizzly bears,
 With hunger fierce and fell,
 Rush at them unawares
 Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,
 And ran with terror wild;
 One of the pair of savage beasts
 Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun,
 He knew *one* charge was all,
 And through the boy's pursuing foe
 He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver
 Came on with dreadful pace;
 The hunter stood unarmed,
 And met him face to face.

I say unarmed he stood;
 Against those frightful paws,
 The rifle-butt, or club of wood,
 Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,
 And looked him in the face;
 The wild beast stopped amazed,
 Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,
 Although his heart beat high;
 Again the creature stopped,
 And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,
 Nor yet an inch gave way;
 The bear turned slowly round,
 And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind
 It would be hard to spell;
 What thoughts were in George Nidiver
 I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,
 Swift choice of generous part,
 Showed in his passing gleam
 The depths of a brave heart.

ANONYMOUS.

Sonnets.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
 England hath need of thee. She is a fen
 Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh, raise us up, return to us again,
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
 sea;
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den,
 O miserable chieftain! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do
 thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow.
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left be-
 hind
 Powers that will work for thee — air, earth, and
 skies.
 There's not a breathing of the common
 wind
 That will forget thee. Thou hast great allies,
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

An Ode.

WHAT constitutes a state?
 Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No:—men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
 These constitute a state;
 And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate,
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such was this heaven-loved isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

On a Bust of Dante.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
 Whom Arno shall remember long,
 How stern of lineament, how grim,
 The father was of Tuscan song!
 There but the burning sense of wrong,
 Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—
 Small friendship for the lordly throng,
 Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
 No dream his life was, but a fight;
 Could any Beatrice see
 A lover in that anchorite?
 To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
 Who could have guessed the visions came
 Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
 In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
 The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
 The rigid front, almost morose,
 But for the patient hope within,
 Declare a life whose course hath been
 Unsullied still, though still severe,
 Which, through the wavering days of sin,
 Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
 When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
 With no companion save his book,
 To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
 Where, as the Benedictine laid
 His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
 The single boon for which he prayed
 The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
 Betrays no spirit of repose;
 The sullen warrior sole we trace,
 The marble man of many woes.
 Such was his mien when first arose
 The thought of that strange tale divine—
 When hell he peopled with his foes,
 The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
 The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
 Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
 Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
 He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
 Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
 But valiant souls of knightly worth
 Transmitted to the rolls of time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
 The only righteous judge art thou;
 That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
 Is Latium's other Virgil now.

Before his name the nations bow ;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

On a Sermon against Glory.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne ?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways —
No such law to me was given ;
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
Faring like my friends before me ;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

MARK AKENSIDE.

The Last Word.

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said !
Vain thy onset ! all stands fast ;
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease !
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will !
Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee ?
Better men fared thus before thee ;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged — and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Place where Man should Die.

How little reck's it where men die,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last ;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go,
The timid and the bold ;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust ?

The soldier falls 'mid corpses piled
Upon the battle-plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain :
But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What reck's it when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God !

The coward's dying eye may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er him spread :
But ye who shun the bloody fray
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave !

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes
With those we cherish near,
And, wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere :

But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

The Pilgrim.

Who would true valor see,
Let him come hither !
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather ;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first-avowed intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound ;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright ;
He'll with a giant fight ;
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Nor enemy, nor fiend,
Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows he at the end
Shall Life inherit :—
Then, fancies, fly away ;
He'll not fear what men say ;
He'll labor, night and day,
To be a Pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Excelsior.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eyes beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Excelsior !

"Try not the pass," the old man said :
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last good-night ;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PART VI.
POEMS OF COMEDY.

ON ! never wear a brow of care, or frown with rueful gravity,
For wit's the child of wisdom, and good humor is the twin ;
No need to play the Pharisee, or groan at man's depravity,
Let one man be a good man, and let all be fair within.
Speak sober truths with smiling lips ; the bitter wrap in sweetness —
Sound sense in seeming nonsense, as the grain is hid in chaff ;
And fear not that the lesson e'er may seem to lack completeness —
A man may say a wise thing, though he say it with a laugh.

"A soft word oft turns wrath aside" (so says the great instructor),
A smile disarms resentment, and a jest drives gloom away ;
A cheerful laugh to anger is a magical conductor,
The deadly flash averting, quickly changing night to day.
Then, is not he the wisest man who rids his brow of wrinkles,
Who bears his load with merry heart, and lightens it by half —
Whose pleasant tones ring in the ear, as mirthful music tinkles,
And whose words are true and telling, though they echo in a laugh ?

So temper life's work — weariness with timely relaxation ;
Most witless wight of all he is who never plays the fool ;
The heart grows gray before the head, when sunk in sad prostration,
Its winter knows no Christmas, with its glowing log of Yule.
Why weep, faint-hearted and forlorn, when evil comes to try us ?
The fount of hope wells ever nigh — 'twill cheer us if we quaff ;
And, when the gloomy phantom of despondency stands by us,
Let us, in calm defiance, exorcise it with a laugh !

ANONYMOUS.

POEMS OF COMEDY.

The Heir of Linne.

PART FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen ;
To sing a song I will begin :
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree ;
But they, alas ! were dead him fro,
And he loved keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from even to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare,
I wot, an he were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
And John o' Scales was called he ;
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, " Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne ;
Let nought disturb thy heavy cheer ;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

" My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee :
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a god's-penny ;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board ;
He was right glad the land to win :
" The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I'll be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad ;
Both hill and bolt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight :
" My son, when I am gone," said he,
" Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free ;

" But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend,
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold ;
 And, "Come with me, my friends," said he :
 "Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
 Till all his gold it waxed thin ;
 And then his friends they slunk away ;
 They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
 Never a penny left but three ;
 The one was brass, the other was lead,
 And t'other it was white money.

"Now well-a-way !" said the heir of Linne,
 "Now well-a-way, and woe is me !
 For when I was the lord of Linne,
 I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
 And why should I feel dole or care ?
 I'll borrow of them all by turns,
 So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home ;
 Another had paid his gold away ;
 Another called him thriftless loon,
 And sharply bade him wend his way.

"Now well-a-way !" said the heir of Linne,
 "Now well-a-way, and woe is me !
 For when I had my lands so broad,
 On me they lived right merrily.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
 I wis, it were a burning shame :
 To rob and steal it were a sin :
 To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
 For there my father bade me wend :
 When all the world should frown on me,
 I there should find a trusty friend."

PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
 Until he came to the lonesome lodge,
 That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
 In hope some comfort for to win ;
 But bare and lothely were the walls :
 "Here's sorry cheer !" quoth the heir of
 Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
 Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew ;
 No shimmering sun here ever shone ;
 No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mote spy,
 No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
 Nought save a rope with a running noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
 These words were written, so plain to see :
 "Ah ! graceless wretch, hath spent thy all,
 And brought thyself to penury ?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
 I therefore left this trusty friend :
 Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
 And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,
 Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne ;
 His heart, I wis, was near to burst,
 With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three :
 "This is a trusty friend indeed,
 And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
 And sprang aloft with his body ;
 When lo ! the ceiling burst in twain,
 And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
 Nor knew if he were live or dead ;
 At length he looked and saw a bill,
 And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill and looked it on ;
 Straight good comfort found he there :
 It told him of a hole in the wall
 In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold;
 The third was full of white money;
 And over them, in broad letters,
 These words were written so plain to see:

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
 Amend thy life and follies past;
 For, but thou amend thee of thy life,
 That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne,
 "And let it be, but if I amend:
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went the heir of Linne,
 Away he went with merry cheer;
 I wis he neither stint nor stayed,
 Till John o' the Scales' house he came near.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
 Up at the spere then looked he;
 There sat three lords at the board's end,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespoke the heir of Linne;
 To John o' the Scales then could he:
 "I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
 Away, away! this may not be:
 For a curse be on my head," he said,
 "If ever I lend thee one penny."

Then bespoke the heir of Linne,
 To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
 "Madam, some alms on me bestow,
 I pray, for sweet Saint Charity."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
 I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
 For if we should hang any losel here,
 The first we would begin with thee."

Then up bespoke a good fellow
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his board:
 Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
 Some time thou was a well good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
 Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
 To let him sit in thy company;
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,
 And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespoke him John o' the Scales,
 All woode he answered him again:
 "Now a curse be on my head," he said,
 "But I did lose by that bargain.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
 Before these lords so fair and free,
 Thou shalt have't back again better cheap,
 By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said;
 With that he gave him a god's-penny:
 "Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
 "And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
 And laid them down upon the board;
 All wo-begone was John o' the Scales,
 So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
 He told it forth with mickle din;
 "The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now I'm again the lord of Linne!"

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow;
 Forty pence thou didst lend me;
 Now I'm again the lord of Linne,
 And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-way!" quoth Joan o' the Scales,
 "Now well-a-way, and wo is my life!
 Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
 Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare-thee-well," said the heir of Linne,
 "Farewell, good John o' the Scales," said he;
 "When next I want to sell my land,
 Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

ANONYMOUS.

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John:
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men the king did heare say
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes without any doubt
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were knowne
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this
stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavor to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepheard a-going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepheard, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall know us at fair London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so littel!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not
shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That have come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the Masse,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade."

"Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou has brought him a pardon from good King
John."

ANONYMOUS.

The Dragon of Wantley.

OLD stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a;

But he had a club this dragon to drub,
Or he ne'er had done it, I warrant ye;
But More, of More-hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four-and-forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye;
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he ate them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon would eat,
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees;
For houses and churches were to him geese and
turkeys;
He ate all and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not
crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise.
Oh, save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went new armor to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong,

Both behind and before, legs, arms, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he looked, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig :
He frightened all cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog ;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange, outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people then
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too ;
But these put on their trousers,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excel ;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well,
Where he did think this dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth ;
And as he stooped low, he rose up and cried, boh !
And kicked him in the mouth.

Oh ! quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
And turned six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
Out of his throat of leather.
More of More-hall, oh thou rascal !
Would I had seen thee never !
With the thing at thy foot thou hast pricked my
throat,
And I'm quite undone forever !

Murder, murder ! the dragon cried,
Alack, alack, for grief !
Had you but missed that place, you could
Have done me no mischief.
Then his head he shook, trembled, and quaked,
And down he lay and cried ;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groaned, and kicked, and died.

OLD BALLAD. (English.)

Version of COVENTRY PATMORE.

Good Ale.

I CANNOT eat but little meat —
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care ;
I am nothing a-cold —
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old !*

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead —
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, nor wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold —
I am so wrapt, and thorowly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till you may see
The tears run down her cheek ;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm should ;
And saith, " Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to ;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old !
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old !*

JOHN STILL.

The Iovial Beggar.

THERE was a jovial beggar,
 He had a wooden leg,
 Lame from his cradle,
 And forced for to beg.

*And a-begging we will go,
 Will go, will go,
 And a-begging we will go.*

A bag for his oatmeal,
 Another for his salt,
 And a long pair of crutches,
 To show that he can halt.

A bag for his wheat,
 Another for his rye,
 And a little bottle by his side,
 To drink when he's a-dry.

Seven years I begged
 For my old master Wilde,
 He taught me how to beg
 When I was but a child.

I begged for my master,
 And got him store of pelf,
 But goodness now be praised,
 I'm begging for myself.

In a hollow tree
 I live, and pay no rent,
 Providence provides for me,
 And I am well content.

Of all the occupations
 A beggar's is the best,
 For whenever he's a-weary,
 He can lay him down to rest.

I fear no plots against me,
 I live in open cell;
 Then who would be a king, lads,
 When the beggar lives so well?

*And a-begging we will go,
 Will go, will go,
 And a-begging we will go.*

ANONYMOUS.

Take thy Old Cloake about Thee.

THIS winter weather it waxeth cold,
 And frost doth freeze on every hill;
 And Boreas blows his blastes so cold
 That all ur cattell are like to spill.
 Bell, my wife, who loves no strife,
 Shee sayd unto me quietlye,
 Rise up, and save cowe Crumbocke's life —
 Man, put thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?
 Thou kenst my cloake is very thin;
 It is so bare and overworne
 A cricke he thereon can not renn.
 Then Ile no longer borrowe or lend,
 For once Ile new appparelled be;
 To morrow Ile to towne, and spend,
 For Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cow —
 She has been alwayes true to the payle;
 She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
 And other things she will not fayle;
 I wold be loth to see her pine;
 Good husbände, counsel take of me —
 It is not for us to go so fine;
 Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake, it was a very good cloake —
 It hath been alwayes true to the weare;
 But now it is not worth a groat;
 I have had it four-and-forty yeare.
 Sometime it was of cloth in graine;
 'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see;
 It will neither hold nor winde nor raine —
 And Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

It is four-and-forty yeeres ago
 Since the one of us the other did ken;
 And we have had betwixt us tow
 Of children either nine or ten;

We have brought them up to women and men —
 In the fere of God I trowe they be;
 And why wilt thou thyself misken —
 Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, my wife, why dost thou floute?
 Now is now, and then was then;
 Seeke now all the world throughtout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen;
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,
 So far above their own degree —
 Once in my life Ile do as they,
 For Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere —
 His breeches cost him but a crowne;
 He held them sixpence all too deere,
 Therefore he called the tailor loon.
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thou'st but of a low degree —
 It's pride that puts this countrye downe;
 Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can;
 And oft to live a quiet life
 I'm forced to yield though I be good-man.
 It's not for a man with a woman to threepe,
 Unless he first give o'er the plea;
 As we began sae will we leave,
 And Ile tak my old cloake about me.

ANONYMOUS.

Malbrouck.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
 Is gone to the war in Flanders;
 His fame is like Alexander's;
 But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity feast; or
 Perhaps he may come at Easter.
 Egad! he had better make haste, or
 We fear he may never come.

For Trinity feast is over,
 And has brought no news from Dover;
 And Easter is past, moreover,
 And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
 Spends many a pensive hour,
 Not knowing why or how her
 Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
 That tower, she spies returning
 A page clad in deep mourning,
 With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prythee, come faster!
 What news do you bring of your master?
 I fear there is some disaster —
 Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
 With sorrowful accent said he,
 "Is one you are not ready
 So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I'm hurried,"
 Added this page quite flurried,
 "Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
 — And here he shed a tear.

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
 For I beheld his berring,
 And four officers transferring
 His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre;
 And he carried it not without labor,
 Much envying his next neighbor,
 Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer —
 That helmet which on its wearer
 Filled all who saw with terror,
 And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I
 Find, that — by the Lord Harry! —
 The fourth is left nothing to carry; —
 So there the thing remains."

ANONYMOUS. (French.)

Translation of FATHER PROUT.

The Old and Young Courtier.

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great
estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful
rate,

And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.*

With an old lady, whose anger one word as-
suages ;

They every quarter paid their old servants their
wages,

And never knew what belonged to coachmen, foot-
men, nor pages,

But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and
badges ;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.*

With an old study filled full of learned old
books ;

With an old reverend chaplain—you might know
him by his looks ;

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the
hooks ;

And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen
old cooks ;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.*

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and
bows,

With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many
shrewd blows ;

And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk
hose,

And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper
nose ;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.*

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was
come,

To call in all his old neighbors with bagpipe and
drum ;

With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man
dumb ;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.*

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of
hounds,

That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own
grounds ;

Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
bounds,

And when he dyed, gave every child a thousand
good pounds ;

*Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.*

But to his eldest son his house and land he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful
mind—

To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbors
be kind ;

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was
inclined,

*Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.*

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to
his land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his com-
mand ;

And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's
land ;

And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go
nor stand ;

*Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.*

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and
spare,

Who never knew what belonged to good housekeep-
ing or care ;

Who buys gaudy-colored fans to play with wanton
air,

And seven or eight different dressings of other
women's hair ;

*Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.*

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
 Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good ;
 With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood ;
 And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets and plays ;
 And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays ;
 With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
 And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new fashion when Christmas is drawing on —
 On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,
 And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete ;
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat ;
 With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat —
 Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With new titles of honor bought with his father's old gold,
 For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold :

And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
 Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king
Or the king's young courtiers.

ANONYMOUS.

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wond'rous short
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes ;
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
 The wandering neighbors ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye :
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied :
 The man recovered of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Rape of the Lock.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos ;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.— MARTIAL.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing— This verse to Caryl, muse ! is due ;
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess ! could compel

A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle ?
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord ?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage ?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake ;
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the
ground,

And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest—
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest :
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head :
A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau
(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow,)
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say :

" Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught,
Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green ;
Or virgins visited by angel powers
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flow-
ers—

Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed ;

What though no credit doubting wits may give ?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly—
The light militia of the lower sky ;
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring,
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould ;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead ;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the
cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive ;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire ;
The sprites of fiery termagant in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name ;
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea ;
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome
In search of mischief still on earth to roam ;
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

" Know further yet ; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced :
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark—
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honor is the word with men below.

" Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
face,
For life predestined to the gnome's embrace ;
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied ;
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'Your grace,' salutes their
ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll;
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

"Oft when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities from every part
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call —
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim;
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning's sun descend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears —
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs — the speckled, and the
white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her
shone,

But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore;
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose —
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike;
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired,
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly love—to love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billets-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold,
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light;
Loose to the winds their airy garments flew—
Thin, glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam now transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun;

"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give
ear!

Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!

Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aerial kind:
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain;
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

"This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in
night—

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether heaven has doomed that Shock must
fall—

Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat—
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of
whale—

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivalled flower;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its
name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they past;
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen;
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes—
At every word a reputation dies;
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the ærial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold; four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti-colored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mowed down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread—

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons—
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps—one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codillé.
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned;

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)

Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late;
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight—
Present the spear and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again:)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast
When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;

Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"

The victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air;
Or in a coach and six the British fair;

As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed ;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze ;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live !
What time would spare, from steel receives its
date ;

And monuments, like men, submit to fate !
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should
feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel ?”

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph opprest,
And secret passions labored in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive ;
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive ;
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss ;
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss ;
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die ;
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravished hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows ;
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne ; alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in fae.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed ;
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and
noons,
Her hand is filled ; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen ;
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride ;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show —
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new dis-
ease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise —
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires ;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent — the handle this, and that the spout ;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks ;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works ;
And maids, turned bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe passed the gnome through this fantastic
band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the power — “Hail, wayward
queen !

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen ;
Parent of vapors and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh ! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game —
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the headdress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease —

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that when once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eye dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid," replied.)

"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honor forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then, raging, to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs.
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,

With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil!

Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapped his box.

"It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew,
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contented honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow,
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she said:

"For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl away;
Happy, ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen;
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
Oh had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patchbox fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:

"Say, why are beauties praised and honored most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford?
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved
beaux?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares pro-
duce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid,
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll —
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found —
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;
Propped on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng —
One died in metaphor, and one in song:
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside,

See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome reëchoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate!" incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew —
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew:
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

"Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain;
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there;
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases;
There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
drew,

To Proculus alone confessed in view;)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And, pleased, pursue its progress through the
skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall sur-
vey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;

This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy rav-
ished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust —
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ALEXANDER POPE.

The Flight of the Duchess.

I.

You'RE my friend:
I was the man the Duke spoke to;
I helped the Duchess to cast off his yoke, too;
So, here's the tale from beginning to end,
My friend!

II.

Ours is a great wild country:
If you climb to our castle's top,
I don't see where your eye can stop;
For when you've passed the cornfield country,
Where vineyards leave off, flocks are packed,
And sheep-range leads to cattle-tract,
And cattle-tract to open-chase,
And open-chase to the very base
Of the mountain, where, at a funeral pace,
Round about, solemn and slow,
One by one, row after row,
Up and up the pine-trees go,
So, like black priests up, and so
Down the other side again
To another greater, wilder country,
That's one vast red drear burnt-up plain,
Branched thro' and thro' with many a vein
Whence iron's dug, and copper's dealt;
Look right, look left, look straight before,—

Beneath they mine, above they smelt,
 Copper-ore and iron-ore,
 And forge and furnace mould and melt,
 And so on, more and ever more,
 Till, at the last, for a bounding belt,
 Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea-shore,
 — And the whole is our Duke's country!

III.

I was born the day this present Duke was —
 (And O, says the song, ere I was old!)
 In the castle where the other Duke was —
 (When I was hopeful and young, not old!)
 I in the Kennel, he in the Bower:
 We are of like age to an hour.
 My father was Huntsman in that day;
 Who has not heard my father say
 That, when a boar was brought to bay,
 Three times, four times out of five,
 With his hunt-spear he'd contrive
 To get the killing-place transfixed,
 And pin him true, both eyes betwixt?
 And that's why the old Duke had rather
 Have lost a salt-pit than my father,
 And loved to have him ever in call;
 That's why my father stood in the hall
 When the old Duke brought his infant out
 To show the people, and while they passed
 The wondrous bantling round about,
 Was first to start at the outside blast
 As the Kaiser's courier blew his horn,
 Just a month after the babe was born.
 "And," quoth the Kaiser's courier, "since
 The Duke has got an Heir, our Prince
 Needs the Duke's self at his side:"
 The Duke looked down and seemed to wince,
 But he thought of wars o'er the world wide,
 Castles a-fire, men on their march,
 The toppling tower, the crashing arch:
 And up he looked, and awhile he eyed
 The row of crests and shields and banners,
 Of all achievements after all manners,
 And "ay," said the Duke with a surly pride.
 The more was his comfort when he died
 At next year's end, in a velvet suit,
 With a gilt glove on his hand, and his foot
 In a silken shoe for a leather boot,
 Petticoated like a herald,

In a chamber next to an ante-room,
 Where he breathed the breath of page and groom,
 What he called stink, and they, perfume:
 — They should have set him on red Berold,
 Mad with pride, like fire to manage!
 They should have got his cheek fresh tannage
 Such a day as to-day in the merry sunshine!
 Had they stuck on his fist a rough-foot merlin!
 (— Hark, the wind's on the heath at its game!
 Oh for a noble falcon-lanner
 To flap each broad wing like a banner,
 And turn in the wind, and dance like flame!)
 Had they broached a cask of white beer from Berlin!
 — Or if you incline to prescribe mere wine —
 Put to his lips, when they saw him pine,
 A cup of our own Moldavia fine,
 Cotnar, for instance, green as May sorrel,
 And ropy with sweet, — we shall not quarrel.

IV.

So, at home, the sick tall yellow Duchess
 Was left with the infant in her clutches,
 She being the daughter of God knows who:
 And now was the time to revisit her tribe,
 So, abroad and afar they went, the two,
 And let our people rail and gibe
 At the empty Hall and extinguished fire,
 As loud as we liked, but ever in vain,
 Till after long years we had our desire,
 And back came the Duke and his mother again.

V.

And he came back the pertest little ape
 That ever affronted human shape;
 Full of his travel, struck at himself —
 You'd say he despised our bluff old ways
 — Not he! For in Paris they told the elf
 That our rough North land was the Land of Lays,
 The one good thing left in evil days;
 Since the Mid-Age was the Heroic Time,
 And only in wild nooks like ours
 Could you taste of it yet as in its prime,
 And see true castles, with proper towers,
 Young-hearted women, old-minded men,
 And manners now as manners were then.
 So, all that the old Dukes had been, without knowing it,
 This Duke would fain know he was, without being it;

'Twas not for the joy's self, but the joy of his showing it,

Nor for the pride's self, but the pride of our seeing it,

He revived all usages thoroughly worn-out,
The souls of them fumed-forth, the hearts of them torn-out:

And chief in the chase his neck he perilled,
On a lathy horse, all legs and length,
With blood for bone, all speed, no strength;
—They should have set him on red Berold,
With the red eye slow consuming in fire,
And the thin stiff ear like an abbey spire!

VI.

Well, such as he was, he must marry, we heard:

And out of a convent, at the word,

Came the Lady, in time of spring.

—Oh, old thoughts, they cling, they cling!

That day, I know, with a dozen oaths

I clad myself in thick hunting-clothes

Fit for the chase of urox or buffle

In winter-time when you need to muffle;

But the Duke had a mind we should cut a figure,

And so we saw the Lady arrive:

My friend, I have seen a white crane bigger!

She was the smallest lady alive,

Made, in a piece of Nature's madness,

Too small, almost, for the life and gladness

That over-filled her, as some hive

Out of the bears' reach on the high trees

Is crowded with its safe merry bees:

In truth, she was not hard to please!

Up she looked, down she looked, round at the mead,

Straight at the castle, that's best indeed

To look at from outside the walls:

As for us, styled the "serfs and thralls,"

She as much thanked me as if she had said it,

(With her eyes, do you understand?)

Because I patted her horse while I led it;

And Max, who rode on her other hand,

Said, no bird flew past but she inquired

What its true name was, nor ever seemed tired—

If that was an eagle she saw hover,—

If the green and gray bird on the field was the plover.

When suddenly appeared the Duke,

And as down she sprung, the small foot pointed

On to my hand,—as with a rebuke,

And as if his backbone were not jointed,

The Duke stepped rather aside than forward,

And welcomed her with his grandest smile;

And, mind you, his mother all the while

Chilled in the rear, like a wind to Nor'ward;

And up, like a weary yawn, with its pulleys

Went, in a shriek, the rusty portcullis;

And, like a glad sky the north-wind sullies,

The Lady's face stopped its play,

As if her first hair had grown gray—

For such things must begin some one day!

VII.

In a day or two she was well again;

As who should say, "You labor in vain!

This is all a jest against God, who meant

I should ever be, as I am, content

And glad in his sight; therefore, glad I will be!"

So smiling as at first went she.

VIII.

She was active, stirring, all fire—

Could not rest, could not tire—

To a stone she had given life!

(I myself loved once, in my day),

For a Shepherd's, Miner's, Huntsman's wife,

(I had a wife, I know what I say),

Never in all the world such an one!

And here was plenty to be done,

And she that could do it, great or small,

She was to do nothing at all.

There was already this man in his post,

This in his station, and that in his office,

And the Duke's plan admitted a wife, at most,

To meet his eye, with the other trophies,

Now outside the Hall, now in it,

To sit thus, stand thus, see and be seen,

At the proper place in the proper minute,

And die away the life between.

And it was amusing enough, each infraction

Of rule (but for after-sadness that came)—

To hear the consummate self-satisfaction

With which the young Duke and the old Dame

Would let her advise and criticise,

And, being a fool, instruct the wise,

And, childlike, parcel out praise or blame:

They bore it all in complacent guise,

As tho' an artificer, after contriving

A wheel-work image as if it were living,

Should find with delight it could motion to strike him!

So found the Duke, and his mother like him,—
The Lady hardly got a rebuff—
That had not been contemptuous enough,
With his cursed smirk, as he nodded applause,
And kept off the old mother-cat's claws.

IX.

So, the little Lady grew silent and thin,
Paling and ever paling,
As the way is with a hid chagrin;
And the Duke perceived that she was ailing,
And said in his heart, "'Tis done to spite me,
But I shall find in my power to right me!"
Don't swear, friend—the Old One, many a year,
Is in Hell, and the Duke's self . . . you shall hear.

X.

Well, early in autumn, at first winter-warning,
When the stag had to break with his foot, of a
morning

A drinking-hole out of the fresh tender ice
That covered the pond till the sun, in a trice,
Loosening it, let out a ripple of gold,
And another and another, and faster and faster,
Till, dimpling to blindness, the wide water rolled:
Then it so chanced that the Duke our master
Asked himself what were the pleasures in season,
And found, since the calendar bade him be hearty,
He should do the Middle Age no treason
In resolving on a hunting-party.
Always provided, old books showed the way of
it!

What meant old poets by their strictures?
And when old poets had said their say of it,
How taught old painters in their pictures?
We must revert to the proper channels,
Workings in tapestry, paintings on panels,
And gather up wooderaft's authentic traditions:
Here was food for our various ambitions,
As on each case, exactly stated,
—To encourage your dog, now, the properest chir-
rup,
Or best prayer to St. Hubert on mounting your
stirrup—

Were of the household took thought and debated.
Blessed was he whose back ached with the jerkin
His sire was wont to do forest-work in;

Blesseder he who nobly sunk "ohs"
And "ahs" while he tugged on his grandsire's
trunkhose;
What signified hats if they had no rims on,
Each slouching before and behind like the scallop,
And able to serve at sea for a shallop,
Loaded with laquer and looped with crimson?
So that the deer now, to make a short rhyme on't,
What with our Venerers, Prickers, and Verderers,
Might hope for real hunters at length, and not
murderers,
And oh, the Duke's tailor—he had a hot time on't!

XI.

Now you must know, that when the first dizziness
Of flap-hats and buff-coats and jackboots subsided,
The Duke put this question, "The Duke's part
provided,
Had not the Duchess some share in the business?"
For out of the mouth of two or three witnesses,
Did he establish all fit-or-unfitnesses:
And, after much laying of heads together,
Somebody's cap got a notable feather
By the announcement with proper unction
That he had discovered the Lady's function;
Since ancient authors held this tenet,
"When horns wind a mort and the deer is at siege,
Let the dame of the Castle prick forth on her jennet,
And with water to wash the hands of her liege
In a clean ewer with a fair towelling,
Let her preside at the disembowelling."
Now, my friend, if you had so little religion
As to catch a hawk, some falcon-lanner,
And thrust her broad wings like a banner
Into a coop for a vulgar pigeon;
And if day by day, and week by week,
You cut her claws, and sealed her eyes,
And clipped her wings, and tied her beak,
Would it cause you any great surprise
If when you decided to give her an airing
You found she needed a little preparing?
—I say, should you be such a curmudgeon,
If she clung to the perch, as to take it in dudgeon?
Yet when the Duke to his Lady signified,
Just a day before, as he judged most dignified,
In what a pleasure she was to participate,—
And, instead of leaping wide in flashes,
Her eyes just lifted their long lashes,
As if pressed by fatigue even he could not dissipate,

And duly acknowledged the Duke's forethought,
But spoke of her health, if her health were worth
aught,

Of the weight by day and the watch by night,
And much wrong now that used to be right,
So, thanking him, declined the hunting,—
Was conduct ever more affronting?

With all the ceremony settled—

With the towel ready, and the sewer
Polishing up his oldest ewer,
And the jennet pitched upon, a piebald,
Black-barred, cream-coated and pink eye-balled,—
No wonder if the Duke was nettled!

And when she persisted nevertheless,—
Well, I suppose here's the time to confess
That there ran half round our Lady's chamber
A balcony none of the hardest to clamber;
And that Jacynth the tire-woman, ready in wait-
ing,

Stayed in call outside, what need of relating?
And since Jacynth was like a June rose, why, a
fervent

Adorer of Jacynth, of course, was your servant;
And if she had the habit to peep through the case-
ment,

How could I keep at any vast distance?
And so, as I say, on the Lady's persistence,
The Duke, dumb stricken with amazement,
Stood for a while in a sultry smother,
And then, with a smile that partook of the awful,
Turned her over to his yellow mother
To learn what was decorous and lawful;
And the mother smelt blood with a cat-like in-
stinct,

As her cheek quick whitened thro' all its quince-
tinct—

Oh, but the Lady heard the whole truth at once!
What meant she?—Who was she?—Her duty and
station,

The wisdom of age and the folly of youth, at
once,

Its decent regard and its fitting relation—
In brief, my friend, set all the devils in hell free
And turn them out to carouse in a belfry,
And treat the priests to a fifty-part canon,
And then you may guess how that tongue of hers
ran on!

Well, somehow or other it ended at last
And, licking her whiskers, out she passed;

And after her,—making (he hoped) a face
Like Emperor Nero or Sultan Saladin,
Stalked the Duke's self with the austere grace
Of ancient hero or modern paladin,—
From doors to staircase—oh, such a solemn
Unbending of the vertebral column!

XII.

However, at sunrise our company mustered,
And here was the huntsman bidding unkennel,
And there 'neath his bonnet the pricker blustered,
With feather dank as a bough of wet fennel;
For the court-yard's four walls were filled with fog
You might cut as an axe chops a log.
Like so much wool for color and bulkiness;
And out rode the Duke in a perfect sulkiness,
Since before breakfast, a man feels but queasily,
And a sinking at the lower abdomen
Begins the day with indifferent omen:
And lo, as he looked around uneasily,
The sun ploughed the fog up and drove it asunder
This way and that from the valley under;
And, looking thro' the court-yard arch,
Down in the valley, what should meet him
But a troop of Gypsies on their march,
No doubt with the annual gifts to greet him?

XIII.

Now, in your land, Gypsies reach you, only
After reaching all lands beside;
North they go, south they go, trooping or lonely,
And still, as they travel far and wide,
Catch they and keep now a trace here, a trace there,
That puts you in mind of a place here, a place
there:

But with us, I believe they rise out of the ground,
And nowhere else, I take it, are found
With the earth-tint yet so freshly embrowned;
Born, no doubt, like insects which breed on
The very fruit they are meant to feed on:
For the earth—not a use to which they don't turn
it,

The ore that grows in the mountain's womb,
Or the sand in the pits like a honeycomb,
They sift and soften it, bake it and burn it—
Whether they weld you, for instance, a snaffle
With side-bars never a brute can baffle;
Or a lock that's a puzzle of wards within wards;
Or, if your colt's fore-foot inclines to curve inwards,

Horseshoes they'll hammer which turn on a swivel
And won't allow the hoof to shrivel;
Then they cast bells like the shell of the winkle,
That keep a stout heart in the ram with their
tinkle;

But the sand — they pinch and pound it like otters;
Commend me to Gypsy glass-makers and potters!
Glasses they'll blow you, crystal-clear,
Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear,
As if in pure water you dropped and let die
A bruised black-blooded mulberry;
And that other sort, their crowning pride,
With long white threads distinct inside,
Like the lake-flower's fibrous roots which dangle
Loose such a length and never tangle,
Where the bold sword-lily cuts the clear waters,
And the cup-lily couches with all the white daugh-
ters —

Such are the works they put their hand to,
And the uses they turn and twist iron and sand to.
And these made the troop which our Duke saw
sally

Toward his castle from out of the valley,
Men and women, like new-hatched spiders,
Come out with the morning to greet our riders;
And up they wound till they reached the ditch,
Whereat all stopped save one, a witch,
That I knew, as she hobbled from the group,
By her gait, directly, and her stoop,
I, whom Jacynth was used to importune
To let that same witch tell us our fortune.
The oldest Gypsy then above ground;
And, so sure as the autumn season came round,
She paid us a visit for profit or pastime,
And every time, as she swore, for the last time.
And presently she was seen to sidle
Up to the Duke till she touched his bridle,
So that the horse of a sudden reared up
As under its nose the old witch peered up
With her worn-out eyes or rather eye-holes
Of no use now but to gather brine,
And began a kind of level whine
Such as they used to sing to their viols
When their ditties they go grinding:
Up and down with nobody minding:
And, then as of old, at the end of the humming,
Her usual presents were forthcoming
— A dog-whistle blowing the fiercest of trebles,
(Just a sea-shore stone holding a dozen fine pebbles,)

Or a porcelain mouth-piece to screw on a pipe-end, —
And so she awaited her annual stipend.
But this time the Duke would scarcely vouchsafe
A word in reply; and in vain she felt
With twitching fingers at her belt
For the purse of sleek pine-marten pelt,
Ready to put what he gave in her pouch safe, —
Till, either to quicken his apprehension,
Or possibly with an after-intention,
She was come, she said, to pay her duty
To the new Duchess, the youthful beauty.
No sooner had she named his Lady,
Than a shine lit up the face so shady,
And its smirk returned with a novel meaning —
For it struck him the babe just wanted weaning;
If one gave her a taste of what life was and sorrow,
She, foolish to-day, would be wiser to-morrow;
And who so fit a teacher of trouble
As this sordid crone bent wellnigh double?
So, glancing at her wolf-skin vesture,
(If such it was, for they grow so hirsute
That their own fleece serves for natural fur suit)
He was contrasting, 'twas plain from his gesture,
The life of the Lady so flower-like and delicate
With the loathsome squalor of this helicate.
I, in brief, was the man the Duke beckoned
From out of the throng, and while I drew near
He told the crone, as I since have reckoned
By the way he bent and spoke into her ear
With circumspection and mystery,
The main of the Lady's history,
Her frowardness and ingratitude;
And for all the crone's submissive attitude
I could see round her mouth the loose plaits tight-
ening,
And her brow with assenting intelligence bright-
ening,
As tho' she engaged with hearty good-will
Whatever he now might enjoin to fulfil,
And promised the lady a thorough frightening.
And so, just giving her a glimpse
Of a purse, with the air of a man who imps
The wing of the hawk that shall fetch the hern-
shaw,
He bade me take the Gypsy mother
And set her telling some story or other
Of hill or dale, oak-wood or fernshaw,
To while away a weary hour
For the Lady left alone in her bower,

Whose mind and body craved exertion
And yet shrank from all better diversion.

XIV.

Then clapping heel to his horse, the mere curvetter,
Out rode the Duke, and after his hollo
Horses and hounds swept, huntsman and servitor,
And back I turned and bade the crone follow,
And what makes me confident what's to be told
you

Had all along been of this crone's devising,
Is, that, on looking round sharply, behold you,
There was a novelty quick as surprising:
For first, she had shot up a full head in stature,
And her step kept pace with mine nor faltered,
As if age had foregone its usurpature,
And the ignoble mien was wholly altered,
And the face looked quite of another nature,
And the change reached too, whatever the change
meant,

Her shaggy wolf-skin cloak's arrangement,
For where its tatters hung loose like sedges,
Gold coins are glittering on the edges,
Like the band-roll strung with tomans
Which proves the veil a Persian woman's:
And under her brow, like a snail's horns newly
Come out as after the rain he paces,
Two unmistakable eye-points duly
Live and aware looked out of their places.
So we went and found Jacynth at the entry
Of the Lady's chamber standing sentry;
I told the command and produced my companion,
And Jacynth rejoiced to admit any one,
For since last night, by the same token,
Not a single word had the Lady spoken:
So they went in both to the presence together,
While I in the balcony watched the weather.

XV.

And now, what took place at the very first of all,
I cannot tell, as I never could learn it:
Jacynth constantly wished a curse to fall
On that little head of hers and burn it,
If she knew how she came to drop so soundly
Asleep of a sudden and there continue
The whole time sleeping as profoundly
As one of the boars my father would pin you
'Twixt the eyes where the life holds garrison,
— Jacynth forgive me the comparison!

But where I begin my own narration
Is a little after I took my station
To breathe the fresh air from the balcony,
And, having in those days a falcon eye,
To follow the hunt through the open country,
From where the bushes thinlier crested
The hillocks, to a plain where's not one tree:—
When, in a moment, my ear was arrested
By—was it singing, or was it saying,
Or a strange musical instrument playing
In the chamber?—and to be certain
I pushed the lattice, pulled the curtain,
And there lay Jacynth asleep,
Yet as if a watch she tried to keep,
In a rosy sleep along the floor
With her head against the door;
While in the midst, on the seat of state,
Like a queen the Gypsy woman sate,
With head and face downbent
On the Lady's head and face intent,
For, coiled at her feet like a child at ease,
The Lady sate between her knees,
And o'er them the Lady's clasped hands met,
And on those hands her chin was set,
And her upturned face met the face of the crone
Wherein the eyes had grown and grown
As if she could double and quadruple
At pleasure the play of either pupil
— Very like by her hands slow fanning,
As up and down like a gor-crow's flappers
They moved to measure like bell-clappers
— I said, is it blessing, is it banning,
Do they applaud you or burlesque you?
Those hands and fingers with no flesh on?
When, just as I thought to spring in to the res-
cue,

At once I was stopped by the Lady's expression:
For it was life her eyes were drinking
From the crone's wide pair above unwinking,
Life's pure fire received without shrinking,
Into the heart and breast whose heaving
Told you no single drop they were leaving—
Life, that filling her, past redundant
Into her very hair, back swerving
Over each shoulder, loose and abundant,
As her head thrown back showed the white throat
curving,
And the very tresses shared in the pleasure,
Moving to the mystic measure,

Bounding as the bosom bounded,
 I stopped short, more and more confounded,
 As still her cheeks burned and eyes glistened,
 As she listened and she listened,—
 When all at once a hand detained me,
 And the selfsame contagion gained me,
 And I kept time to the wondrous chime,
 Making out words and prose and rhyme,
 Till it seemed that the music furled
 Its wings like a task fulfilled, and dropped
 From under the words it first had propped,
 And left them midway in the world,
 And word took word as hand takes hand,
 I could hear at last, and understand,
 And when I held the unbroken thread,
 The Gypsy said : —
 “ And so at last we find my tribe,
 And so I set thee in the midst,
 And to one and all of them describe
 What thou saidst and what thou didst,
 Our long and terrible journey thro’,
 And all thou art ready to say and do
 In the trials that remain :
 I trace them the vein and the other vein
 That meet on thy brow and part again,
 Making our rapid mystic mark ;
 And I bid my people prove and probe
 Each eye’s profound and glorious globe
 Till they detect the kindred spark
 In those depths so dear and dark,
 Like the spots that snap, and burst, and flee,
 Circling over the midnight sea.
 And on that young round cheek of thine
 I make them recognize the tinge,
 As when of the costly scarlet wine
 They drip so much as will impinge
 And spread in a thinnest scale afloat
 One thick gold drop from the olive’s coat
 Over a silver plate whose sheen
 Still thro’ the mixture shall be seen.
 For, so I prove thee, to one and all,
 Fit, when my people ope their breast,
 To see the sign, and hear the call,
 And take the vow, and stand the test
 Which adds one more child to the rest —
 When the breast is bare and the arms are wide,
 And the world is left outside.
 For there is probation to decree,
 And many and long must the trials be

Thou shalt victoriously endure,
 If that brow is true and those eyes are sure ;
 Like a jewel-finder’s fierce assay
 Of the prize he dug from its mountain tomb,—
 Let once the vindicating ray
 Leap out amid the anxious gloom,
 And steel and fire have done their part,
 And the prize falls on its finder’s heart ;
 So, trial after trial past,
 Wilt thou fall at the very last
 Breathless, half in trance
 With the thrill of the great deliverance,
 Into our arms for evermore ;
 And thou shalt know, those arms once curled
 About thee, what we knew before,
 How love is the only good in the world.
 Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
 Or brain devise, or hand approve !
 Stand up, look below,
 It is our life at thy feet we throw
 To step with into light and joy ;
 Not a power of life but we’ll employ
 To satisfy thy nature’s want ;
 Art thou the tree that props the plant,
 Or the climbing plant that seeks the tree —
 Canst thou help us, must we help thee ?
 If any two creatures grew into one,
 They would do more than the world has
 done ;
 Tho’ each apart were never so weak,
 Yet vainly thro’ the world should ye seek
 For the knowledge and the might
 Which in such union grew their right :
 So, to approach, at least, that end,
 And blend,— as much as may be, blend
 Thee with us, or us with thee,
 As climbing-plant or propping-tree,
 Shall some one deck thee, over and down,
 Up and about, with blossoms and leaves ?
 Fix his heart’s fruit for thy garland crown,
 Cling with his soul as the gourd-vine cleaves,
 Die on thy boughs and disappear
 While not a leaf of thine is sere ?
 Or is the other fate in store,
 And art thou fitted to adore,
 To give thy wondrous self away,
 And take a stronger nature’s sway ?
 I foresee and I could foretell
 Thy future portion, sure and well —

But those passionate eyes speak true, speak true,
 And let them say what thou shalt do!
 Only, be sure thy daily life,
 In its peace, or in its strife,
 Never shall be unobserved;
 We pursue thy whole career,
 And hope for it, or doubt, or fear,—
 Lo, hast thou kept thy path or swerved,
 We are beside thee, in all thy ways,
 With our blame, with our praise,
 Our shame to feel, our pride to show,
 Glad, sorry—but indifferent, no!
 Whether it is thy lot to go,
 For the good of us all, where the haters meet
 In the crowded city's horrible street;
 Or thou step alone thro' the morass
 Where never sound yet was
 Save the dry quick clap of the stork's bill,
 For the air is still, and the water still,
 When the blue breast of the dipping coot
 Dives under, and all again is mute.
 So at the last shall come old age,
 Decrepit, as befits that stage;
 How else wouldst thou retire apart
 With the hoarded memories of thy heart,
 And gather all to the very least
 Of the fragments of life's earlier feast,
 Let fall through eagerness to find
 The crowning dainties yet behind?
 Ponder on the entire past
 Laid together thus at last,
 When the twilight helps to fuse
 The first fresh, with the faded hues,
 And the outline of the whole,
 As round eve's shades their framework roll,
 Grandly fronts for once thy soul:
 And then as, 'mid the dark, a gleam
 Of yet another morning breaks,
 And like the hand which ends a dream,
 Death, with the might of his sunbeam
 Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes,
 Then—"

Ay, then, indeed, something would happen!
 But what? For here her voice changed like a
 bird's;
 There grew more of the music and less of the
 words;
 Had Jacynth only been by me to clap pen

To paper and put you down every syllable,
 With those clever clerly fingers,
 All that I've forgotten as well as what lingers
 In this old brain of mine that's but ill able
 To give you even this poor version
 Of the speech I spoil, as it were, with stammering
 — More fault of those who had the hammering
 Of prosody into me, and syntax,
 And did it, not with hobnails but tintacks!
 But to return from this excursion—
 Just, do you mark, when the song was sweetest,
 The peace most deep, and the charm completest,
 There came, shall I say a snap—
 And the charm vanished!
 And my sense returned, so strangely banished,
 And, starting as from a nap,
 I knew the crone was bewitching my lady,
 With Jacynth asleep; and but one spring made 1,
 Down from the casement, round to the portal,
 Another minute and I had entered,
 When the door opened, and more than mortal
 Stood, with a face where to my mind centred
 All beauties I ever saw or shall see,
 The Duchess—I stopped as if struck by palsy.
 She was so different, happy and beautiful,
 I felt at once that all was best,
 And that I had nothing to do, for the rest,
 But wait her commands, obey and be dutiful.
 Not that, in fact, there was any commanding,
 —I saw the glory of her eye,
 And the brows' height and the breast's expanding,
 And I was hers to live or to die.
 As for finding what she wanted,
 You know God Almighty granted
 Such little signs should serve his wild creatures
 To tell one another all their desires,
 So that each knows what its friend requires,
 And does its bidding without teachers.
 I preceded her; the crone
 Followed silent and alone;
 I spoke to her, but she merely jabbered
 In the old style; both her eyes had slunk
 Back to their pits; her stature shrunk;
 In short, the soul in its body sunk
 Like a blade sent home to its scabbard.
 We descended, I preceding;
 Crossed the court with nobody heeding;
 All the world was at the chase,
 The court-yard like a desert-place,

The stable emptied of its small fry;
 I saddled myself the very palfrey
 I remember patting while it carried her,
 The day she arrived and the Duke married her.
 And, do you know, though it's easy deceiving
 Oneself in such matters, I can't help believing
 The Lady had not forgotten it either,
 And knew the poor devil so much beneath her
 Would have been only too glad for her service
 To dance on hot ploughshares like a Turk dervise,
 But unable to pay proper duty where owing it
 Was reduced to that pitiful method of showing it:

For though the moment I began setting
 His saddle on my own nag of Berold's begetting,
 (Not that I meant to be obtrusive)
 She stopped me, while his rug was shifting,
 By a single rapid finger's lifting,
 And, with a gesture kind but conclusive,
 And a little shake of the head, refused me,—
 I say, although she never used me,
 Yet when she was mounted, the Gypsy behind
 her,

And I ventured to remind her,
 I suppose with a voice of less steadiness
 Than usual, for my feeling exceeded me,
 —Something to the effect that I was in readiness
 Whenever God should please she needed me,—
 Then, do you know, her face looked down on me
 With a look that placed a crown on me,
 And she felt in her bosom,—mark, her bosom—
 And, as a flower-tree drops its blossom,
 Dropped me—ah, had it been a purse
 Of silver, my friend, or gold that's worse,
 Why, you see, as soon as I found myself
 So understood,—that a true heart so may gain
 Such a reward,—I should have gone home again,
 Kissed Jacynth, and soberly drowned myself!
 It was a little plait of hair
 Such as friends in a convent make
 To wear, each for the other's sake,—
 This, see, which at my breast I wear,
 Ever did (rather to Jacynth's grudging),
 And ever shall, till the Day of Judgment.
 And then,—and then,—to cut short,—this is
 idle,

These are feelings it is not good to foster,—
 I pushed the gate wide, she shook the bridle,
 And the palfrey bounded,—and so we lost her!

XVI.

When the liquor's out, why clink the cannakin?
 I did think to describe you the panic in
 The redoubtable breast of our master the manikin,
 And what was the pitch of his mother's yellowness,
 How she turned as a shark to snap the spare-rib
 Clean off, sailors say, from a pearl-diving Carib,
 When she heard, what she called, the flight of the
 feloness—

But it seems such child's play
 What they said and did with the Lady away!
 And to dance on, when we've lost the music,
 Always made me—and no doubt makes you—sick.
 Nay, to my mind, the world's face looked so stern
 As that sweet form disappeared thro' the postern,
 She that kept it in constant good-humor,
 It ought to have stopped; there seemed nothing to
 do more.

But the world thought otherwise and went on,
 And my head's one that its spite was spent on:
 Thirty years are fled since that morning,
 And with them all my head's adorning.
 Nor did the old Duchess die outright,
 As you expect, of suppressed spite,
 The natural end of every adder
 Not suffered to empty its poison-bladder:
 But she and her son agreed, I take it,
 That no one should touch on the story to wake it,
 For the wound in the Duke's pride rankled fiery,
 So they made no search and small inquiry—
 And when fresh Gypsies have paid us a visit, I've
 Noticed the couple were never inquisitive,
 But told them they're folks the Duke don't want
 here,

And bade them make haste and cross the frontier.
 Brief, the Duchess was gone and the Duke was
 glad of it,

And the old one was in the young one's stead,
 And took, in her place, the household's head,
 And a blessed time the household had of it!
 And were I not, as a man may say, cautious
 How I trench, more than needs, on the nauseous,
 I could favor you with sundry touches
 Of the paint-smutches with which the Duchess
 Heightened the mellowness of her cheek's yellowness
 (To get on faster) until at last her
 Cheek grew to be one master-plaster
 Of mucus and fucus from mere use of ceruse

Till in short she grew from scalp to udder
Just the object to make you shudder!

XVII.

You're my friend —

What a thing friendship is, world without end !
How it gives the heart and soul a stir-up,
As if somebody broached you a glorious runlet,
And poured out all lovelily, sparkling, and sunlit,
Our green Moldavia, the streaky syrup,
Cotnar as old as the time of the Druids —
Friendship's as good as that monarch of fluids
To supply a dry brain, fill you its ins-and-outs,—
Gives your Life's hour-glass a shake when the thin
sand doubts

Whether to run on or stop short, and guarantees
Age is not all made of stark sloth and arrant ease !
I have seen my little Lady once more,
Jacynth, the Gypsy, Berold, and the rest of it,
For to me spoke the Duke, as I told you before ;
I always wanted to make a clean breast of it,
And now it is made — why, my heart's-blood, that
went trickle,

Trickle, but anon, in such muddy driblets,
Is pumped up brisk now, thro' the main ventricle,
And genially floats me about the giblets !

I'll tell you what I intend to do :

I must see this fellow his sad life thro'

— He is our Duke after all,

And I, as he says, but a serf and thrall ;
My father was born here, and I inherit
His fame, a chain he bound his son with —
Could I pay in a lump I should prefer it,
But there's no mine to blow up and get done
with,

So I must stay till the end of the chapter :

For, as to our middle-age-manners-adapter,
Be it a thing to be glad on or sorry on,
One day or other, his head in a morion,
And breast in a hauberk, his heels he'll kick up,
Slain by some onslaught fierce of hiccup.

And then, when red doth the sword of our Duke
rust,

And its leathern sheath lies o'ergrown with a blue
crust,

Then, I shall scrape together my earnings ;
For, you see, in the churchyard Jacynth reposes,
And our children all went the way of the roses —
It's a long lane that knows no turnings —

One needs but little tackle to travel in,
So, just one stout cloak shall I indue,
And for a staff, what beats the javelin
With which his boars my father pinned you ?
And then, for a purpose you shall hear presently,
Taking some Cotnar, a tight plump skinfull,
I shall go journeying, who but I, pleasantly ?
Sorrow is vain and despondency sinful.
What's a man's age ? He must hurry more, that's
all ;

Cram in a day, what his youth took a year to
hold ;

When we mind labor, then only, we're too old —
What age had Methusalem when he begat Saul ?
And at last, as its haven some buffeted ship sees,
(Come all the way from the north-parts with sperm
oil)

I shall get safely out of the turmoil
And arrive one day at the land of the Gypsies
And find my Lady, or hear the last news of her
From some old thief and son of Lucifer,
His forehead chapletted green with wreathy hop,
Sunburned all over like an Æthiop :
And when my Cotnar begins to operate
And the tongue of the rogue to run at a proper
rate,
And our wine-skin, tight once, shows each flaccid
dent,

I shall drop in with — as if by accident —
“ You never knew, then, how it all ended,
What fortunes good or bad attended
The little Lady your Queen befriended ? ”
— And when that's told me, what's remaining ?

This world's too hard for my explaining —
The same wise judge of matters equine
Who still preferred some slim four-year-old
To the big-boned stock of mighty Berold,
And for strong Cotnar drank French weak wine,
He also must be such a Lady's scorner !
Smooth Jacob still robs homely Esau,
Now up, now down, the world's one see-saw !
— So, I shall find out some snug corner
Under a hedge, like Orson the wood-knight,
Turn myself round and bid the world good-night ;
And sleep a sound sleep till the trumpet's blowing
Wakes me (unless priests cheat us laymen)
To a world where's to be no further throwing
Pearls before swine that can't value them. Amen !

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear —
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed
Where they did all get in —
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels —
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride —
But soon came down again:

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came: for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs —
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I wear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow—the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay;
 Till, loop and button falling both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung—
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around—
 "He carries weight! he rides a race!
 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols did he play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,"
 They all at once did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
 Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

"What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

"I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig :
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear —
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit —
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here —
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear !
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain —
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town;
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king!
 And Gilpin, long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

Willie's Visit to Melville Castle.

O WILLIE's gane to Melville Castle,
 Boots and spurs and a',
 To bid the ladies a' farewell,
 Before he gaed awa'.

The first he met was Lady Bet,
 Who led him through the ha',
 And with a sad and sorry heart
 She let the tears doon fa'.

Near the fire stood Lady Grace,
 Said ne'er a word ava;
 She thought that she was sure of him
 Before he gaed awa'.

The next he saw was Lady Kate;
 "Guid troth, ye needna craw,
 Maybe the lad will fancy me,
 And disappoint ye a'."

Then down the stair skipped Lady Jean,
 The flower among them a';
 Oh, lasses, trust in Providence,
 And ye'll get husbands a'.

As on his steed he galloped off,
 They a' came to the door;
 He gayly raised his feathered plume;
 They set up sic a roar!

Their sighs, their cries, brought Willie back,
 He kissed them ane and a':
 "Oh, lasses, bide till I come hame,
 And then I'll wed ye a'!"

ANONYMOUS.

An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.

Good people all, with one accord
 Lament for Madame Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
 With manners wondrous winning;
 And never followed wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumbered in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has followed her—
 When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all;
 The doctors found, when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
 For Kent Street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
 She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Massacre of the Macpherson.

FHAIRSHON swore a feud
 Against the clan M'Tavish —
 Marched into their land
 To murder and to rafish;
 For he did resolve
 To extirpate the vipers,
 With four-and-twenty men,
 And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone
 Half-way down Strath-Canaan,
 Of his fighting tail
 Just three were remainin'.
 They were all he had
 To back him in ta battle;
 All the rest had gone
 Off to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon —
 "So my clan disgraced is;
 Lads, we'll need to fight
 Pefore we touch ta peasties.
 Here 's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Coming wi' his fassals —
 Gillies seventy-three,
 And sixty Dhuinéwassels!"

"Coot tay to you, sir!
 Are you not ta Fhairshon?
 Was you coming here
 To visit any person?
 You are a plackguard, sir!
 It is now six hundred
 Coot long years, and more,
 Since my glen was plundered."

"Fat is tat you say?
 Dar you cock your peaver?
 I will teach you, sir,
 Fat is coot pehaviour!
 You shall not exist
 For another day more;
 I will shot you, sir,
 Or stap you with my claymore!"

"I am fery glad
 To learn what you mention,

Since I can prevent
 Any such intention."
 So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Gave some warlike howls,
 Trew his skhian-dhu,
 An' stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
 Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
 Who was always thought
 A superior person.
 Fhairshon had a son,
 Who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta flood
 By trinking up ta water.

Which he would have done,
 I at least believe it,
 Had ta mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.
 This is all my tale:
 Sirs, I hope 'tis new t' ye!
 Here 's your fery good healths,
 And tamn ta whusky tuty!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

Sir Sidney Smith.

GENTLEFOLKS, in my time, I've made many a rhyme,
 But the song I now trouble you with,
 Lays some claim to applause, and you'll grant it,
 because
 The subject's Sir Sidney Smith, it is;
 The subject's Sir Sidney Smith.

We all know Sir Sidney, a man of such kidney,
 He'd fight every foe he could meet;
 Give him one ship for two, and without more ado,
 He'd engage if he met a' whole fleet, he would,
 He'd engage if he met a whole fleet.

Thus he took, every day, all that came in his way,
 Till fortune, that changeable elf,
 Ordered accidents so, that while taking the foe,
 Sir Sidney got taken himself, he did,
 Sir Sidney got taken himself.

His captors, right glad of the prize they now had,
 Rejected each offer we bid,
 And swore he should stay locked up till doomsday;
 But he swore he'd be d——d if he did, he did;
 But he swore he'd be hanged if he did.

So Sir Sid got away, and his jailer next day
 Cried, "Sacre, diable, morbleu,
 Mon prisonnier 'scape; I 'ave got in von scrape,
 And I fear I must run away too, I must,
 I fear I must run away too!"

If Sir Sidney was wrong, why then blackball my
 song,
 E'en his foes he would scorn to deceive;
 His escape was but just, and confess it you must,
 For it only was taking French leave, you know,
 It only was taking French leave.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

The War-Song of Minas Daur.

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter;
 We therefore deemed it meet
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition;
 We met an host and quelled it;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing,
 We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
 We met them, and o'erthrew them:
 They struggled hard to beat us;
 But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king marched forth to catch us:
 His rage surpassed all measure,
 But his people could not match us.
 He fled to his hall-pillars;
 And, ere our force we led off,
 Some sacked his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
 Spilt blood enough to swim in:
 We orphaned many children,
 And widowed many women.
 The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen:
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
 And much their land bemoaned them,
 Two thousand head of cattle,
 And the head of him who owned them:
 Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us;
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

Tam o' Shanter.

Of Brownie and of Bogilie full is this Buke.
Gavin Douglas.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
 This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he, frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou been but sae wise
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirten Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
 Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony —
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither —
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And ay the ale was growing better;
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,
 A moment white, then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride —
 That hour o' night's black arch the key-
 stone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he takes the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed;
 That night a child might understand
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 (A better never lifted leg),
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire —
 Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots son-
 net,

Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods:
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippeny we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the Devil! —
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na Deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight;
 Warlocks and witches in a dance:
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast —

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large —
 To gie them music was his charge;
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof an' rafter a' did dirl.
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantrips sleight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light —
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new cutted fra a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter which a babe had strangled;
 A knife a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
 Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;
 And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
 Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'
 Which ev'n to name would be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleckit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark.

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
 A' plump and strapping in their teens:
 Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;
 Their breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hag wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock —
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' braw-
 lie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,

That night inlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
 For monie a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished monie a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear),
 Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn —
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntty.
 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches) —
 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jad she was and strang);
 And how Tam stood, like one bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched.
 Ev'n Satan glowered, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main,
 Till first ae caper, syne anither —
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant a' was dark;
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion rallied,

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs — the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy
 fairin'!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' —
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss —
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake;
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,

And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail :
 The earlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed ;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.

Cologne.

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
 And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
 And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches —
 I counted two and seventy stenches,
 All well defined and several stinks !
 Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
 The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;
 But tell me, nymphs ! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Devil's Thoughts.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
 A walking the devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain ;
 And backward and forward he switched his long
 tail,
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

And how then was the devil drest ?
 Oh ! he was in his Sunday's best :
 His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
 And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
 On a dunghill hard by his own stable ;
 And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind
 Of Cain and his brother Abel.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse
 Ride by on his vocations ;
 And the devil thought of his old friend
 Death, in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
 A cottage of gentility ;
 And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.

He peeped into a rich bookseller's shop —
 Quoth he, " We are both of one college !
 For I sate, myself, like a cormorant, once,
 Hard by the tree of knowledge."

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
 A pig with vast celerity ;
 And the devil looked wise as he saw how, the while,
 It cut its own throat. " There ! " quoth he with a
 smile,
 " Goes England's commercial prosperity."

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
 A solitary cell ;
 And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
 For improving his prisons in hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
 Fetter a troublesome blade ;
 " Nimbly," quoth he, " do the fingers move
 If a man be but used to his trade."

He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man
 With but little expedition ;
 Which put him in mind of the long debate
 On the slave-trade abolition.

He saw an old acquaintance
 As he passed by a Methodist meeting ;
 She holds a consecrated key,
 And the devil nods her a greeting.

She turned up her nose, and said,
 " Avaunt ! — my name's Religion ! "
 And she looked to Mr. — ,
 And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

He saw a certain minister,
A minister to his mind,
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind ;

The devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the ark."

He took from the poor,
And he gave to the rich,
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
For he was not afraid of the —.

* * * * *

General ———'s burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did he take—
For the devil thought by a slight mistake
It was a general conflagration.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Hag.

THE hag is astride,
This night for to ride—
The devil and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur;
With a lash of the bramble she rides now;
Through brakes and through briers,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But husht in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischiefs, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise,
And trouble the skies,

This night ; and, more the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"NEEDY knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
Rough is the road ; your wheel is out of order.
Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole
in't ;

So have your breeches !

"Weary knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives
and

Scissors to grind O !'

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives ?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?
Or the attorney ?

"Was it the squire for killing of his game ? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining ?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit ?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir ;
Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

*[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a
transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philan-
thropy.]*

GEORGE CANNING.

Song

OF ONE ELEVEN YEARS IN PRISON.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

*[Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes
his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds:]*

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—
Alas, Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line he clanks his chains in cadence.]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in!
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
tor, law-professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

*[During the last stanza he dashes his head repeatedly against
the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a
visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in
an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to
play till it is wholly fallen.]*

GEORGE CANNING.

Clam-Soup.

FIRST catch your clams: along the ebbing edges
Of saline coves you'll find the precious wedges
With backs up lurking in the sandy bottom;
Pull in your iron rake, and lo! you've got 'em.
Take thirty large ones, put a basin under,
And deftly cleave their stony jaws asunder.
Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor,
Bring to a boil (and, by the way, the quicker
It boils the better, if you'd do it cutely),
Now add the clams, chopped up and minced mi-
nutely,
Allow a longer boil of just three minutes,
And while it bubbles, quickly stir within its
Tumultuous depths, where still the mollusks mutter,
Four tablespoons of flour and four of butter,
A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion,
And clams need salting, although born of ocean.
Remove from fire (if much boiled it will suffer—
You'll find that India-rubber is n't tougher);
After 'tis off add three fresh eggs, well beaten,
Stir once more, and it's ready to be eaten.
Fruit of the wave! Oh, dainty and delicious!
Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Apicius!
Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus,
Or titillate the palate of Silenus!

WILLIAM ANDREWS CROFFUT.

A Receipt for Salad.

To make this condiment your poet begs
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
 Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And, half suspected, animate the whole;
 Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,
 Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
 To add a double quantity of salt;
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,
 And twice with vinegar, procured from town;
 And lastly o'er the flavored compound toss
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
 Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
 And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl;
 Serenely full, the epicure would say,
 "Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day."

SYDNEY SMITH.

The Essence of Opera';

OR, ALMANZOR AND IMOGEN.

An Opera, in Three Acts.

SUBJECT OF THE OPERA.

A brave young prince a young princess adores;
 A combat kills him, but a god restores.

PROLOGUE.

A MUSICIAN. People, appear, approach, advance!

To Singers.

You that can sing, the chorus bear!

To Dancers.

You that can turn your toes out, dance!
 Let's celebrate this faithful pair.

ACT I.

IMOGEN. My love!

ALMANZOR. My soul!

BOTH. At length then we unite!

People, sing, dance, and show us your delight!

CHORUS. Let's sing, and dance, and show 'em
 our delight.

ACT II.

IMOGEN. O love!

[*A noise of war. The prince appears, pursued by his enemies. Combat. The princess faints. The prince is mortally wounded.*]

ALMANZOR. Alas!

IMOGEN. Ah, what!

ALMANZOR. I die!

IMOGEN. Ah me!

People, sing, dance, and show your misery!

CHORUS. Let's sing, and dance, and show our
 misery.

ACT III.

[*Pallas descends in a cloud to Almanzor and speaks.*]

PALLAS. Almanzor, live!

IMOGEN. Oh, bliss!

ALMANZOR. What do I see?

TRIO. People, sing, dance, and hail this prodigy!

CHORUS. Let's sing and dance, and hail this
 prodigy.

ANONYMOUS. (French.)

Anonymous Translation.

Hypochondriacus.

By myself walking,
 To myself talking
 When as I ruminate
 On my untoward fate,
 Scarcely seem I
 Alone sufficiently,
 Black thoughts continually
 Crowding my privacy.
 They come unbidden,
 Like foes at a wedding,
 Thrusting their faces
 In better guests' places,
 Peevish and malcontent,
 Clownish, impertinent,
 Dashing the merriment:
 So, in like fashions,
 Dim cogitations

Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,
In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering —
"Thy friends are treacherous,
Thy foes are dangerous,
Thy dreams ominous."

Fierce anthropophagi,
Spectres, diaboli —
What scared St. Anthony —
Hobgoblins, lemures,
Dreams of antipodes!
Night-riding incubi
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions:
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical!
Abaddon vexeth me,
Mahu perplexeth me;
Lucifer teareth me —

*Jesu! Maria! liberate nos ab his diris tenta-
tionibus Inimici.*

CHARLES LAMB.

A Farewell to Tobacco.

MAY the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, great plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate;
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine!
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine!

Sorcerer! that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women! Thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning
steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem;
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,
Monsters — that who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex can'st shew
What his deity can do —
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapors thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze;
But to the reins and nobler heart
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born!
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than, before,
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant: only thou

His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume —
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind!
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison!
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite —

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue!
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplex lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of dearest Miss,
Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her cockatrice and siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil,
Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor,
Monkey, ape, and twenty more —
Friendly trait'ress, loving foe —
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know,
A contentment to express
Borders so upon excess

That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gill,
On the darling thing, whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will hate
Any title of her state
Though a widow, or divorced —
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Catherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest tobacco boys;
Where though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odors, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

Faithless Nelly Gray.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid —
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches."

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death: — alas!
You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off,—of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died —
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.

Faithless Sally Brown.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head —
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright;
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her;
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the tender ship, you see."
"The tender ship," cried Sally Brown —
"What a hard ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh! — I'm not a fish woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well!"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned — and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

The Lady at Sea.

CABLES entangling her;
Ship-spars for mangling her;
Ropes sure of strangling her;
Blocks over-dangling her;
Tiller to batter her;
Topmast to shatter her;
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering;
Boatswain quite flustering;
Thunder-clouds mustering,
To blast her with sulphur —
If the deep don't engulf her;
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation;
All the sea dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates, and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels;

Every thing wrong enough —
 Long-boat not long enough ;
 Vessel not strong enough ;
 Pitch marring frippery ;
 The deck very slippery ;
 And the cabin — built sloping ;
 The captain a-toping ;
 And the mate a blasphemmer,
 That names his Redeemer —
 With inward uneasiness ;
 The cook known by greasiness ;
 The victuals beslubbered ;
 Her bed — in a cupboard ;
 Things of strange christening,
 Snatched in her listening ;
 Blue lights and red lights,
 And mention of dead lights ;
 And shrouds made a theme of —
 Things horrid to dream of ;
 And buoys in the water ;
 To fear all exhort her ;
 Her friend no Leander —
 Herself no sea gander ;
 And ne'er a cork jacket
 On board of the packet ;
 The breeze still a-stiffening ;
 The trumpet quite deafening ;
 Thoughts of repentance,
 And doomsday, and sentence ;
 Every thing sinister —
 Not a church minister ;
 Pilot a blunderer ;
 Coral reefs under her,
 Ready to sunder her :
 Trunks tipsy-tpsy ;
 The ship in a dropsy ;
 Waves oversurging her ;
 Sirens a-dirging her ;
 Sharks all expecting her ;
 Sword-fish dissecting her ;
 Crabs with their hand-vices
 Punishing land vices ;
 Sea-dogs and unicorns,
 Things with no puny horns ;
 Mermen carnivorous —
 " Good Lord deliver us ! "

THOMAS HOOD.

The White Squall.

On deck, beneath the awning,
 I dozing lay and yawning ;
 It was the gray of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose ;
 And above the funnel's roaring,
 And the fitful wind's deploring,
 I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
 I could hear the passengers snorting —
 I envied their disporting —
 Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light
 Came not, and watched the twilight,
 And the glimmer of the skylight,
 That shot across the deck ;
 And the binnacle pale and steady,
 And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
 And the sparks in fiery eddy
 That whirled from the chimney neck.
 In our jovial floating prison
 There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
 And never a star had risen
 The hazy sky to speak.

Strange company we harbored ;
 We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
 Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered —
 Jews black, and brown, and gray.
 With terror it would seize ye,
 And make your souls uneasy,
 To see those Rabbis greasy,
 Who did nought but scratch and pray,
 Their dirty children puking —
 Their dirty saucepans cooking —
 Their dirty fingers hooking
 Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were —
 Whiskered and brown their cheeks were —
 Enormous wide their breeks were —
 Their pipes did puff away ;
 Each on his mat allotted
 In silence smoked and squatted,
 Whilst round their children trotted

In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling —
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave Iberia bowling,
Before the break of day —

When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled;
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle;
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awoken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them,
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrow-bones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorrered,
And, shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them;
And they called upon the prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury:
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins;)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the white squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will remember,
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle;
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "George, some brandy and water!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

True-hearted Ben.

BEN BOBSTAY, a tar of the jolly old sort,
Could keel-haul a main-brace and luff hard a-port;
And Ben he was smiled on by Sue, Meg, and Moll,
But all o'er the world he was faithful to Poll.

Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol !

Wherever he sailed he was faithful to Poll.

'Twas just past six bells when the ship sprung a
leak

Nor'west o' the point of the great Mozambique;
Young Ben swam ashore, dried his clothes by Old
Sol,

And cried to his messmates, "I'm faithful to Poll!"

Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol !

He let 'em all drown, to be faithful to Poll.

He met a princess, of the tribe Kikaroo;
She ogled and eyed him. Says Ben, "How d'ye
do?"

Says she, "Marry me; on a throne you shall loll."
Says Ben, "You'll excuse me; I'm faithful to Poll."

Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol !

Says Ben, with a bow, "Miss, I'm faithful to Poll."

Says she, "If you don't, you'll be hung up and
killed."

Says Ben, "You fair creatures are all so self-willed."
So he gave her his hand to avoid *sus per coll.*,
But still in his heart he was faithful to Poll.

Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol !

He married her, saying, "I'm faithful to Poll."

Another princess, all gold rings and tattoo,
Saw Ben, and was jealous of Miss Kikaroo.
Says Ben, "Fight it out, while I sit on a knoll;
If t'other kills both, still I'm faithful to Poll."

Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol !

"Whichever kills either, I'm faithful to Poll."

Their battle surpasses my figures of speech;
They each whacked the other, and t'other whacked
each;

Then both lay down stiff as a jointed wood doll,
And Ben sings aloud, "Ain't I faithful to Poll?"

Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol !

Ben capers while singing, "I'm faithful to Poll!"

They both then revived and jumped wildly on
him;

But Ben saw a ship, so he jumped off to swim.
The captain calls out, "Your brave deed I extol,
In England I'll tell them you're faithful to Poll."

Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol !

"Good-by," says the captain, "be faithful to Poll."

He breasted the waves and he fought with the
breeze,

Till exhausted he landed on Stockton-on-Tees;
And thence, for a chance, he walked on to Bristol,
Where he clearly explained he'd been faithful to Poll.

Faithful to Poll,
Tol de rol lol !

He married, and always was faithful to Poll.

ANONYMOUS.

The Origin of Ireland.

WITH due condescension, I'd call your attention
To what I shall mention of Erin so green,
And without hesitation I will show how that nation
Became of creation the gem and the queen.

'Twas early one morning, without any warning,
That Venus was born in the beautiful say,
And by the same token, and sure 'twas provoking,
Her pinions were soaking and would n't give play.

Old Neptune, who knew her, began to pursue her,
In order to woo her—the wicked old Jew—
And almost had caught her atop of the water—
Great Jupiter's daughter!—which never would do.

But Jove, the great janius, looked down and saw
Venus,
And Neptune so heinous pursuing her wild,
And he spoke out in thunder, he'd rend him asunder—
And sure 'twas no wonder—for tazing his child.

A star that was flying hard by him espying,
He caught with small trying, and down let it snap;
It fell quick as winking, on Neptune a-sinking,
And gave him, I'm thinking, a bit of a rap.

That star it was dry land, both low land and high
land,
And formed a sweet island, the land of my birth;
Thus plain is the story, that sent down from glory,
Old Erin ashore as the gem of the earth!

Upon Erin nately jumped Venus so stately,
But fainted, kase lately so hard she was pressed—
Which much did bewilder, but ere it had killed her
Her father distilled her a drop of the best.

That sup was victorious, it made her feel glorious—
A little uproarious, I fear it might prove—
So how can you blame us that Ireland's so famous
For drinking and beauty, for fighting and love?

ANONYMOUS.

St. Patrick was a Gentleman.

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
*So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!*

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmin't
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind-worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whiskey;
No wonder that the saint himself
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a shebeen-shop
In the town of Enniskillen.

Oh! was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground
I never more would once stir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,
And cabbages—and ladies!
*Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
For he's the darling saint oh!
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist;
He's a beauty without paint oh!*

HENRY BENNETT.

St. Patrick of Ireland, my Dear!

A FIG for St. Denis of France —

He's a trumpety fellow to brag on;

A fig for St. George and his lance,

Which spitted a heathenish dragon;

And the saints of the Welshman or Scot

Are a couple of pitiful pipers,

Both of whom may just travel to pot,

Compared with that patron of swipers —

St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle

On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;

The steamboat he beat by a mile,

Which mighty good sailing was counted.

Says he, "The salt water, I think,

Has made me most bloodily thirsty;

So bring me a flagon of drink

To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye!

Of drink that is fit for a saint!"

He preached, then, with wonderful force,

The ignorant natives a-teaching;

With a pint he washed down his discourse,

"For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."

The people, with wonderment struck

At a pastor so pious and civil,

Exclaimed — "We're for you, my old buck!

And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,

Who dwells in hot water below!"

This ended, our worshipful spoon

Went to visit an elegant fellow,

Whose practice, each cool afternoon,

Was to get most delightfully mellow.

That day, with a black-jack of beer,

It chanced he was treating a party;

Says the saint — "This good day, do you hear,

I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty!

So give me a pull at the, pot!"

The pewter he lifted in sport

(Believe me, I tell you no fable);

A gallon he drank from the quart,

And then placed it full on the table.

"A miracle!" every one said —

And they all took a haul at the stingo;

They were capital hands at the trade,

And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo,

The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day, quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,

And I've nought in my larder but mutton;

And on Fridays who'd make such repast,

Except an unchristian-like glutton?"

Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg —

What you tell me is nothing but gammon;

Take my compliments down to the leg,

And bid it come hither a salmon!"

And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,

How the snakes, in a manner most antic,

He marched to the county Mayo,

And trundled them into th' Atlantic.

Hence, not to use water for drink,

The people of Ireland determine —

With mighty good reason, I think,

Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin

And vipers, and other such stuff!

Oh! he was an elegant blade

As you'd meet from Fairhead to Kilcrumper;

And though under the sod he is laid,

Yet here goes his health in a bumper!

I wish he was here, that my glass

He might by art magic replenish;

But since he is not — why, alas!

My ditty must come to a finish,—

Because all the liquor is out!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

The Groves of Blarney.

THE groves of Blarney they look so charming,

Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks —

All decked by posies, that spontaneous grow there,

Planted in order in the rocky nooks.

'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,

The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;

Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly —

All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,
 Like Alexander, or like Helen fair;
 There's no commander in all the nation
 For regulation can with her compare.
 Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
 Could ever plunder her place of strength;
 But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,
 And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
 And conversation in sweet solitude;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
 And if a young lady should be so engaging
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
 'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
 In some dark fort, or under the ground.

For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight enters,
 But bats and badgers are for ever bred;
 Being mossed by natur', that makes it sweeter
 Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.
 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud;
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
 All standing in order for to guard the flood.

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch in,
 With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;
 The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,
 Would make you frisky if you were there.
 'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
 A washing praties forment the door,
 With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
 All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
 All heathen goddesses so fair—
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All standing naked in the open air.
 So now to finish this brave narration,
 Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
 But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

The Irishman.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
 A lady very stylish, man—
 And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
 She fell in love with an Irishman—
 A nasty, ugly Irishman—
 A wild, tremendous Irishman—
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting,
 roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
 For with small-pox 'twas scarred across;
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog
 Were almost double a yard across.
 Oh, the lump of an Irishman—
 The whiskey-devouring Irishman—
 The great he'-rogue with his wonderful brogue—
 the fighting, rioting Irishman!

One of his eyes was bottle green,
 And the other eye was out, my dear;
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
 Were more than two feet about, my dear!
 Oh, the great big Irishman—
 The rattling, battling Irishman—
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering,
 leathering swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot
 That he used to snort and snuffle oh;
 And in shape and size the fellow's neck
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
 Oh, the horrible Irishman—
 The thundering, blundering Irishman—
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing,
 hashing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch
 He'd not rest till he filled it full again;
 The boozing, bruising Irishman—
 The 'toxicated Irishman—
 The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no
 dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
 Like all the girls of quality;

And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
 Just by the way of jollity;
 Oh, the leathering Irishman —
 The barbarous, savage Irishman —
 The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads
 were bothered I'm sure by this Irishman.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

The Battle of Limerick.

YE genii of the nation,
 Who look with veneration,
 And Ireland's desolation onaysingly deplore,
 Ye sons of General Jackson,
 Who thrample on the Saxon,
 Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
 A tyrant and a humbug,
 With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
 Our fortitude and valliance
 Instructed his battalions,
 To rispict the gallant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
 No city in the nation
 So grand a reputation could boast before,
 As Limerick prodigious,
 That stands with quays and bridges,
 And ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
 'Tis William Smith O'Brine,
 Reprints this darling Limerick this ten years or
 more;
 Oh the Saxons can't endure
 To see him on the flure,
 And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
 Had been to visit Par's,
 That land of revolution, that grows the tricolor;
 And to welcome his return
 From pilgrimages furren,
 We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
 Young Meagher of the sword;

'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon
 gore;
 And Mitchil of Belfast
 We bade to our repast,
 To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
 These patriots so bould,
 We took the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
 And with ornamints and banners
 (As becomes gintale good manners)
 We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon
 shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls
 To see the butthered rowls,
 The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim gal-
 yore,
 And the muffins and the crumpets,
 And the band of harps and thrumpets,
 To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the imperor of Bohay
 Would be proud to dthrink the tay
 That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did
 pour;
 And, since the days of Strongbow,
 There never was such Congo —
 Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it — by Shannon
 shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
 Connellan beheld this sworry
 With rage and imulation in their black hearts'
 core;
 And they hired a gang of ruffins
 To interrupt the muffins,
 And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon
 shore.

When full of tay and cake,
 O'Brine began to spake,
 But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
 Of a ragamuffin rout
 Began to yell and shout,
 And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
 They batthered and they banded;

Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they
 tore;
 They smashed the lovely windies
 (Hung with muslin from the Indies),
 Pursuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
 Drowned puppies and dead rats,
 These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
 Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
 Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
 They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

Oh, the girls began to scrame,
 And upset the milk and crame;
 And the honorable jintlemin they cursed and
 swore:
 And Mitchil of Belfast,
 'Twas he that looked aghast,
 When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon
 shore.

Oh, the lovely tay was spilt
 On that day of Ireland's guilt;
 Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where 's the
 back door?"
 'Tis a national disgrace;
 Let me go and veil me face!"
 And he boulded with quick pace from the Shannon
 shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
 Says Meagher of the sword,
 "This conduct would disgrace any blackamoore;"
 But millions were arrayed,
 So he shaythed his battle-blade,
 Rethrayting undismayed from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
 Was raging like a line;
 'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard
 him roar;
 In his glory he arose,
 And he rushed upon his foes,
 But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon
 shore.

Then the futt and the dthragoons
 In squadthrons and platoons,

With their music playing chunes, down upon us
 bore;
 And they bate the rattatoo,
 And the Peelers came in view,
 And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Molony's Lament.

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,
 And read what the peepers repoort?
 They're goan to recal the liftinant,
 And shut up the castle and coort!
 Our desolate counthry of Oireland
 They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy;
 And now, having murdthered our counthry,
 They're goin to kill the viceroy,
 Dear boy! —
 'Twas he was our proide and our joy.

And will we no longer behould him,
 Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
 As he weaves his cocked hat from the win-
 dies,
 And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?
 I liked for to see the young haroes,
 All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
 A horsing about in the Phaynix,
 And winking the girls in the eyars —
 Like Mars,
 And smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchel, exoiled to Bermudies,
 Your beautiful oilds you'll ope! —
 And there'll be an abondance of eroyn
 From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope —
 When they read of this news in the peepers,
 Across the Atlantical wave,
 That the last of the Oirish liftinants
 Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
 God save
 The queen — she should betther behave!

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
 And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
 Whin the coort of imparial splendor
 From Doblin's sad city departs?

And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers
 When the deuce of a coort there remains;
 And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
 To hire the coort-shuits and the thrains?
 In sthrains
 It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,
 'Twas she in the coort didn't fail,
 And she wanted a plinty of popplin
 For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
 She bought it of Misthress O'Grady—
 Eight shillings a yard tabinet—
 But now that the coort is concluded,
 The divvle a yard will she get;
 I bet,
 Bedad, that she wears the ould set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
 They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';
 Each year, at the dthrawing-room sayson,
 They mounted the natest of wigs.
 When spring, with its buds and its daisies,
 Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
 Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
 Because there is no dthrawing-room,
 For whom
 They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
 'Twas they gave the clart and the poort,
 And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
 To feast the lord liftinant's coort.
 But now that the quality's goin,
 I warnt that the aiting will stop,
 And you'll get at the alderman's teeble
 The divvle a bite or a dthrop,
 Or chop,
 And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin;
 And his lordship, the dear, honest man;
 And the duchess, his eemiable leedy;
 And Corry, the bould Connellan;
 And little Lord Hyde and the childthren;
 And the chewter and governess tu;
 And the servants are packing their boxes—
 Oh, murther, but what shall I due
 Without you?
 O Meery, with ois of the blue!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE
 PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

OH will ye choose to hear the news?
 Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:
 I'll tell you all about the ball
 To the Nayypaulase ambassador.
 Begor! this fête all balls does bate
 At which I worn a pump, and I
 Must here relate the splendthor great
 Of th' Oriental company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
 To fête these black Achillese.
 "We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
 And take the rooms at Willis's."
 With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
 They hung the rooms of Willis up,
 And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
 With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
 So sweetly in the middle there,
 And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
 And violins did fiddle there.
 And when the coort was tired of spoort,
 I'd lave you, boys, to think there was
 A nate buffet before them set,
 Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten, before the ball-room door
 His moighty excellency was;
 He smoled and bowed to all the crowd—
 So gorgeous and immense he was.
 His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
 Into the door-way followed him;
 And oh the noise of the blackguard boys,
 As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble chair stud at the stair,
 And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
 Did thus evince to that black prince
 The welcome of his company.
 Oh fair the girls, and rich the curls,
 And bright the oys you saw there, was;
 And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
 On Ginerall Jung Bahawther was!

This gineral great then tuck his sate,
 With all the other ginerals,
 (Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,
 All bleezed with precious minerals;)
 And as he there, with princely air,
 Reclouin on his cushion was
 All round about his royal chair
 The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such jukes and earls,
 Such fashion and nobilitee!
 Just think of Tim, and fancy him
 Amidst the hoigh gentility!
 There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Porty-
 geese
 Ministher and his lady there;
 And I reckonized, with much surprise,
 Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there.

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like
 Juno,
 And Baroness Rehausen there,
 And Countess Roullier, who looked peculiar
 Well in her robe of gauze, in there.
 There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first
 When only Mr. Pips he was),
 And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
 That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,
 And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
 And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife—
 I wondther how he could stuff her in.
 There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
 And seemed to ask how should *I* go there;
 And the widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
 And the marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, jukes and earls, and diamonds and pearls,
 And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
 And some beside (the rogues!) I spied
 Behind the windies, coorting there.
 Oh, there's one I know, bedad, would show
 As beautiful as any there;
 And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
 And shake a fat with Fanny there!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Midges.

SHE is talking æsthetics, the dear clever creature!
 Upon Man and his functions, she speaks with a
 smile.

Her ideas are divine upon Art, upon Nature,
 The Sublime, the Heroic, and Mr. Carlyle.

I no more am found worthy to join in the talk,
 now;
 So I follow with my surreptitious cigar;
 While she leads our poetical friend up the walk,
 now,
 Who quotes Wordsworth and praises her
Thoughts on a Star.

Meanwhile, there is dancing in yonder green bower
 A swarm of young midges. They dance high
 and low.

'Tis a sweet little species that lives but one hour,
 And the eldest was born half an hour ago.

One impulsive young midge I hear ardently pouring
 In the ears of a shy little wanton in gauze,
 His eternal devotion; his ceaseless adoring;
 Which shall last till the universe breaks from its
 laws:

His passion is not, he declares, the mere fever
 Of a rapturous moment. It knows no control:
 It will burn in his breast through existence for-
 ever,
 Immutably fixed in the deeps of the soul!

She wavers: she flutters: . . . male midges are
 fickle:
 Dare she trust him her future? . . . she asks
 with a sigh:
 He implores, . . . and a tear is beginning to
 trickle:
 She is weak; they embrace, and . . . the lovers
 pass by.

While they pass me, down here on a rose-leaf has
 lighted
 A pale midge, his feelers all drooping and torn:
 His existence is withered; its future is blighted:
 His hopes are betrayed: and his breast is for-
 lorn.

By the midge his heart trusted his heart is deceived
now :

In the virtue of midges no more he believes :
From love in its falsehood, once wildly believed,
now

He will bury his desolate life in the leaves.

His friends would console him . . . the noblest
and sagest

Of midges have held that a midge lives again ;
In Eternity, say they, the strife thou now wagest
With sorrow, shall cease . . . but their words
are in vain !

Can Eternity bring back the seconds now wasted
In hopeless desire ? or restore to his breast
The belief he has lost, with the bliss he once
tasted,

Embracing the midge that his being loved best ?

His friends would console him . . . life yet is be-
fore him ;

Many hundred long seconds he still has to live :
In the state yet a mighty career spreads before
him ;

Let him seek in the great world of action to
strive !

There is Fame ! there's Ambition ! and, grander
than either,

There is Freedom ! . . . the progress and march
of the race ! . . .

But to Freedom his breast beats no longer, and
neither

Ambition nor action her loss can replace.

If the time had been spent in acquiring æsthetics
I have squandered in learning this language of
midges,

There might, for my friend in her peripatetics,
Have been now *two* asses to help o'er the bridges.

As it is, . . . I'll report her the whole conversation.
It would have been longer ; but, somehow or
other,

(In the midst of that misanthrope's long lamenta-
tion),

A midge in my right eye became a young
mother.

Since my friend is so clever, I'll ask her to tell me
Why the least living thing (a mere midge in the
egg !)

Can make a man's tears flow, as now it befell me . . .
O you dear clever woman, explain it, I beg !

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes.

ST. ANTHONY at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes ;
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all hither drawn ;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
No sermon beside
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear St. Antonius.
No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast days, the cod-fish —
The stock-fish, I mean —
At the sermon was seen.
No sermon beside
Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
No sermon beside
Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom
As if the devil had got 'em.

No sermon beside
Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher,
Like a reasonable creature :
At God's word,
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended ;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling ;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set,
All the sermon forget ;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

ANONYMOUS.

The Vicar of Bray.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed :
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

*And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal James possessed the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration ;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the revolution.

*And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

When William was our king declared
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance ;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
*And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory ;
Occasional conformists base,
I blamed their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
*And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a whig, sir ;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender ;
And almost every day abjured
The pope and the pretender.
*And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear —
While they can keep possession :

For in my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be—
 Until the times do alter.
*And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*

ANONYMOUS.

The Vicar.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
 Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
 When Darnel Park was Darnel waste,
 And roads as little known as scurvy,
 The man who lost his way between
 St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket
 Was always shown across the green,
 And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
 Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,
 Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
 And Don, and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
 Upon the parlor-steps collected,
 Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
 "Our master knows you; you're expected."

Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,
 Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"
 The lady laid her knitting down,
 Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow.
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
 Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
 He found a stable for his steed,
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
 And warmed himself in court or college,
 He had not gained an honest friend,
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;
 If he departed as he came,
 With no new light on love or liquor,
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
 And not the vicarage or the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses;
 It slipped from politics to puns;
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
 Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
 And when, by dint of page and line,
 He 'stablished truth or startled error,
 The Baptist found him far too deep,
 The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
 And the lean Levite went to sleep
 And dreamt of eating pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
 That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
 Without refreshment on the road,
 From Jerome or from Athanasius;
 And sure a righteous zeal inspired
 The hand and head that penned and planned
 them,
 For all who understood admired,
 And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too in a quiet way,
 Small treatises, and smaller verses,
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
 And hints to noble lords and nurses;
 True histories of last year's ghost;
 Lines to a ringlet or a turban;
 And trifles for the "Morning Post;"
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
 Although he had a knack of joking;
 He did not make himself a bear,
 Although he had a taste for smoking;
 And when religious sects ran mad,
 He held, in spite of all his learning,
 That if a man's belief is bad,
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
 In the low hut or garnished cottage,
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,
 And share the widow's homelier pottage.

At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome that they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Caesar or of Venus;
From him I learned the rule of three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack, the change! In vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled!
The church is larger than before,
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted for the gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat; you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,
Whose tone is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid? Look down
And construe on the slab before you —
Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauro.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter:
The old year went with mourning by —
The new came dancing after!
Let sorrow shed her lonely tear —
Let revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier —
Fling roses on the cradle;
Mutes to wait on the funeral state,
Pages to pour the wine:
A requiem for twenty-eight,
And a health to twenty-nine!

Alas for human happiness!
Alas for human sorrow!
Our yesterday is nothingness —
What else will be our morrow?
Still beauty must be stealing hearts,
And knavery stealing purses;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses;
While sages prate, and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine;
And the world, as it rolled through twenty-
eight,
Must roll through twenty-nine.

Some king will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine;
And much where we were in twenty-eight
We shall be in twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the rent,
And Kenyon to sink the nation;
And Shiel will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the association;
And thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the house of lords,
And throats in the county of Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the cabinet's design;
And just what it did in twenty-eight
It will do in twenty-nine.

And the goddess of love will keep her smiles,
And the god of cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's:
And mendicants will sup like kings,
And lords will swear like lacqueys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;

And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
 In a dialect all divine;
 Alas! they married in twenty-eight,
 They will part in twenty-nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
 And talk of his oils and blubbers;
 My aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,
 And rather longer rubbers:
 My cousin in Parliament will prove
 How utterly ruined trade is;
 My brother, at Eton, will fall in love
 With half a hundred ladies;
 My patron will sate his pride from plate,
 And his thirst from Bordeaux wine—
 His nose was red in twenty-eight,
 'Twill be redder in twenty-nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
 All thoughts and things look older—
 How the laugh of pleasure grows less gay,
 And the heart of friendship colder;
 But still I shall be what I have been,
 Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
 And seldom troubled with the spleen,
 And fond of talking treason;
 I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,
 And throw and write my line;
 And the woman I worshipped in twenty-eight
 I shall worship in twenty-nine.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

Plain Language from Truthful James.

WHICH I wish to remark—
 And my language is plain—
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinees is peculiar,
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
 And I shall not deny
 In regard to the same
 What that name might imply;
 But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
 And quite soft were the skies;
 Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise,
 Yet he played it that day upon William
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
 And Ah Sin took a hand;
 It was euchre—the same
 He did not understand;
 But he smiled as he sat at the table
 With the smile that was childlike and
 bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve,
 And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
 By that heathen Chinees
 And the points that he made
 Were quite frightful to see,
 Till at last he put down a right bower,
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
 And he gazed upon me;
 And he rose with a sigh,
 And said, "Can this be?
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!"
 And he went for that heathen Chinees.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand,
 But the floor it was strewed
 Like the leaves on the strand
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
 In the game he did not understand.

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs,
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet I state but the facts;
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark —
 And my language is plain —
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinees is peculiar,
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

Hans Breitmann's Party.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,
 Dey had biano-blain;
 I felled in lofe mit a Merican Frau,
 Her name vas Madilda Yane.
 She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
 Her eyes vas himmel-blue,
 Und ven dey looket indo mine,
 Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I vent dere you'll pe pound.
 I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
 Und vent shpinnen round und round.
 De pootiest Fraeulein in de house,
 She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
 Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
 She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I dells you it cost him dear.
 Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
 Of foost-rate lager bier;
 Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in,
 De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
 I dinks dat so vine a barty
 Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
 Dere all vas Souse und Brouse,
 Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demselves to house;
 Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,
 De Bratwurst und Braten fine,
 Und vash deir Abendessen down
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 We all cot troonk ash bigs;

I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
 Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane,
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
 Und de gompany fited mit dable-lecks
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
 Where ish dat barty now?
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dat float on de moundain's prow?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern —
 De shtar of de shpirit's light?
 All gonied afay mit de lager bier —
 Afay in de ewigkeits!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Ballad.

DER noble Ritter Hugo
 Von Schwillensaufenstein
 Rode out mit shpeer und helmet,
 Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer-maid,
 Vot had n't got nodings on,
 Und she say, "O Ritter Hugo,
 Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

Und he says, "I rides in de greenwood
 Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
 Till I cooms into ein gasthaus,
 Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
 Vot had n't got nodings on:
 "I ton't dink mooch of beeplesh
 Dat goes mit demselves alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
 Vere dere's heaps of dings to see,
 Und hafe a shplendid tinner,
 Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin,
 Und you catches dem efery one."
 So sang dis wasser maiden
 Vot had n't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money,
In ships dot vent down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!
To shimmerin crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down und fill your bockets,
Und I'll giss you like avery dings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him—he shstood all shpell-pound;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

What Mr. Robinson Thinks.

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du!
We can't never choose him o' course,—thet 's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

General C. is a drefle smart man:
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself;
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more 'n an old cud;

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old ideas o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts wor n't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country,
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry*;
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum*:
An' that all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t' other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so
must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail
coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it 's a marcy we 've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I
vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PART VII.

POEMS OF TRAGEDY AND SORROW.

THE mournful funeral slow proceeds behind,
Arrayed in black, the heavy head declined ;
Wide yawns the grave ; dull tolls the solemn bell ;
Dark lie the dead ; and long the last farewell.
There music sounds, and dancers shake the hall ;
But here the silent tears incessant fall.
Ere Mirth can well her comedy begin,
The tragic demon oft comes thundering in,
Confounds the actors, damps the merry show,
And turns the loudest laugh to deepest woe.

JOHN WILSON.

POEMS OF TRAGEDY AND SORROW.

Sir Patrick Spens.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"Oh where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!"

"For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,—
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!"

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew
loud,
And gurlly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapped them roun' that gude ship's
side,
—But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair came hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,—
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves,—
For them they'll see na mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—
For them they'll see na mair.

Oh forty miles off Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.

"Oh stay at hame, my noble lord!
Oh stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houns of Yarrow."

"Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As oft she had done before, oh;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Oh come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow?"—

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow:
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream:
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've
slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheeks, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."—

"Oh haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

ANONYMOUS.

The Braes of Yarrow.

"BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow."

"Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?"

"I got her where I daurna weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
weep—
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear—
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?"

"What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful
flood?
What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds in
tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weep around, in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow!

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

"Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows
the grass;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing!"

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed;
As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk;
The apple from its rocks as mellow!

"Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed thy love!
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
Than I he never loved thee better.

"Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How can I lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

"Oh Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kened
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the toofall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

"Much I rejoiced that wae fu', wae fu' day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threatening words, to move
me;
My lover's blood is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
With bridal-sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!
Let in the expected husband-lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband is!
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter!
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after!

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
Oh lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night within my arms—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night within my arms,
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Rare Willy Drowned in Yarrow.

"WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the livelang winter night
I ly twined of my marrow.

"Oh came you by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

ANONYMOUS.

Song.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover.

For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers;

He promised me a wedding-ring—
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met:
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The green-wood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough,
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

The Douglas Tragedy.

"RISE up, rise up now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armor so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armor so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o'er the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wond'rous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the Holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For you have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rode away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up and let me in!"—
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair ladye I've win."

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
O mak it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day;
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
And flang'd in St. Mary's loch.

ANONYMOUS.

Lord Randal.

"OH where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
Oh where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my
bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?

Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man ?"

"I dined wi' my true-love ; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?

What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man ?"

"I gat eels boiled in broo ; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son ?

What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man ?"

"Oh they swelled and they died ; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Oh I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son !
Oh I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man !"

"Oh yes ! I am poisoned ; mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

ANONYMOUS.

The Cruel Sister.

THERE were two sisters sat in a bour,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

There came a knight to be their wooer ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

And sore envied her sister fair ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

"Will ye go and see our father's ships come in ?"

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

And led her down to the river strand ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

The eldest came and pushed her in ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

And dashed her bonny back to the jaw ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

And ye shall be heir of half my land."—

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

And I'll be heir of all your land ;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

It's twined me and my world's make."—

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove,

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

And sweet William shall be your love."—

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove !

Binnorie, O Binnorie ;

And sweet William shall better be my love,

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 Garred me gang maiden evermair."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 Until she cam to the miller's dam;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 And there he found a drowned woman;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 For gowd and pearls that were so rare;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 He sighed and made a heavy moan;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie—
 Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 And straight it began to play alone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Oh yonder sits my father, the king,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 And yonder sits my mother, the queen;"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 And by him my William, sweet and true."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp played then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

ANONYMOUS.

Edward, Edward.

"Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
 Edward, Edward?
 Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
 And quhy sae sad gang zee oh?"

"Oh I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
 Mither, mither:
 Oh I hae killed my hauk sae guid,
 And I had nae mair bot hee oh."

"Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
 Edward, Edward:
 Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid—
 My deir son, I tell thee oh."

"Oh I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 Mither, mither:
 Oh I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 That erst was sae fair and free oh."

"Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
 Edward, Edward:

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae got mair —
Sum other dule ze drie oh."

"Oh I hae killed my fader deir,
Mither, mither:

Oh I hae killed my fader deir —
Alas! and wae is mee oh!"

"And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me oh."

"Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea oh."

"And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour
ha',

Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour
ha',

That were sae fair to see oh?"

"Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I beq oh."

"And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour
wife,

Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour
wife,

Quhan ze gang ovir the sea oh?"

"The warldis room—late them beg throw life,
Mither, mither:

The warldis room—late them beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see oh."

"And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me oh."

"The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir —
Sic counseils ze gae to me oh."

ANONYMOUS.

The Twa Brothers.

THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa',
"It's will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba'?
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,
And there we'll warsel a fa'?"

"I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at the ba';
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll warsel a fa'?"

They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of William's pouch,
And gave John a deadly wound.

"Oh lift me upon your back —
Take me to yon well fair;
And wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta'en him to yon well fair;
He's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Take ye aff my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's taken aff his Holland sark,
And torn it gair by gair;
He's row it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak now aff my green cleiding,
And row me saftly in;
And tak me up to yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

He's taken aff the green cleiding,
And rowed him saftly in;
He's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.

"What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae hame at e'en?"
"I'll say ye 're lying at yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

"Oh no, oh no, my brother dear,
Oh you must not say so;
But say that I am gane to a foreign land
Where nae man does me know."

When he sat in his father's chair,
He grew baith pale and wan;
"Oh what blude 's that upon your brow,
O dear son, tell to me."
"It is the blude o' my gude gray steed —
He wadna ride wi' me."

"Oh thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.
Oh what blude 's this upon your cheek?
O dear son, tell to me."
"It is the blude of my greyhound —
He wadna hunt for me."

"Oh thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.
Oh what blude 's this upon your hand?
O dear son, tell to me."
"It is the blude of my gay goss-hawk —
He wadna flee for me."

"Oh thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.
Oh what blude 's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie, tell to me."
"It is the blude of my ae brother,
Oh dule and wae is me!"

"Oh what will ye say to your father?
Dear Willie, tell to me."
"I'll saddle my steed, and awa' I'll ride
To dwell in some far countrie."

"Oh when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie, tell to me."
"When sun and mune leap on yon hill —
And that will never be."

She turned hersel' right round about,
And her heart burst into three;
"My ae best son is deid and gane,
And my tother ane I'll ne'er see."

ANONYMOUS.

The Twa Corbies.

As I gaed down by yon house-en'
Twa corbies there were sittan their lane:
The tane unto the tother sae,
"Oh where shall we gae dine to-day?"

"Oh down beside yon new-faun birk
There lies a new-slain knight;
Nae livin kens that he lies there,
But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.

"His horse is to the huntin gane,
His hounds to bring the wild deer hame;
His lady 's taen another mate;
Sae we may make our dinner swate.

"Oh we'll sit on his bonnie briest-bane,
And we'll pyke out his bonnie grey een;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it blows bare.

"Mony a ane for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken wherè he is gane;
Ower his banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair!"

ANONYMOUS.

Bonnie George Campbell.

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair;
And out cam his bonnie bride,
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And bootèd rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
And my baby's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

ANONYMOUS.

Lament of the Border Widow.

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day;
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I tuk his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
Oh think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

ANONYMOUS.

M'Pherson's Farewell.

"FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree."
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.*

"O, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

"Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

"I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.

"Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!"
*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.*

ROBERT BURNS.

Fair Helen.

I WISH I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries.
Oh that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

Oh think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide—
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lee—

I lighted down my sword to draw;
I hacked him in pieces sma'—
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

Oh that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise—
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

ANONYMOUS.

Song.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

"Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the 'stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Sohrab and Rustum.

AND the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream;
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in
sleep.

Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night along
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.
Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which
stood,

Clustering like bee-hives, on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere:
Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low
strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink, the spot where first a
boat,

Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top

With a clay fort. But that was fallen; and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths; and o'er it felts were spread,
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts; and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:

"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa; it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not. All night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful; and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This, too, thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone —
Rustum, my father; who, I hoped, should greet,
Should one day greet upon some well-fought field
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man. If I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall —
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat fame speaks clear."

He spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said:

"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,

To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring — in our tents, while it is war;
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight;
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms —
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him; for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Siestan, with Zal, his father old;
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian king.
There go. — Thou wilt not? yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us — fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain. But who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?
Go! I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him; and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he placed his sheep-skin cap —
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul;
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun, by this, had risen, and cleared the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands;
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain: so Haman bade —
Haman, who, next to Peran-Wisa, ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they
streamed:

As when, some gray November morn, the files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes,
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some froze Caspian reed-bed — southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board: so they streamed —
The Tartars of the Oxus, the king's guard,

First, with black sheep-skin caps, and with long spears;
 Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
 And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
 Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
 The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
 And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands —
 Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
 The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
 And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
 From far, and a more doubtful service owned —
 The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
 Of the Jaxartes — men with scanty beards
 And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes
 Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
 Kalmuks and unkemped Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
 Nearest the pole; and wandering Kirghizes,
 Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.
 These all filed out from camp into the plain,
 And on the other side the Persians formed:
 First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
 The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
 The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
 Marshalled battalions bright in burnished steel.
 But Peran-Wisa with his herald came
 Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
 And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
 And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
 That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
 He took his spear, and to the front he came
 And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they
 stood.

And the old Tartar came upon the sand
 Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said: —

“Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
 Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
 But choose a champion from the Persian lords
 To fight our champion, Sohrab, man to man.”

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
 When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
 A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy —
 So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
 A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran,
 Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
 Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
 That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow,
 Winding so high that, as they mount, they pass
 Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,

Choked by the air; and scarce can they themselves
 Slake their parched throats with sugared mulber-
 ries —

In single file they move, and stop their breath,
 For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging
 snows —

So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
 To counsel. Gudurz and Zoarras came;
 And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
 Second, and was the uncle of the king;
 These came and counselled; and then Gudurz
 said: —

“Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
 Yet champion have we none to match this youth;
 He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
 But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits,
 And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart:
 Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
 The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
 Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
 Stand forth the while, and take their challenge
 up.”

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and said: —
 “Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.
 Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man.”
 He spoke; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
 Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
 But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
 And crossed the camp which lay behind, and
 reached,

Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
 Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
 Just pitched. The high pavilion in the midst
 Was Rustum's; and his men lay camped around.
 And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
 Rustum. His morning meal was done; but still
 The table stood beside him, charged with food —
 A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
 And dark-green melons. And there Rustum sate
 Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
 And played with it; but Gudurz came and stood
 Before him; and he looked and saw him stand;
 And with a cry sprang up, and dropped the bird,
 And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said: —

“Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
 What news? But sit down first, and eat and
 drink.”

But Gudurz stood in the tent-door, and said: —

"Not now. A time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day : to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze ;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his
name—

Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's !
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart,
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak ; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."

He spoke. But Rustum answered with a smile :—

"Go to ! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older. If the young are weak, the king
Errs strangely ; for the king, for Kai-Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honors younger men.
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame ?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have—
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds ;
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no
more."

He spoke, and smiled ; and Gudurz made re-
ply :—

"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all ; and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face ? Take heed, lest men should say,
*Like some old miser Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men.*"

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made re-
ply :—

"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words ?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,

Valiant or craven, young or old, to me ?
Are not they mortal ? Am not I myself ?
But who for men of nought would do great deeds ?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms.
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frowned ; and Gudurz turned and
ran

Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy—
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel. The arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device ;
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold ;
And from the fluted spine, atop, a plume
Of horse-hair waved, a scarlet horse-hair plume.
So armed, he issued forth ; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him, like a faithful hound, at heel—
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the
earth—

The horse whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find,
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home
And reared him ; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddle-cloth of brodered green
Crusted with gold ; and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed : but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife, who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf—
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced :
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as a-field the reapers cut a swathe
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare :
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling ; and in the midst the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast

His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb-blackened fingers makes her
fire—

At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window-
panes—

And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be: so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs. Long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and
straight,

Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.

And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:—

“Oh, thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe;
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed: quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die.
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou.”

So he spake mildly. Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand—
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs. Hope filled his
soul;

And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own and said:—

“Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?”

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spoke to his own soul:—

“Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean.
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.

For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say—*Rustum is here*—
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts—
A belt or sword perhaps—and go his way.

And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—
‘I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank; only Rustum dared. Then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.’

So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me.”

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:—

“Rise! Wherefore dost thou vainly question
thus

Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth. Make good thy vaunt, or yield.
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?

Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul—
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield;
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer, wash them all away.”

He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:—

“Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.

Yet this thou hast said well: did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! Thou art more vast, more dread, than I;
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall;

And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea —
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death —
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spake; and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear. Down from the shoulder, down it
came —

As on some partridge in the corn, a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet. Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash. The spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide. Then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield. Sharp
rang

The iron plates, rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield — an unlapped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough; like those which men, in treeless
plains,

To build them boats, fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so
huge

The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's
hand.

And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the
sand.

And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword;
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said: —

"Thou strik'st too hard; that club of thine will
float

Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth; not wroth am I.
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou sayest thou art not Rustum; be it so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too;
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,

And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends;
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
May'st fight: fight them, when they confront thy
spear.

But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased. But while he spake Rustum had
risen,

And stood erect, trembling with rage. His club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand
Blazed bright and baleful — like that autumn star,
The baleful sign of fevers. Dust had soiled
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved; his lips foamed; and twice his
voice

Was choked with rage. At last these words broke
way: —

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy
hands!

Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight! Let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to
dance;

But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war. I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning; all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the
hosts,

With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's
wiles."

He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword. At once they rushed
Together; as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west. Their
shields

Dashed with a clang together; and a din
 Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
 Of hewing axes, crashing trees; such blows
 Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
 And you would say that sun and stars took part
 In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
 Grew suddenly in heaven, and darkened the sun
 Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
 Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
 And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
 In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they
 alone;

For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
 Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
 And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
 But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
 And laboring breath. First Rustum struck the
 shield

Which Sohrab held stiff out. The steel-spiked spear
 Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin:
 And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
 Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustam's helm
 Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
 He shore away; and that proud horse-hair plume,
 Never till now defiled, sunk to the dust;
 And Rustum bowed his head. But then the gloom
 Grew blacker; thunder rumbled in the air,
 And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the
 horse,

Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry.
 No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
 Of some pained desert lion, who all day
 Has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
 And comes at night to die upon the sand.
 The two hosts heard the cry, and quaked for fear;
 And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
 But Sohrab heard, and quailed not—but rushed
 on,

And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
 His head. But this time all the blade, like glass,
 Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
 And in his hand the hilt remained alone.
 Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
 Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
 And shouted "Rustum!" Sohrab heard that shout,
 And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
 And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing
 form;

And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
 His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
 He reeled, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.
 And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
 And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
 The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
 Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
 And Sohrab wounded, on the bloody sand,

Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
 "Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
 A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
 And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent;
 Or else that the great Rustum would come down
 Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
 His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
 And then all the Tartar host would praise
 Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
 To glad thy father in his weak old age.
 Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
 Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
 Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied:—
 "Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
 Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
 No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
 For were I matched with ten such men as thou,
 And I were he who till to-day I was,
 They should be lying here, I standing there.
 But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
 That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
 Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
 Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
 And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
 But hear thou this, fierce man—tremble to hear!
 The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
 My father, whom I seek through all the world,
 He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
 A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
 Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
 And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
 And followed her to find her where she fell
 Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
 From hunting, and a great way off describes
 His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
 His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
 Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
 Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
 Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,

In some far stony gorge out of his ken —
 A heap of fluttering feathers. Never more
 Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
 Never the black and dripping precipices
 Echo her stormy scream, as she sails by.
 As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss —
 So Rustum knew not his own loss; but stood
 Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said: —
 "What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
 The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied: —
 "Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
 Surely the news will one day reach his ear —
 Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
 Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
 And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
 To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee —
 Fierce man, bethink thee — for an only son!
 What will that grief, what will that vengeance be!
 Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
 Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
 My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
 With that old king, her father, who grows gray
 With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
 Her most I pity, who no more will see
 Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
 With spoils and honor, when the war is done,
 But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
 From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
 And then will that defenceless woman learn
 That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;
 But that in battle with a nameless foe,
 By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased he wept aloud,
 Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
 He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.
 Nor did he yet believe it was his son
 Who spoke, although he called back names he
 knew;

For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
 Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
 Had been a puny girl, no boy at all:
 So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
 Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms;
 And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
 By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
 Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
 So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought;

And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
 Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore
 At the full moon. Tears gathered in his eyes;
 For he remembered his own early youth,
 And all its bounding rapture. As, at dawn,
 The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
 A far bright city, smitten by the sun,
 Through many rolling clouds — so Rustum saw
 His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
 And that old king, her father, who loved well
 His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
 With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
 They three, in that long-distant summer-time —
 The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
 And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
 In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
 Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
 Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand.
 Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
 Of an unskilful gardener has been cut
 Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
 And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
 On the mown, dying grass: so Sohrab lay,
 Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
 And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
 Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have
 loved!

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
 Have told thee false — thou art not Rustum's son.
 For Rustum had no son. One child he had —
 But one — a girl; who with her mother now
 Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us;
 Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
 The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
 And he desired to draw forth the steel,
 And let the blood flow free, and so to die.
 But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
 And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:

"Man, who art thou, who dost deny my words?
 Truth sits upon the lips of dying men;
 And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
 I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
 That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
 That she might prick it on the babe she bore."

He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks;
 And his knees tottered; and he smote his hand
 Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,

That the hard iron corselet clanked aloud ;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said :

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie.
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."

Then, with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked. As a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift ; at early morn he paints,
And all day long ; and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands :
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm — the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks,
Him that kind creature found and reared and loved.
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.

And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand and said :

"How sayest thou ? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's ?"

He spoke : but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and
stood

Speechless ; and then he uttered one sharp cry —
"O, boy — thy father !" — and his voice choked
there,

And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips.
And with fond, faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life. And life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror ; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair —
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms ;
And strong, convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him ; and he clutched his
sword

To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands ;
And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said :

"Father, forbear ! for I but meet to-day
The doom that at my birth was written down

In heaven, and thou art heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it. But fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel ; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this — I find
My father ; let me feel that I have found.
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say, ' My son !'
Quick ! quick ! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift ; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away —
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in heaven that this should be."

So said he : and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth ; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts
When they saw Rustum's grief ; and Ruksh, the
horse,

With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe,
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean ; and from his dark, compassionate
eyes,

The big, warm tears rolled down, and caked the
sand.

But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said :

"Ruksh, now thou grieveest ; but, O Ruksh, thy
feet

Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints,
When first they bore thy master to this field."

But Sohrab looked upon the horse, and said :

"Is this then Ruksh ? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed —
My terrible father's terrible horse ! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I ;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home,
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the river of Helmund, and the lake
Of Zirrah ; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food —
Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine —

And said — 'O Ruksh ! bear Rustum well !' But I
Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seïstan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream ;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents ; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir ; and this great Oxus stream —
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied :

"Oh that its waves were flowing over me !

Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt

Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head !"

And, with a grave, mild voice, Sohrab replied :

"Desire not that, my father ! Thou must live ;

For some are born to do great deeds, and live ;

As some are born to be obscured, and die.

Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,

And reap a second glory in thine age ;

Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.

But come ! thou seest this great host of men

Which follow me ; I pray thee, slay not these !

Let me entreat for them — what have they done ?

They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.

But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,

But carry me with thee to Seïstan,

And place me on a bed, and mourn for me —

Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.

And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,

And heap a stately mound above my bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all ;

That so the passing horseman on the waste

May see my tomb a great way off, and say :

Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,

Whom his great father did in ignorance kill —

And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied :

"Fear not ! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,

So shall it be ; for I will burn my tents,

And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,

And carry thee away to Seïstan,

And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,

With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.

And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,

And heap a stately mound above thy bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all ;

And men shall not forget thee in thy grave ;

And I will spare thy host — yea, let them go —

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.

What should I do with slaying any more ?

For would that all whom I have ever slain

Might be once more alive — my bitterest foes,

And they who were called champions in their
time,

And through whose death I won that fame I
have —

And I were nothing but a common man,

A poor, mean soldier, and without renown ;

So thou mightest live too, my son, my son !

Or rather, would that I, even I myself,

Might now be lying on this bloody sand,

Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine.

Not thou of mine ; and I might die, not thou ;

And I, not thou, be borne to Seïstan ;

And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine ;

And say — *O son, I weep thee not too sore,*

For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end ! —

But now in blood and battles was my youth,

And full of blood and battles is my age ;

And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then at the point of death, Sohrab replied : —

"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man !

But thou shalt yet have peace ; only not now,

Not yet. But thou shalt have it on that day

When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,

Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,

Returning home over the salt, blue sea,

From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face, and
said : —

"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea !

Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke : and Sohrab smiled on him, and took

The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased

His wound's imperious anguish. But the blood

Came welling from the open gash, and life

Flowed with the stream ; all down his cold white
side

The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soiled —

Like the soiled tissue of white violets

Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank

By romping children, whom their nurses call

From the hot fields at noon. His head drooped
low ;

His limbs grew slack ; motionless, white, he lay —
 White, with eyes closed ; only when heavy gasps,
 Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
 Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
 And fixed them feebly on his father's face.
 Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his
 limbs

Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
 Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
 And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
 And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
 Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
 As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
 By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
 His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,
 Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain-side —
 So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
 And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
 And darkened all ; and a cold fog, with night,
 Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
 As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
 Began to twinkle through the fog ; for now
 Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal ;
 The Persians took it on the open sands
 Southward ; the Tartars by the river marge.
 And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
 Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
 Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasman waste,
 Under the solitary moon. He flowed
 Right for the polar star, past Orgunje,
 Brimming, and bright, and large. Then sands
 begin

To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
 And split his currents—that for many a league
 The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand, and matted, rushy isles—
 Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain cradle in Pamere—
 A foiled, circuitous wanderer. Till at last
 The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed
 stars

Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Dædalus.

WAIL for Dædalus, all that is fairest !
 All that is tuneful in air or wave !
 Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
 Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave !

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
 Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
 That know not a past, nor expect a morrow,
 On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

By sculptured cave and speaking river,
 Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall ;
 The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
 Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
 Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed eye,
 Though, Dædalus, thou no more commandest
 New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
 Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
 By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
 With looks of beauty, and words of good.

Calmly they show us mankind victorious
 O'er all that is aimless, blind, and base ;
 Their presence has made our nature glorious,
 Unveiling our night's illumined face.

Thy toil has won them a god-like quiet ;
 Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely
 sphere ;
 Their eyes to peace rebuke our riot,
 And shape us a home of refuge here.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit ;
 In them their sire his beauty sees ;
 We too, a younger brood, inherit
 The gifts and blessing bestowed on these.

But ah ! their wise and graceful seeming,
 Recalls the more that the sage is gone ;
 Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,
 And find our voiceless chamber lone.

Dædalus, thou from the twilight fleest,
 Which thou with vision hast made so bright,
 And when no more those shapes thou seest,
 Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

Even in the noblest of man's creations,
Those fresh worlds round this old of ours,
When the seer is gone the orphaned nations
See but the tombs of perished powers.

Wail for Dædalus, earth and ocean !
Stars and sun, lament for him !
Ages quake, in strange commotion !
All ye realms of life, be dim !

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices !
From earth's deep centre mankind appall !
Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,
For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

JOHN STERLING.

Iphigeneia and Agamemnon.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said :
" O father ! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the goddess spake ;— old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he, also, hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus ?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it ; but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
" O father ! sayest thou nothing ? Hearst thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest ?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still ;
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs :
" I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood ;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each

By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow ;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athene, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes—
But, father, to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father ! go ere I am gone !"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away—not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered ; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice :
" O father ! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them ; and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success ?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried :
" O father ! grieve no more : the ships can sail."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The Lamentation for Celin.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are
barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling
heard ;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading
slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound
of woe.
What tower is fallen ? what star is set ? what chief
comes these bewailing ?
" A tower is fallen, a star is set ! Alas ! alas for
Celin !"

Three times they knock—three times they cry—
and wide the doors they throw ;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go ;

In gloomy lines they, mustering, stand beneath the hollow porch,
 Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
 Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
 For all have heard the misery—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood—
 'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood;
 The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
 Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;
 But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are bewailing—
 For he was Granada's darling knight—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
 With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
 Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
 Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
 When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
 And all the people, far and near, cry—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,—
 The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
 His dark, dark eyes are closed; his rosy lip is pale;
 The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
 And ever more the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing—
 Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands—the Moor stands at his door;
 One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;

Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
 Upon their brodered garments of crimson, green, and blue;
 Before each gate the bier stands still—then bursts the loud bewailing
 From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry—
 Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye:
 'Twas she that nursed him at her breast, that nursed him long ago;
 She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
 With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing—
 "Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—alas! alas for Celin!"

ANONYMOUS. (Moorish.)

Translation of J. G. LOCKHART.

A Very Mournful Ballad.

ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA, WHICH, IN THE ARABIC LANGUAGE, IS TO THE FOLLOWING PURPORT:

THE Moorish king rides up and down
 Through Granada's royal town;
 From Elvira's gates to those
 Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Wo is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
 How Alhama's city fell:
 In the fire the scroll he threw,
 And the messenger he slew.

Wo is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,
 And through the street directs his course;
 Through the street of Zacatin
 To the Alhambra spurring in.

Wo is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained,
 On the moment he ordained

That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Wo is me, Alhama !

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain.

Wo is me, Alhama !

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.

Wo is me, Alhama !

Out then spake an aged Moor,
In these words the king before :
" Wherefore call on us, O king ?
What may mean this gathering ? "

Wo is me, Alhama !

" Friends ! ye have, alas ! to know
Of a most disastrous blow —
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."

Wo is me, Alhama !

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see :
" Good king ! thou art justly served —
Good king ! this thou hast deserved.

Wo is me, Alhama !

" By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower ;
And strangers were received by thee,
Of Cordova the chivalry.

Wo is me, Alhama !

" And for this, O king ! is sent
On thee a double chastisement ;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.

Wo is me, Alhama !

" He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law ;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."

Wo is me, Alhama !

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The monarch's wrath began to rise :
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.

Wo is me, Alhama !

" There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings : " —
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.

Wo is me, Alhama !

Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased —

Wo is me, Alhama !

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone ;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.

Wo is me, Alhama !

" Cavalier, and man of worth !
Let these words of mine go forth ;
Let the Moorish monarch know
That to him I nothing owe.

Wo is me, Alhama !

" But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys ;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.

Wo is me, Alhama !

" Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives ;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost ; another, wealth or fame.

Wo is me, Alhama !

" I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower ;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."

Wo is me, Alhama !

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head ;

And to the Alhambra's walls with speed
'Twas carried, as the king decreed.
Wo is me, Alhama !

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep ;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Wo is me, Alhama !

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls ;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Wo is me, Alhama !

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.)

Translation of LORD BYRON.

The Fishermen.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west —
Out into the west as the sun went down ;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town ;
For men must work, and women must weep ;
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at
the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and
brown ;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their
hands,
For those who will never come, back to the
town ;
For men must work, and women must weep —
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep —
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Prisoner of Chillon.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind !
Brightest in dungeons, liberty, thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned —
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom —
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard ! — May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears ;
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose ;
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred — forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven, who now are one —
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage :
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed —
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old ;

There are seven columns, massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray —
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp ;
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain :
 That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years — I cannot count them o'er ;
 I lost their long and heavy score
 When my last brother drooped and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone,
 And we were three — yet, each alone
 We could not move a single pace ;
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight ;
 And thus together, yet apart —
 Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each —
 With some new hope or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,

A grating sound — not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be ;
 It might be fancy — but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do, and did, my best —
 And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distress
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free),
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone —
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
 And thus he was, as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but other's ills ;
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy ; but not in chains to pine.
 His spirit withered with their clank ;
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine !
 But yet I forced it on, to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
 A thousand feet in depth below,
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthrals ;
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made — and like a living grave,
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay ;
 We heard it ripple night and day ;

Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high,
 And wanton in the happy sky;
 And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked;
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined;
 I said his mighty heart declined.
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care.
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat;
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moistened many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow-men,
 Like brutes, within an iron den.
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side.
 But why delay the truth?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlocked his chain,
 And scooped for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begged them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought;
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laughed, and laid him there,
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant—
 Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
 Most cherished since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyred father's dearest thought,
 My latest care—for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free—
 He too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was withered on the stalk away.
 O God! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood:
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion;
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of sin, delirious with its dread;
 But these were horrors, this was woe
 Unmixed with such, but sure and slow.
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray—
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur, not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot—
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise;
 For I was sunk in silence, lost
 In this last loss, of all the most.
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
 I listened, but I could not hear—
 I called, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I called, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,

And rushed to him: I found him not.
 I only stirred in this black spot;
 I only lived — I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last, the sole, the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath —
 My brothers — both had ceased to breathe.
 I took that hand which lay so still —
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive —
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope, but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well, I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too.
 I had no thought, no feeling — none:
 Among the stones I stood a stone;
 And was scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
 It was not night — it was not day;
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight;
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness, without a place;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death —
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

X.

A light broke in upon my brain —
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again —
 The sweetest song ear ever heard;

And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then, by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track:
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before;
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done;
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perched as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree —
 A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before —
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
 It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate;
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine;
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine —
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For — Heaven forgive that thought, the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile! —
 I sometimes deemed that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal well I knew;
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone —
 Lone as the corpse within its shroud,
 Lone as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate —
 My keepers grew compassionate.

I know not what had made them so —
 They were inured to sights of woe;
 But so it was — my broken chain
 With links unfastened did remain;
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun —
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall:
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me;
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery.
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more upon the mountains high
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them — and they were the same;
 They were not changed, like me, in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide, long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down;
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile —
 The only one in view;
 A small, green isle, it seemed no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;

But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing
 Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous, each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast —
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled, and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save;
 And yet my glance, too much oppress,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days —
 I kept no count, I took no note —
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last came men to set me free,
 I asked not why, and recked not where;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be;
 I learned to love despair.
 And thus, when they appeared at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage — and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a sacred home.
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade;
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play —
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learned to dwell.
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are — even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

The Sea.

THROUGH the night, through the night,
 In the saddest unrest,
 Wrapt in white, all in white,
 With her babe on her breast,
 Walks the mother so pale,
 Staring out on the gale
 Through the night!

Through the night, through the night,
 Where the sea lifts the wreck,
 Land in sight, close in sight,
 On the surf-flooded deck
 Stands the father so brave,
 Driving on to his grave
 Through the night!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

The King of Denmark's Ride.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry!)
 That the love of his heart lay suffering,
 And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
 (Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
 Better he loves each golden curl
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
 Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
 And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
 (Hurry!)
 Each one mounting a gallant steed
 Which he kept for battle and days of need;
 (Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
 Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
 Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
 Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
 But ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
 (Hurry!)
 They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward
 gone;
 His little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying!
 The king looked back at that faithful child;
 Wan was the face that answering smiled;
 They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
 Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
 Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn;
 (Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn
 An echo returned on the cold gray morn.

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
 The castle portal stood grimly wide;
 None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
 For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
 The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
 Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,
 The thick sobs choking in his breast;

And, that dumb companion eyeing,
 The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
 He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
 "O steed—that every nerve didst strain,
 Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
 To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

Beth Gêlert.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerily smiled the morn;
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Attend Llewelyn's horn.
 And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer:
 "Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
 Llewelyn's horn to hear!
 Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam—
 The flower of all his race:
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
 The faithful Gêlert fed;
 He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
 And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John ;
 But now no Gêlert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.
 And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
 The gallant chidings rise,
 All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
 The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little loved
 The chase of hart and hare ;
 And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gêlert was not there.
 Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal-seat,
 His truant Gêlert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.
 But when he gained his castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood ;
 The hound all o'er was smeared with gore ;
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood !

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise,
 Unused such looks to meet ;
 His favorite checked his joyful guise
 And crouched and licked his feet.
 Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
 And on went Gêlert too ;
 And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view !
 O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
 With blood-stained cover rent,
 And all around, the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied —
 He searched with terror wild ;
 Blood, blood, he found on every side,
 But nowhere found his child !
 "Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured !" —
 The frantic father cried ;
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gêlert's side !
 His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
 No pity could impart ;
 But still his Gêlert's dying yell
 Passed heavy o'er his heart.
 Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh :

What words the parent's joy could tell,
 To hear his infant's cry !
 Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 The cherub boy he kissed !
 Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
 But, the same couch beneath,
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead —
 Tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewelyn's pain !
 For now the truth was clear ;
 His gallant hound the wolf had slain
 To save Llewelyn's heir.
 Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe :
 "Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic blow which laid thee low,
 This heart shall ever rue !" —
 And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture decked ;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass
 Or forester unmoved ;
 There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewelyn's sorrow proved.
 And there he hung his horn and spear,
 And there, as evening fell,
 In fancy's ear he oft would hear
 Poor Gêlert's dying yell.
 And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water ?"
 "Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men —
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing —
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: — the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing.
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On the Loss of the Royal George.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

TOLL for the brave —
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset —
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main."

But Kempenfelt is gone —
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Wreck of the Hesperus.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm ;
His pipe was in his mouth ;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main :
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring ;
Oh say, what may it be ?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;
Oh say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light !
Oh say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word —
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be !
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows ;
She drifted a dreary wreck ;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool ;
 But the cruel rocks they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the mast went by the board ;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank —
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow ;
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea —
 The ship was still as she might be ;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion ;
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock ;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock ;
 On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
 And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell ;
 And then they knew the perilous rock,
 And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay —
 All things were joyful on that day ;
 The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,
 And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
 A darker speck on the ocean green ;
 Sir Ralph the rover walked his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring —
 It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
 His heart was mirthful to excess ;
 But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float :
 Quoth he, " My men, pull out the boat ;
 And row me to the Inchcape rock,
 And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape rock they go ;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound ;
 The bubbles rose, and burst around.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock
 Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the rover sailed away —
 He scoured the seas for many a day ;
 And now, grown rich with plundered store,
 He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
 They could not see the sun on high ;
 The wind had blown a gale all day ;
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand ;
 So dark it is, they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
 For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
 Now where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along ;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock —
O Christ ! it is the Inchcape rock !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Mariner's Dream.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay ;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the
wind ;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bow-
ers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry
morn ;
While Memory stood sideways half covered with
flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in
the wall ;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm
tear ;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds
dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;
Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem
o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his
rest —
“ O God ! thou hast blest me—I ask for no
more.”

Ah ! whence is that flame which now bursts on his
eye ?

Ah ! what is that sound which now 'larms on his
ear ?

'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the
sky !

'Tis the clashing of thunders, the groan of the
sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the
deck ;

Amazement confronts him with images dire ;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a
wreck ;

The masts fly in splinters ; the shrouds are on
fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er
the wave !

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that fancy touched
bright—
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed
kiss ?

O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for
thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless
surge,
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-
sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge !

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be
laid —

Around thy white bones the red coral shall
grow ;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
 O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

How's my Boy?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
 How's my boy—my boy?"
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
 He that went to sea—
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
 And not know my John?
 I might as well have asked some landsman,
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
 And unless you let me know
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no—
 Brass buttons or no, sailor,
 Anchor and crown or no—
 Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'—"
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
 About my own boy John?
 If I was loud as I am proud
 I'd sing him over the town!
 Why should I speak low, sailor?"
 "That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the ship, sailor—
 I was never aboard her.
 Be she afloat or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say, how's my John?"

"Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother—
 How's my boy—my boy?
 Tell me of him and no other!
 How's my boy—my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL.

The Moon was A-Waning.

THE moon was a-waning,
 The tempest was over;
 Fair was the maiden,
 And fond was the lover;
 But the snow was so deep
 That his heart it grew weary;
 And he sunk down to sleep,
 In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
 She had made for her lover,
 White were the sheets
 And embroidered the cover;
 But his sheets are more white,
 And his canopy grander;
 And sounder he sleeps
 Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
 What sorrows attend you!
 I see you sit shivering,
 With lights at your window;
 But long may you wait
 Ere your arms shall enclose him;
 For still, still he lies,
 With a wreath on his bosom.

How painful the task
 The sad tidings to tell you!—
 An orphan you were
 Ere this misery befell you;
 And far in yon wild,
 Where the dead-tapers hover,
 So cold, cold and wan,
 Lies the corpse of your lover!

JAMES HOGG.

Tom Bowling.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For Death has broached him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty;
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below, he did his duty;
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many and true-hearted;
 His Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed;
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

The Dream of Eugene Aram.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school;
 There were some that ran and some that leapt
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
 And souls untouched by sin;
 To a level mead they came, and there
 They drave the wickets in:
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
 And shouted as they ran,

Turning to mirth all things of earth,
 As only boyhood can;
 But the usher sat remote from all,
 A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
 To catch Heaven's blessed breeze;
 For a burning thought was in his brow,
 And his bosom ill at ease;
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
 The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
 Nor ever glanced aside;
 For the peace of his soul he read that book
 In the golden eventide;
 Much study had made him very lean,
 And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He strained the dusky covers close,
 And fixed the brazen hasp:
 "O God! could I so close my mind
 And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took,
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook,
 And, lo! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read,
 Romance or fairy fable?
 Or is it some historic page,
 Of kings and crowns unstable?"
 The young boy gave an upward glance—
 "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain—
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again;
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves;

And lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod;
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme —
Woe, woe, unutterable woe —
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!"

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field —
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!"

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife —
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone!"

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!"

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;

Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!"

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned — the dead
Had never groaned but twice!"

"And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice, the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream —
The sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:
My gentle boy, remember! this
Is nothing but a dream!"

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!"

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;

But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red !

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep ;
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime ;
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time —
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime —

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave !
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave !

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing ;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began.
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;

As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there —
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep —
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Aye, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones !

"O God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again, again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul —
It stands before me now !"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

Young Airly.

KEN ye aught of brave Lochiel ?
Or ken ye aught of Airly ?
They have belted on their bright broad swords,
And off and awa' wi' Charlie.

Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men,
And bring it red and rarely —
At mirk midnight there flashed a light
O'er the topmost towers of Airly.

What lowe is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel,
Which gleams so red and rarely?
By the God of my kin, quo' young Ogilvie,
It's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!
Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel,
And calm your mood, quo' Charlie;
Ere morning glow we'll raise a lowe
Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

Oh, yon fair tower's my native tower!
Nor will it soothe my mourning,
Were London palace, tower, and town,
As fast and brightly burning.
It's no my hame — my father's hame,
That reddens my cheek sae sairly —
But my wife, and twa sweet babes I left
To smoor in the smoke of Airly.

ANONYMOUS.

A Snow-Storm.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full; but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down — all day
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the norther, see! on the mountain-peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, ho-ho! ho-ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,
Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet —
Pray what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain —
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with might and main
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew
short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh.
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives with a wistful cry
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, and the storm is o'er —
 'Tis the hour of midnight, past ;
 The old trees writhe and bend no more
 In the whirl of the rushing blast.
 The silent moon with her peaceful light
 Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
 And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
 The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
 Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
 Are they who came from the town —
 The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
 And his beautiful Morgan brown —
 In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
 With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand —
 The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
 And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
 Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

The Hunter's Vision.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,
 Rose from the mountain's breast,
 A weary hunter of the deer
 Had sat him down to rest,
 And bared to the soft summer air
 His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
 With dimmer vales between ;
 And rivers glimmered on their way,
 By forests faintly seen ;
 While ever rose a murmuring sound,
 From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
 A strain, so soft and low
 That whether in the mind or ear
 The listener scarce might know ;
 With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,
 The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
 "Thou faint with toil and heat,
 The pleasant land of rest is spread
 Before thy very feet,

And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
 Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
 Amid the noontide haze,
 A shadowy region met his eye,
 And grew beneath his gaze,
 As if the vapors of the air
 Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
 Showed bright on rocky bank,
 And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
 Where deer and pheasant drank.
 He saw the glittering streams ; he heard
 The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,
 There lived and walked again ;
 And there was one who many a year
 Within her grave had lain,
 A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride —
 His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
 Right towards his resting-place,
 And stretched her hand and called his name,
 With that sweet smiling face.
 Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,
 The hunter leaned in act to rise :

Forward he leaned — and headlong down
 Plunged from that craggy wall ;
 He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown
 An instant, in his fall —
 A frightful instant, and no more ;
 The dream and life at once were o'er.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Softly Woo away her Breath.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
 Gentle death !
 Let her leave thee with no strife,
 Tender, mournful, murmuring life !
 She hath seen her happy day —
 She hath had her bud and blossom :
 Now she pales and shrinks away,
 Earth, into thy gentle bosom !

She hath done her bidding here,
 Angels dear !
 Bear her perfect soul above,
 Seraph of the skies — sweet love !
 Good she was, and fair in youth ;
 And her mind was seen to soar,
 And her heart was wed to truth :
 Take her, then, for evermore —
 For ever — evermore !

BARRY CORNWALL.

The May Queen.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
 mother dear ;
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad
 new-year —
 Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest,
 merriest day ;
 For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none
 so bright as mine ;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caro-
 line ;
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they
 say :
 So I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall
 never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to
 break ;
 But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and
 garlands gay ;
 For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I
 see,
 But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-
 tree ?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him
 yesterday —
 But I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in
 white ;
 And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of
 light.
 They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what
 they say,
 For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love — but that can
 never be ;
 They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is
 that to me ?
 There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer
 day ;
 And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the
 green,
 And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made
 the queen ;
 For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from
 far away ;
 And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its
 wavy bowers,
 And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet
 cuckoo-flowers ;
 And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in
 swamps and hollows gray ;
 And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the
 meadow-grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten
 as they pass ;
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the
 livelong day ;
 And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and
 still,
 And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the
 hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily
glance and play,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad
new-year:
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, mer-
riest day,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early,
mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-
year.
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see —
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think
no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set—he set and left be-
hind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my
peace of mind;
And the new-year's coming up, mother; but I shall
never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the
tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a
merry day —
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me
queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the
hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills—the frost is
on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come
again.
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out
on high —
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-
tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow
lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer
o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the moulder-
ing grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave
of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll
shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the
hill —
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the
world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waning light
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at
night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs
blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bul-
rush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the haw-
thorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you
when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and
pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive
me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek
and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be
wild;
You should not fret for me, mother—you have
another child.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my
resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look
upon your face;

Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm
far away.

Good-night! good-night! when I have said good-
night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of
the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be
growing green—
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have
been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary
floor.
Let her take 'em—they are hers; I shall never
garden more.
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush
that I set
About the parlor-window, and the box of migno-
nette.

Good-night, sweet mother! Call me before the day
is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-
year—
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother
dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I
am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of
the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the
year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the
violet's here.

Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the
skies;
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that
cannot rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers
that blow;
And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long
to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the
blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His
will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find re-
lease;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me
words of peace.

Oh blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver
hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet
me there!
Oh blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver
head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside
my bed.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught me all
the sin;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One
will let me in.
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that
could be;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for
me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-
watch beat—
There came a sweeter token when the night and
morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand
in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the
sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels
call—
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark
was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to
roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call
my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie
dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer
here;

With all my strength I prayed for both—and so
I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the
wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my
bed;
And then did something speak to me—I know
not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all
my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the
wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for
them—it's mine;"
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it
for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the win-
dow-bars—
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die
among the stars.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is. I
know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have
to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-
day;
But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past
away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to
fret;
There's many worthier than I would make him
happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been
his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my
desire of life.

Oh look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens are
in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them
I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his
light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than
mine.

Oh sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this
day is done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the
sun—

For ever and for ever with those just souls and
true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make
we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie
come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Tommy's Dead.

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed 's waste, I know, boys,
There's not a blade will grow, boys,
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed:
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
 Let me turn my head :
 She's standing there in the door, boys,
 Your sister Winifred !
 Take her away from me, boys,
 Your sister Winifred !
 Move me round in my place, boys,
 Let me turn my head.
 Take her away from me, boys,
 As she lay on her death-bed,
 The bones of her thin face, boys,
 As she lay on her death-bed !
 I don't know how it be, boys,
 When all's done and said,
 But I see her looking at me, boys,
 Wherever I turn my head ;
 Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
 Out of the garden-bed,
 And the lily as pale as she, boys,
 And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
 But I think it's not in my head,
 I've kept my precious sight, boys —
 The Lord be hallowed !
 Oustide and in
 The ground is cold to my tread,
 The hills are wizen and thin,
 The sky is shrivelled and shred,
 The hedges down by the loan
 I can count them bone by bone,
 The leaves are open and spread,
 But I see the teeth of the land,
 And hands like a dead man's hand,
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.
 There's nothing but cinders and sand,
 The rat and the mouse have fed,
 And the summer's empty and cold ;
 Over valley and wold
 Wherever I turn my head
 There's a mildew and a mould,
 The sun's going out overhead,
 And I'm very old,
 And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys,
 You're all born and bred,
 'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
 Since wife and I were wed,

And she's gone before, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
 Upon his curly head,
 She knew she'd never see 't, boys,
 And she stole off to bed ;
 I've been sitting up alone, boys,
 For he'd come home, he said,
 But it's time I was gone, boys,
 For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
 Bring out the beer and bread,
 Make haste and sup, boys,
 For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
 There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
 There's something ill wi' the bread,
 I don't care to sup, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
 I've such a sleepy head,
 I shall never more be stout, boys,
 You may carry me to bed.
 What are you about, boys,
 The prayers are all said,
 The fire's raked out, boys,
 And Tommy's dead ?

The stairs are too steep, boys,
 You may carry me to the head,
 The night's dark and deep, boys,
 Your mother's long in bed,
 'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,
 You may shake my hand instead.
 All things go amiss, boys,
 You may lay me where she is, boys,
 And I'll rest my old head :
 'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
 And Tommy's dead.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill —
Nor do I for all this, nor will;
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, oh my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing;
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain —
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean — their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain;
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio! when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me; nay, and I know
What he said then — I'm sure I do:
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer!"
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled —
This waxed tame, while he grew wild;
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth, I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game. It seemed to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? Oh I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did — his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white — shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet!
With what a pretty, skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race!
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler, much, than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own —
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it gues
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

Oh help! oh help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come

Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears; and fill
It, till it do o'erflow, with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
Oh do not run too fast! for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too! But there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep though I be stone;
Until my tears, still drooping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there,
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

She Wore a Wreath of Roses.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet.
Her footstep had the lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,—
The tokens of a youthful heart,
Where sorrow is unknown.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of summer flowers
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange-blossoms,
When next we met, she wore;
The expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before;

And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her, leaving that dear home
She ne'er might view again.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of orange-blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal-wreath is there;
The widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear.
I see her broken-hearted;
Yet methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.

But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends;
 But, oh! they love the better still
 The few our Father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessin' and my pride:
 There 's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone;
 There was comfort ever on your lip,
 And the kind look on your brow—
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it for my sake;
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore—
 Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true!
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm goin' to;
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there,
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May
 morn,
 When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

The Bridge of Sighs.

"Drowned! Drowned!"—HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care!
 Fashioned so slenderly—
 Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements,
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly—
 Not of the stains of her;
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny,
 Rash and undutiful;
 Past all dishonor,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
 One of Eve's family—
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,
 Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb—
 Her fair auburn tresses—
 Whilst wonderment guesses
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed —
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly —
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran —
Over the brink of it!
Picture it, think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly —
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly —
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them.
Staring so blindly!
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

The Mother's Last Song.

SLEEP! — The ghostly winds are blowing!
No moon abroad, no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
(Twas melted away by his looks of fire)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel — the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;

No work, no bread, however we sue!
 What is there left for me to do,
 But fly—fly
 From the cruel sky,
 And hide in the deepest deeps—and die!

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Song of the Shirt.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim!
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam—
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
 O men with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death—
 That phantom of grisly bone?
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags,
 That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime!
 Work—work—work—
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band—
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work
 In the dull December light!
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and bright!
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet!
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour—
 A respite however brief!
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart;
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread —
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch —
 Would that its tone could reach the rich ! —
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt !"

THOMAS HOOD.

Song of the Silent Land.

INTO the silent land !
 Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand :
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, oh, thither !
 Into the silent land ?
 Into the silent land !
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection ! Tender morning-visions
 Of beauteous souls ! The future's pledge and band !
 Who in life's battle firm doth stand
 Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
 Into the silent land !

O land ! O land !
 For all the broken-hearted
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great departed —
 Into the silent land !

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS. (German.)
 Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The Pauper's Death-Bed.

TREAD softly ! bow the head —
 In reverent silence bow !
 No passing-bell doth toll ;
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
 With lowly reverence bow !
 There's one in that poor shed —
 One by that paltry bed —
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state !
 Enter ! — no crowds attend —
 Enter ! — no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —
 An infant wail alone ;
 A sob suppressed — again
 That short deep gasp — and then
 The parting groan !

Oh ! change — oh ! wondrous change !
 Burst are the prison bars !
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonized — and now
 Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change — stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clod !
 The sun eternal breaks ;
 The new immortal wakes —
 Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

The Last Journey.

SLOWLY, with measured tread,
 Onward we bear the dead
 To his lone home ;
 Short goes the homeward road —
 On with your mortal load ! —
 O grave ! we come.

Yet, yet — ah ! hasten not
 Past each remembered spot

Where he hath been —
Where late he walked in glee,
These from henceforth to be
Never more seen!

Rest ye—set down the bier!
One he loved dwelleth here;
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet!—
“O friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend—more than brother!)
How hand in hand we’ve gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
All to each other?

“O friend! I go from thee—
Where the worm feasteth free,
Darkly to dwell;
Giv’st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
O friend, farewell!”

Uplift your load again!
Take up the mourning strain—
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail!

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move—
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate!
Will the dead speak again—
Utt’ring proud boasts, and vain
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose—
List! list! what sounds are those,

Plaintive and low?
“O thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me,
Ere hence I go.

“Curse not thy foemen now—
Mark! on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pardoning I pass thy way;
Then wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget!”

Now all his labor ’s done!
Now, now the goal is won!
O grave, we come!
Seal up the precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

The Pauper's Drive.

THERE ’s a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round
trot—

To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are
none—

He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and
din!

The whip how it cracks! and the wheels, how they
spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is
hurled!—

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed—

Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,

You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

Bear soft his bones over the stones!

Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

THOMAS NOEL.

The Death-Bed.

WE watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

A Death-Bed.

HER suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

Peace! What do Tears Avail?

PEACE! what do tears avail?

She lies all dumb and pale,

And from her eye

The spirit of lovely life is fading—

And she must die!

Why looks the lover wroth—the friend upbraiding?

Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long

'Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?

Then why not die?

Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,

And hopeless lie?

Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?

Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,

In all her stainless charms!

And with her fly

To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,

The angels lie!

Wilt bear her there, O Death! in all her whiteness?

Reply, reply!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Hester.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call — if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school —
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind —
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day —
A bliss that would not go away —
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

Lycidas.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,

That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of
night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad song would not be absent long,
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.
But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone —
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-
grown,
And all their echoes, mourn;
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless
deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream —
Ay me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there; for what could that have
done?
What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?
 Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Næra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
 raise

(That last infirmity of noble minds)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the
 praise,

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood ;
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea ;
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle
 swain ?

And questioned every gust of rugged winds
 That blows from off each beaked promontory ;
 They knew not of his story ;
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,

Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.
 Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean Lake ;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
 How well could I have spared for thee, young
 swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ?
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how
 to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? what need they ? they are
 sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they
 draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies,
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away where'er thy bones are hurled,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth!
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more!

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,

Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and
 rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals
 gray;

He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

In Remembrance of the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers.

I.

A GRACE though melancholy, manly too,
 Moulded his being; pensive, grave, serene,
 O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
 Unceasing pain, by patience tempered, threw
 A shade of sweet austerity. But seen
 In happier hours and by the friendly few,
 That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,
 And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
 And reason impeded with inquisition keen,
 Knowledge long sought with ardor ever new,
 And wit love-kindled, showed in colors true
 What genial joys with sufferings can consist.
 Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist
 Touched by the brightness of the golden dawn,
 Aërial heights disclosing, valleys green,
 And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
 And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

II.

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
 Saw what would not be willingly passed by.
 In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
 Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
 A simple grace and gentle dignity,
 That failed not at the first accost to please;
 And as reserve relented by degrees,
 So winning was his aspect and address,
 His smile so rich in sad felicities,
 Accordant to a voice which charmed no less,
 That who but saw him once remembered long,
 And some in whom such images are strong
 Have hoarded the impression in their heart,
 Fancy's fond dreams and memory's joys among,
 Like some loved relic of romantic song,
 Or cherished masterpiece of ancient art.

III.

His life was private; safely led, aloof
 From the loud world,—which yet he understood
 Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.
 For he by privilege of his nature proof
 Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
 Of privacy, as from a cave, surveyed
 With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,

And gently judged for evil and for good.
 But whilst he mixed not for his own behoof
 In public strife, his spirit glowed with zeal,
 Not shorn of action, for the public weal —
 For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
 For freedom as its signature and seal.
 His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
 From vain ambition and inordinate care,
 In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
 Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
 Became a temple and a place of prayer.
 In latter years he walked not singly there;
 For one was with him, ready at all hours
 His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,
 Who buoyantly his burthens helped to bear,
 And decked his altars daily with fresh flowers.

IV.

But farther may we pass not; for the ground
 Is holier than the muse herself may tread;
 Nor would I it should echo to a sound
 Less solemn than the service for the dead.
 Mine is inferior matter — my own loss —
 The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
 Of reason's converse by affection fed,
 Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
 Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.
 Friend of my youth! though younger, yet my
 guide,
 How much by thy unerring insight clear
 I shaped my way of life for many a year,
 What thoughtful friendship on thy death-bed died!
 Friend of my youth! whilst thou wast by my side,
 Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath;
 How like a charm thy life to me supplied
 All waste and injury of time and tide,
 How like a disenchantment was thy death!

HENRY TAYLOR.

Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The muckle devil wi' a woodie
 Haur! thee hame to his black smidde,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stockfish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
 Where echo slumbers!
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
 Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
 Wi' todlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells owre the lea;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
 In scented bowers;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at his head,
 At even, when beans their fragrance shed
 I' th' rustling gale,
 Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade,
 Come, join my wail!

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather-bud;
 Ye curlews calling through a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
 And mourn, ye whirring patrick brood;
 He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay!

And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bower,
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail through the weary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my cantie strains ;
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ;
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow !

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year !
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear ;
 Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up his head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
 For him that's dead !

Then autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy sallow mantle tear !
 Thou, winter, hurling through the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light !
 Mourn, empress of the silent night !
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn !
 For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man ! the brother !
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
 And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound ?
 Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !

But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

ROBERT BURNS.

A Funeral Hymn.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread !
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour !
 In honor of th' approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 Yes, pour around,
 On this pale ground,
 Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo ! as the surpliced train draw near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 In holy musings wrap the mind !
 And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart,
 Each mouldering bone,
 Each sculptured stone,
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart !

Now, let the sacred organ blow,
 With solemn pause, and sounding slow ;
 Now, let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep,
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul —

To lift it to the Maker's praise,
 Who first informed our frame with breath,
 And, after some few stormy days,
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
 No king of fears
 In him appears,
 Who shuts the scene of human woes ;
 Beneath his shade
 Securely laid,
 The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
 To One, supremely good and wise,
 Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
 And man most happy when he dies!
 His winter past,
 Fair spring at last
 Receives him on her flowery shore,
 Where pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more!

DAVID MALLETT.

The Exequy.

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
 Instead of dirges, this complaint;
 And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
 Receive a strew of weeping verse
 From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st
 see
 Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
 My task hath been to meditate
 On thee; on thee; thou art the book,
 The library whereon I look,
 Though almost blind; for thee (loved clay)
 I languish out, not live, the day,
 Using no other exercise
 But what I practice with mine eyes;
 By which wet glasses I find out
 How lazily Time creeps about
 To one that mourns: this, only this,
 My exercise and business is:
 So I compute the weary hours
 With sighs dissolved into showers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
 Backward and most preposterous;
 Thou hast benighted me; thy set
 This eve of blackness did beget,
 Who wast my day (though overcast
 Before thou hadst thy noontide passed),
 And I remember must in tears
 Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
 As day tells hours: by thy clear sun
 My love and fortune first did run:

But thou wilt nevermore appear
 Folded within my hemisphere,
 Since both thy light and motion
 Like a fled star is fallen and gone,
 And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
 The earth now interposed is,
 Which such a strange eclipse doth make
 As ne'er was read in almanac.

I could allow thee for a time
 To darken me, and my sad clime:
 Were it a month, or year, or ten,
 I would thy exile live till then.
 And all that space my mirth adjourn,
 So thou wouldst promise to return,
 And, putting off thy ashy shroud,
 At length disperse this sable cloud.

But woe is me! the longest date
 Too narrow is to calculate
 These empty hopes: never shall I
 Be so much blest as to descry
 A glimpse of thee, till that day come
 Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
 And a fierce fever must calcine
 The body of this world like thine,
 (My little world!): that fit of fire
 Once off, our bodies shall aspire
 To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise,
 And view ourselves with clearer eyes
 In that calm region where no night
 Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, Earth: much good
 May my harm do thee! Since it stood
 With Heaven's will I might not call
 Her longer mine, I give thee all
 My short-lived right and interest
 In her whom living I loved best.
 With a most free and bounteous grief
 I give thee what I could not keep.
 Be kind to her, and, prithee, look
 Thou write into thy doomsday book
 Each parcel of this rarity
 Which in thy casket shined doth lie.
 See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
 And yield her back again by weight:
 For thou must audit on thy trust
 Each grain and atom of this dust,

As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears:
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield;
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And, slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live,
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING.

Gane were but the Winter Cauld.

GANE were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear;
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Oh! Snatched away in Beauty's Bloom.

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread—
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

Coronach.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.

The font re-appearing
 From the rain-drops shall borrow;
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh! Breathe not his Name.

OH! breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it
 weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
 sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

A Dirge.

Now is done thy long day's work;
 Fold thy palms across thy breast—
 Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
 Let them rave.
 Shadows of the silver birk
 Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
 Nothing but the small cold worm
 Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.
 Light and shadow ever wander
 O'er the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
 Chanteth not the brooding bee
 Sweeter tones than calumny?

Let them rave.
 Thou wilt never raise thine head
 From the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
 The woodbine and eglare
 Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.
 Rain makes music in the tree
 O'er the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
 Bramble roses, faint and pale,
 And long purples of the dale.
 Let them rave.
 These in every shower creep
 Through the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine,
 The frail bluebell peereth over
 Rare broid'ry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.
 Kings have no such couch as thine,
 As the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there;
 God's great gift of speech abused
 Makes thy memory confused—

But let them rave.
 The balm-cricket carols clear
 In the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Dirge of Imogen.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great—
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!
O paragon, and pearl of praise!
O virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the maiden traine! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground;
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffodill,
And other flowers, lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou, wonder of all maids, rest here—
Of daughters all, the dearest deere;
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meades from whence we get
The primrose and the violet.

Too soone, too deere, did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty;
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt;
Lamented maid! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive-branch, and victor's song;
He slew the Ammonites, we know—
But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our peace
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine
We offer here, before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, tears for wine;
And, to make fine
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here
Four times bestrew thee every yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears;
Receive this offering of our haire;
Receive these christall vials, filled
With tears distilled
From teeming eyes; to these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe; besides, these caules,
These laces, ribbands, and these faules—
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
The bashfull bride,
When we conduct her to her groome;
All, all we lay upon thy tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
No more, at yearly festivalls,
We cowslip balls,
Or chaines of columbines, shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no! our maiden pleasures be
 Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee;
 'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave;
 Or if we have

One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
 A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
 And make this place all paradise;
 May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
 Fat frankincense;
 Let balme and cassia send their scent
 From out thy maiden monument.

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
 A wing about thy sepulchre;
 No boysterous winds or storms come hither,
 To starve or wither
 Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a spring,
 Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,
 Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers;
 May virgins, when they come to mourn,
 Male incense burn
 Upon thine altar; then return,
 And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Dirge.

OH dig a grave, and dig it deep,
 Where I and my true-love may sleep!
 *We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
 Where thou and thy true-love shall sleep!*

And let it be five fathom low,
 Where winter winds may never blow!
 *And it shall be five fathoms low,
 Where winter winds shall never blow!*

And let it be on yonder hill,
 Where grows the mountain daffodil!
 *And it shall be on yonder hill,
 Where grows the mountain daffodil!*

And plant it round with holy briers,
 To fright away the fairy fires!
 *We'll plant it round with holy briers,
 To fright away the fairy fires!*

And set it round with celandine,
 And nodding heads of columbine!
 *We'll set it round with celandine,
 And nodding heads of columbine!*

And let the ruddock build his nest
 Just above my true-love's breast!
 *The ruddock he shall build his nest
 Just above thy true-love's breast!*

And warble his sweet wintry song
 O'er our dwelling all day long!
 *And he shall warble his sweet song
 O'er your dwelling all day long.*

Now, tender friends, my garments take,
 And lay me out for Jesus' sake!
 *And we will now thy garments take,
 And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!*

And lay me by my true-love's side,
 That I may be a faithful bride!
 *We'll lay thee by thy true-love's side,
 That thou may'st be a faithful bride!*

When I am dead, and buried be,
 Pray to God in heaven for me!
 *Now thou art dead, we'll bury thee,
 And pray to God in heaven for thee!*
 Benedicite!

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

Dirge in Cymbeline,

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,
 SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen —
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
 Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Beloved till life can charm no more,
 And mourned till pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Bridal Song and Dirge.

A CYPRESS-BOUGH and a rose-wreath sweet,
 A wedding-robe and a winding-sheet,
 A bridal-bed and a bier!

Thine be the kisses, maid,
 And smiling love's alarms;
 And thou, pale youth, be laid
 In the grave's cold arms:
 Each in his own charms—
 Death and Hymen both are here.
 So up with scythe and torch,
 And to the old church porch,
 While all the bells ring clear;
 And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
 And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

Now tremble dimples on your cheek—
 Sweet be your lips to taste and speak,
 For he who kisses is near:
 By her the bridegroom fair,
 In youthful power and force;
 By him the grizzard bare,
 Pale knight on a pale horse,
 To woo him to a corse—
 Death and Hymen both are here.
 So up with scythe and torch,
 And to the old church porch,
 While all the bells ring clear;
 And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
 And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

Dirge.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
 Of love, and all its smart—
 Then sleep, dear, sleep!
 And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
 The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
 Of love, and all its smart—
 Then die, dear, die!
 'Tis deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye;
 And then alone, amid the beaming
 Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
 In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

Dirge.

SOFTLY!
 She is lying
 With her lips apart.
 Softly!
 She is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper!
 She is going
 To her final rest.
 Whisper!
 Life is growing
 Dim within her breast.

Gently!
 She is sleeping,
 She has breathed her last.
 Gently!
 While you are weeping,
 She to heaven has past!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

Dirge for a Young Girl.

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,
 Dark and drear,
 Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
 Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her
 Eyes that weep ;
 Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
 Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
 Soft and fair,
 Friends she loved in tears are twining
 Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above ;
 Souls like thine with God inherit
 Life and love !

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

Dirge.

WHERE shall we make her grave ?
 Oh, where the wild-flowers wave
 In the free air !
 When shower and singing bird
 'Midst the young leaves are heard —
 There — lay her there !

Harsh was the world to her —
 Now may sleep minister
 Balm for each ill ;
 Low on sweet nature's breast
 Let the meek heart find rest,
 Deep, deep and still !

Murmur, glad waters, by !
 Faint gales, with happy sigh,
 Come wandering o'er
 That green and mossy bed,
 Where, on a gentle head,
 Storms beat no more !

What though for her in vain
 Falls now the bright spring-rain,

Plays the soft wind ?
 Yet still, from where she lies,
 Should blessed breathings rise,
 Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
 Thence in the heart renew
 Life's vernal glow !
 And o'er that holy earth
 Scents of the violet's birth
 Still come and go !

Oh, then, where wild-flowers wave,
 Make ye her mossy grave
 In the free air !
 Where shower and singing-bird
 'Midst the young leaves are heard —
 There, lay her there !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

A Bridal Dirge.

WEAVE no more the marriage chain !
 All unmated is the lover ;
 Death has ta'en the place of pain ;
 Love doth call on love in vain ;
 Life and years of hope are over !

No more want of marriage bell !
 No more need of bridal favor !
 Where is she to wear them well ?
 You beside the lover, tell !
 Gone — with all the love he gave her !

Paler than the stone she lies —
 Colder than the winter's morning ;
 Wherefore did she thus despise
 (She with pity in her eyes)
 Mother's care, and lover's warning !

Youth and beauty — shall they not
 Last beyond a brief to-morrow ?
 No — a prayer and then forgot !
 This the truest lover's lot,
 This the sum of human sorrow !

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Phantom.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,
In the old, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled up-
wards

In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room —
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come —
Voices that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments,
Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.

WOULDEST thou heare what man can say
In a little? — reader, stay!
Underneath this stone doth lye
As much beauty as could dye;
Which in life did harbor give
To more vertue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth —
Th' other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it dyed to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

BEN JONSON.

Ichabod.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Reville him not — the tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb is passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! Would the angels laugh, to mark
 A bright soul driven,
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
 From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
 Insult him now;
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
 Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
 From sea to lake,
 A long lament, as for the dead,
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
 Save power remains—
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled:
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,
 And hide the shame!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Lost Leader.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us;
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which Fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed.
 How all our copper had gone for his service!
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been
 proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him, honored
 him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear ac-
 cents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from
 their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen;
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering—not through his pres-
 ence;
 Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
 Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quies-
 cence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade as-
 pire.
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath un-
 trod,
 One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for
 angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to
 God!

Life's night begins; let him never come back to
 us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twi-
 light,
 Never glad, confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gal-
 lantly,
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his
 own;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait
 us,
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Proud Maisie is in the Wood.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early;
 Sweet robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?”
 —“When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye.”

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
—"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the Funeral of Charles the First,

AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THE castle clock had tolled midnight,
With mattock and with spade —
And silent, by the torches' light —
His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name; that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secrets should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead!" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam from the arch's height
Streamed, as we placed the stone;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then
That shook along the walls,
Whilst the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing on the stalls.

'Tis gone! — Again on tombs defaced
Sits darkness more profound;
And only by the torch we traced
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilling, freezing air
Without blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer,
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor, —
No name, no trace appears!
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

On the Death of George the Third.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE.

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
 Walking in health and gladness,
 Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd
 Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, the leaves were green—
 Blithely the birds were singing;
 The cymbals replied to the tambourine,
 And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
 When not a word was spoken—
 When every eye was dim with a tear,
 And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,
 To the muffled drums' deep rolling,
 While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,
 Drowned the death-bells' tolling.

The time—since he walked in his glory thus,
 To the grave till I saw him carried—
 Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
 But to him a night unvaried.

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,
 And a son's sole child, have perished;
 And sad was each heart, save only the one
 By which they were fondest cherished:

For his eyes were sealed and his mind was dark,
 And he sat in his age's lateness—
 Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark
 Of the frailty of human greatness;

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread
 Unvexed by life's commotion,
 Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed
 On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
 Though the stream of life kept flowing;
 When they spoke of our king, 'twas but to say
 The old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves gorge,
 By weakness rent asunder,
 A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
 To the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length, he is laid in the dust,
 Death's hand his slumbers breaking;
 For the confined sleep of the good and just
 Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;
 And should sculptured stone be denied him,
 There will his name be found, when in turn
 We lay our heads beside him.

HORACE SMITH.

The Warden of the Cinque Ports.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel;
 The day was just begun;
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
 And the white sails of ships;
 And from the frowning rampart the black cannon
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and
 Dover
 Were all alert that day,
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
 Their cannon, through the night,
 Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared, at drum-beat, from their
 stations
 On every citadel;
 Each answering each, with morning salutations,
 That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
 Replied the distant forts —
 As if to summon from his sleep the warden
 And lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
 No drum-beat from the wall,
 No morning gun from the black forts' embrasure,
 Awaken with their call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
 The long line of the coast,
 Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal
 Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
 In sombre harness mailed,
 Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
 The rampart wall has scaled!

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper —
 The dark and silent room;
 And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
 The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dissemble,
 But smote the warden hoar —
 Ah! what a blow! — that made all England tremble
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
 The sun rose bright o'erhead —
 Nothing in nature's aspect intimated
 That a great man was dead!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Dirge for a Soldier.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY, KILLED
 SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep for ever and for ever;
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death-bemocking folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

To the Memory of Thomas Hood.

TAKE back into thy bosom, Earth,
 This joyous, May-eyed morrow,
 The gentlest child that ever Mirth
 Gave to be reared by Sorrow!
 'Tis hard — while rays half green, half gold,
 Through vernal bowers are burning,
 And streams their diamond-mirrors hold
 To summer's face returning —
 To say we're thankful that his sleep
 Shall never more be lighter,
 In whose sweet-tongued companionship
 Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

But all the more intensely true
 His soul gave out each feature
 Of elemental love — each hue
 And grace of golden nature —

The deeper still beneath it all
 Lurked the keen jags of anguish;
 The more the laurels clasped his brow
 Their poison made it languish.
 Seemed it that like the nightingale
 Of his own mournful singing,
 The tenderer would his song prevail
 While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert-worn
 Did fount bring freshness deeper,
 Than that his placid rest this morn
 Has brought the shrouded sleeper.
 That rest may lap his weary head
 Where charnels choke the city,
 Or where, mid woodlands, by his bed
 The wren shall wake its ditty;
 But near or far, while evening's star
 Is dear to hearts regretting,
 Around that spot admiring thought
 Shall hover, unforgetting.

And if this sentient, seething world
 Is, after all, ideal,
 Or in the immaterial furled
 Alone resides the real,
 Freed one! there's a wail for thee this hour
 Through thy loved elves' dominions;
 Hushed is each tiny trumpet-flower,
 And droopeth Ariel's pinions;
 Even Puck, dejected, leaves his swing,
 To plan, with fond endeavor,
 What pretty buds and dews shall keep
 Thy pillow bright for ever.

And higher, if less happy, tribes—
 The race of early childhood—
 Shall miss thy whims of frolic wit,
 That in the summer wild-wood,
 Or by the Christmas hearth, were hailed,
 And hoarded as a treasure
 Of undecaying merriment
 And ever-changing pleasure.
 Things from thy lavish humor flung
 Profuse as scents, are flying
 This kindling morn when blooms are born
 As fast as blooms are dying.

Sublimar art owned thy control—
 The minstrel's mightiest magic,

With sadness to subdue the soul,
 Or thrill it with the tragic.
 Now listening Aram's fearful dream,
 We see beneath the willow
 That dreadful thing, or watch him steal,
 Guilt-lighted, to his pillow.
 Now with thee roaming ancient groves,
 We watch the woodman felling
 The funeral elm, while through its boughs
 The ghostly wind comes knelling.

Dear worshipper of Dian's face
 In solitary places,
 Shalt thou no more steal, as of yore,
 To meet her white embraces?
 Is there no purple in the rose
 Henceforward to thy senses?
 For thee have dawn and daylight's close
 Lost their sweet influences?
 No!—by the mental night untamed
 Thou took'st to death's dark portal,
 The joy of the wide universe
 Is now to thee immortal!

How fierce contrasts the city's roar
 With thy new-conquered quiet!—
 This stunning hell of wheels that pour
 With princes to their riot!
 Loud clash the crowds—the busy clouds
 With thunder-noise are shaken,
 While pale, and mute, and cold, afar
 Thou liest, men-forsaken.
 Hot life reeks on, nor recks that one
 —The playful, human-hearted—
 Who lent its clay less earthiness,
 Is just from earth departed.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

"The good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket."—WORDSWORTH.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days!
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep;
 And long where thou art lying
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven,
 To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow;
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free;
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

When I beneath the Cold, Red Earth am Sleeping.

WHEN I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
 Life's fever o'er,
 Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
 That I'm no more?
 Will there be any heart still memory keeping
 Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests
 rushing,
 Like full hearts break—
 When the swoll'n streams, o'er crag and gully
 gushing,
 Sad music make—
 Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
 Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
 With purest ray,

And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms
 twining,
 Burst through that clay—
 Will there be one still on that spot repining
 Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
 Of her dark pall,
 The world and all its manifold creation sleeping—
 The great and small—
 Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
 For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
 On that low mound,
 And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
 Its loneliness crowned,
 Will there be then one versed in misery's story
 Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow
 To ask such meed—
 A weakness and a wickedness, to borrow
 From hearts that bleed
 The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
 Thou gentle heart!
 And, though thy bosom should with grief be
 swelling,
 Let no tear start;
 It were in vain—for time hath long been knell-
 ing—
 Sad one, depart!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A Poet's Epitaph.

STOP, mortal! Here thy brother lies—
 The poet of the poor.
 His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
 The meadow and the moor;
 His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
 The tyrant and the slave,
 The street, the factory, the jail,
 The palace—and the grave!

Sin met thy brother everywhere!
 And is thy brother blamed?
 From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
 He no exemption claimed.
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
 He feared to scorn or hate;
 But, honoring in a peasant's form
 The equal of the great,
 He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes
 The poor man's little, more;
 Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
 From plundered labor's store.
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare—
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Over the Range.

HALF-SLEEPING, by the fire I sit,
 I start and wake, it is so strange
 To find myself alone, and Tom
 Across the Range.
 We brought him in with heavy feet
 And eased him down; from eye to eye,
 Though no one spoke, there passed a fear
 That Tom must die.
 He rallied when the sun was low,
 And spoke; I thought the words were strange:
 "It's almost night, and I must go
 Across the Range."

"What, Tom?" He smiled and nodded: "Yes,
 They've struck it rich there, Jim, you know,
 The parson told us; you'll come soon:
 Now Tom must go."

I brought his sweetheart's pictured face:
 Again that smile, so sad and strange.
 "Tell her," said he, "that Tom has gone
 Across the Range."

The last night lingered on the hill.
 "There's a pass, somewhere," then he said,
 And lip, and eye, and hand were still;
 And Tom was dead.

Half-sleeping, by the fire I sit:
 I start and wake, it is so strange
 To find myself alone, and Tom
 Across the Range.

J. HARRISON MILLS.

Solitude.

It is not that my lot is low
 That makes this silent tear to flow;
 It is not grief that bids me moan;
 It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
 When the tired hedger hies him home;
 Or by the woodland pool to rest,
 When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
 With hollowed airs and symphonies,
 My spirit takes another tone,
 And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead—
 It floats upon the water's bed;
 I would not be a leaf, to die
 Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
 Tell all the same unvaried tale;
 I've none to smile when I am free,
 And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
 That thinks on me, and loves me too;
 I start, and when the vision's flown,
 I weep that I am all alone.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

A Lament.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
 Swifter far than youth's delight,
 Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone;
 As the earth when leaves are dead,
 As the night when sleep is sped,
 As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left alone, alone.

The swallow, summer, comes again;
 The owlet, night, resumes her reign;
 But the wild swan, youth, is fain
 To fly with thee, false as thou.
 My heart each day desires the morrow;
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
 Vainly would my winter borrow
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
 Roses for a matron's head,
 Violets for a maiden dead—
 Pansies let my flowers be;
 On the living grave I bear,
 Scatter them without a tear,
 Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Voiceless.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy fame is proud to win them;
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
 Whose song has told their hearts' sad story:
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known
 The cross without the crown of glory!
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
 But where the glistening night-dews weep
 On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O hearts that break, and give no sign,
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses!
 If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dream-land.

WHERE sunless rivers weep
 Their waves into the deep,
 She sleeps a charmed sleep:
 Awake her not.
 Led by a single star,
 She came from very far,
 To seek where shadows are
 Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
 She left the fields of corn,
 For twilight cold and lorn
 And water-springs.
 Through sleep, as through a veil,
 She sees the sky look pale,
 And hears the nightingale
 That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
 Shed over brow and breast;
 Her face is toward the west,
 The purple land.
 She cannot see the grain
 Ripening on hill and plain;
 She cannot feel the rain
 Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
 Upon a mossy shore;
 Rest, rest at the heart's core
 Till time shall cease:
 Sleep that no pain shall wake,
 Night that no morn shall break,
 Till joy shall overtake
 Her perfect peace.

CHRISTINA GABRIELLA ROSSETTI.

A Lament.

O WORLD! O life! O time!
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before,
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more—oh, nevermore!

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more — oh, nevermore!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Castle by the Sea.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
 That castle by the sea?
 Golden and red, above it
 The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
 To the mirrored wave below;
 And fain it would soar upward
 In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
 That castle by the sea,
 And the moon above it standing,
 And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and waves of ocean,
 Had they a merry chime?
 Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
 The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
 They rested quietly;
 But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
 And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
 The king and his royal bride?
 And the wave of their crimson mantles?
 And the golden crown of pride?"

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
 A beauteous maiden there —
 Resplendent as the morning sun,
 Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
 Without the crown of pride;
 They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
 No maiden was by their side!"

LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Translation of HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Mother and Poet.

TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
 Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
 And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
 Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
 And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
 But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
 The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
 For ever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? oh, vain!
 What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
 With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the
 pain?
 Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you
 pressed,
 And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman! To hold on her knees
 Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her
 throat
 Cling, struggle a little! to sew by degrees
 And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little
 coat!
 To dream and to dote.

To teach them. . . It stings there. I made them
 indeed
 Speak plain the word "country," I taught them
 no doubt
 That a country's a thing men should die for at
 need.
 I prated of liberty, rights, and about
 The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed. . . O my beautiful
 eyes! . . .

I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns, and denied not. But then the sur-
 prise,
 When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps,
 then one kneels!

God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
 With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and
 how
 They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be
 spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel-bough.

There was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was
 free!"
 And some one came out of the cheers in the
 street
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to
 me.
 — My Guido was dead! — I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me: my grief looked
 sublime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the
 time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us
 strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more
 strong,
 Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
 One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere
 long:
 And 'viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was
 impest
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
 And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
 To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—
 "Shot.
 Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother;
 not "mine."
 No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heav-
 en,
 They drop earth's affections, conceive not of
 woe?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately for-
 given
 Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so
 The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through
 the dark
 To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
 Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes
 turned away,
 And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature;
 we all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always
 keep one.
 'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.
 And when Italy's made, for what end is it
 done,
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her
 sport
 Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of
 men?
 When your guns of Cavalli with final retort
 Have cut the game short,

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white,
 green, and red,
 When you have your country from mountain to
 sea,
 When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
 (And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your
 bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly! My country is
 there,
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,
 My Italy's there,—with my brave civic pair,
 To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in
 strength,
 And bite back the cry of their pain in self-
 scorn,
 But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at
 length
 Into wail such as this!—and we sit on forlorn
 When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea!
 Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast
 You want a great song for your Italy free,
 Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The Fishing Song.

Down in the wide, gray river
 The current is sweeping strong;
 Over the wide, gray river
 Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing,
 The song falls with the oar;
 And an echo in both is ringing,
 I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current
 The song brings back to me
 A cry from mortal silence,
 Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,
 Love that had died of wrong,
 Hearts that are dead in living,
 Come back in the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,
 Just as they leafed before;
 The green grass comes no greener
 Down to the very shore—

With the rude strain swelling, sinking,
 In the cadence of days gone by,
 As the oar, from the water drinking,
 Ripples the mirrored sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner;
 Its past returns no more,
 But in echoes, that answer the minor
 Of the boat-song, from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness;
 His judgment waiteth long;
 He breaks the heart of a woman
 With a fisherman's careless song.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The Old Mirror.

OFt I see at twilight,
 In the hollow gloom
 Of the dim old mirror
 Phantasmal faces loom;

Noble antique faces
 Sad as with the weight
 Of some ancient sorrow,
 Some ancestral fate:

Little rose-lipped faces,
 Locks of golden shine,
 Laughing eyes of childhood
 Looking into mine:

Sweet auroral faces,
 Like the morning's bloom;
 Ah, how long and long ago,
 Shrouded for the tomb!

In a bridal chamber
 Once the mirror hung,
 Draperies of Indian looms
 Over it were flung.

From its gilded sconces,
 Fretted now with mould,
 Waxen tapers glimmered
 On carcanets of gold.

Perfumes of the summer night
 Were through the lattice blown,
 Scents of brier-roses
 And meadows newly mown.

The mirror, then, looked eastward
 And caught the morning's bloom,
 And flooded with its rosy gold
 The dream-light of the room.

To-night 'tis looking westward
 Toward the sunset wall:
 The wintry day is waning,
 The dead leaves drift and fall.

All about the hearth-stone
 The whitening ashes blow,
 The wind is wailing an old song
 Heard long and long ago.

Like the dead leaves drifting
 Through the wintry air,
 Like white ashes sitting
 O'er the hearth-stone bare,

Sad ancestral faces,
 Wan as moonlit snow,
 Haunt the dim old mirror
 That knew them long ago.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Break, Break, Break.

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 Oh well for the sailor lad
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
 To their haven under the hill;
 But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Days that are no more.

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they mean.
 Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
 That brings our friends up from the under-world;
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge:
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
 O death in life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PART VIII.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I know more than Apollo ;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping.
The moon embraces her shepherd ;
And the queen of love her warrior ;
While the first doth horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a host of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander —
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander ;
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to tourney,
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end —
Methinks it is no journey !

TOM O' BEDLAM.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

King Arthur's Death.

ON Trinity Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to be,
Wher manye a knyghte cry'd, Well-awaye! —
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
Whenas the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these wordes did saye:

"Nowe, as you are mine uncle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye,
Oh meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye!

"For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knyghte,
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte."

The kinge then called his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye,
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsaile gave:
That, earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
Unless a sword drawne they sholde see.

And Mordred, on the other parte,
Twelve of his knightes did likewise bringe
The beste of all his companye,
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste
In readiness there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they sholde see.

For he durste not his uncle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell;
Alacke! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentie befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte,
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte,

An addere crepte forthe of a bushe,
Stunge one o' the king's knightes on the knee;
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knyghte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there,
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe —
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
 They joynd battayle instantlye
 Till of so manye noble knightes
 On one side there were left but three.

For all were slaine that durst abide,
 And but some fewe that fled awaye;
 Ah mee! it was a bloodye field,
 As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye
 Onlye himselfe escaped there,
 And Lukyn, duke of Gloster, free —
 And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes
 All dead and scattered on the molde,
 The teares fast trickled downe his face —
 That manlye face in fight so bolde.

"Nowe reste yee all, brave knightes," he said —
 "Soe true and faithful to your trust!
 And must yee then, yee valiant hearts,
 Be left to moulder into dust?"

"Most loyal have yee been to mee,
 Most true and faithful unto deathe;
 And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
 How freelye could I yield my breathe!"

"But see, the traitor's yet alive!
 Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!
 Nowe bitterlye he shall aby, e
 And vengeance fall upon his head."

"Oh staye, my liege!" then sayd the duke;
 "Oh staye for love and charitie!
 Remember what the vision spake,
 Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."

"Oh staye mee not, thou worthy wight!
 This debt my loyal knights I owe;
 Betide me life, betide me death,
 I will avenge them of their foe."

Then strait he grasped his trusty speare,
 And on his horse then mounted hee;
 As his butler holpe him to his horse
 His bowels gushed to his knee.

"Alas!" then sayd the noble king,
 "That I should live this sight to see! —
 To see this good knight here be slaine,
 All for his love in helping mee!"

He put his speare into his reste,
 And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye:
 "Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde!
 For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye!"

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
 And fierce to meet the king ran hee,
 The king his speare he through him thrust —
 A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
 And found that he was wounded soe,
 He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
 And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmye dyed Sir Mordered,
 Presentlye upon that tree;
 And bloody streames ranne from the kinge,
 Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake:
 "Sir knight, thou hast been faithfully tryde;
 Nowe take my sword Excalibar,
 That hangs so freelye by my syde —

"Oh take my sworde Excalibar,
 And there into the river throwe;
 For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
 All use of weapons I foregoe.

"And fare thee well, thou trustye sword!
 A better neer ^{best} valiant knight;
 With thee full ofte, and many a daye,
 Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

"With this good fauchion in my hande,
 Oft have I reaped the bloodye feelde;
 But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
 That never more I may thee weelde."

The duke to the river side he went,
 And there his owne sword in threwe he;
 But he kept back Excalibar —
 He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade,
 And all the hilte of precious stone :
 "And ever alacke!" then sayd the knyghte,
 "Must such a sword awaye be throwne?"

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
 Who sayd, "Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?"
 "Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
 Blewe oer the waters faire and free."

"Oh goe againe," then said the kinge,
 "O good Syr Lukyn, goe againe!
 Into the rivere throwe my sword,
 Nor keepe me lingering here in paine."

The duke then to the river went,
 And the king's scabbard in threwe hee;
 But hee kept backe Excalibar,
 And hid it underneth a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
 Who sayde, "Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?"
 "Nothings, my liege, save that the winde
 Nowe with the angrye waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the kinge,
 "Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye!
 Alacke! whom may wee ever truste,
 When suche a knyghte soe false can bee?"

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
 All for a sword that wins thine eye?
 Now goe againe, and throwe it in,
 Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke, all shent with this rebuffe,
 No aunswere made unto the kinge
 But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
 And threwe it as far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
 And flourished three times in the air;
 Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,
 And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke —
 He stood as still as still mote bee;
 Then hastend backe to tell the kinge —
 But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
 For never after hee did him see;
 But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
 And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.

And whether the kinge were there or not,
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde;
 For from that sad and direfulle daye
 Hee never more was seene on molde.

ANONYMOUS.

Morte d'Arthur.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonness about their lord,
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made —
 Though Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten through the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Then, therefore, take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In after-time, this also shall be known:

But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle meer :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :

"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur concealed
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had followed, either hand
Or voice, or else a motion of the meer.
This is a shameful thing, for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the meer,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud :

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men,
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to after-time, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the after-time
To all the people, winning reverence.

But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art.
For thou, the latest left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great
brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an
arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the meer.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or
seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the meer."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick,
quick!"

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them
rose

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were, one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his
hands,

And called him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
Of onset: and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parched with
dust;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his
lips.

So like a shattered column lay the King;

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that
led

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,

And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowering hollows crowned with summer
sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted
swan,

That, fluting a wild carol, ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the meer the wailing died away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Thomas the Rhymer.

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee;
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"Oh no, oh no, Thomas!" she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said,
"Harp and carp along wi' me!
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt me."
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed ;
 She's ta'en true Thomas up behind ;
 And aye, when'er her bridle rung,
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

And they rade on, and farther on—
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind ;
 Until they reached a desert wide,
 And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
 And lean your head upon my knee !
 Abide and rest a little space,
 And I will shew you ferlies three.

"Oh see ye not yon narrow road,
 So thick beset with thorns and briers ?
 That is the path of righteousness,
 Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid, braid road,
 That lies across that lily leven ?
 That is the path of wickedness,
 Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
 That winds about the fernie brae ?
 That is the road to fair Elfland,
 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
 Whatever ye may hear or see ;
 For, if you speak word in Elfyn land,
 Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

Oh they rade on, and farther on,
 And they waded through rivers aboon the knee ;
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,
 But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern
 light,
 And they waded through red blude to the knee ;
 For a' the blude that's shed on earth
 Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
 And she pu'd an apple frae a tree :
 "Take this for thy wages, true Thomas—
 It will give thee tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said ;
 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me !
 I neither dought to buy nor sell,
 At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."
 "Now hold thy peace !" the lady said,
 "For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
 And a pair of shoes of velvet green ;
 And till seven years were gane and past,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

ANONYMOUS.

The Wee, Wee Man.

As I was walking by my lane,
 Atween a water and a wa,
 There sune I spied a wee, wee man—
 He was the least that ere I saw.

His legs were scant a shathmont's length,
 And sma and limber was his thie ;
 Between his een there was a span,
 Betwixt his shoulders there were ells three.

He has tane up a meikle stane,
 And flang 't as far as I cold see ;
 Ein though I had been Wallace wicht,
 I dought na lift it to my knie.

"O wee, wee man, but ye be strang !
 Tell me whar may thy dwelling be ?"
 "I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir—
 Oh will ye gae wi me and see ?"

On we lap, and awa we rade,
 Till we cam to a bonny green ;
 We lichted syne to bait our steid,
 And out there cam a lady sheen

Wi four and twentie at her back,
 A comely cled in glistering green ;
 Though there the king of Scots had stude,
 The warst nicht weil hae been his queen.

On syne we past wi wondering cheir,
 Till we cam to a bonny ha ;
 The roof was o' the beaten gowd,
 The flure was o' the crystal a'.

When we cam there, wi wee, wee knights
 War ladies dancing, jimp and sma ;
 But in the twinkling of an eie
 Baith green and ha war clein awa.

ANONYMOUS.

The Merry Pranks of Robin Good- Fellow.

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
 The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
 Mad Robin, I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revell rout
 Is kept about
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee
 And merrie be,
 And make good sport with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I flye
 About the aery welkin soone,
 And in a minute's space descrye
 Each thing that 's done belowe the moone.
 There 's not a hag
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Or cry 'ware goblins ! where I go ;
 But Robin, I,
 Their feats will spy,
 And send them home with ho, ho, ho !

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
 As from their night-sports they trudge home,
 With counterfeiting voice I greette,
 And call them on with me to roame.
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes,
 Or else unseene, with them I go —
 All in the nicke,
 To play some trickie,
 And frolick it with ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meete them like a man —
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;
 And to a horse I turn me can,
 To trip and trot about them round ;
 But if, to ride,
 My backe they stride,
 More swift than wind away I goe ;
 O'er hedge and lands,
 Through pools and ponds,
 I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets, and with junkets fine,
 Unseene of all the company,
 I eat their cakes, and sip their wine ;
 And to make sport,
 I fume and snort,
 And out the candles I do blow.
 The maids I kiss ;
 They shrieke, Who 's this ?
 I answer nought but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
 At midnight I card up their wool ;
 And while they sleepe and take their ease,
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
 I grind at mill
 Their malt up still ;
 I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
 If any wake,
 And would me take,
 I wend me laughing ho, ho, ho !

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
 I pinch the maidens black and blue ;
 The bedd-clothes from the bedd pull I,
 And in their ear I bawl too-whoo !
 'Twixt sleepe and wake
 I do them take,
 And on the clay-cold floor them throw.
 If out they cry,
 Then forth I fly,
 And loudly laugh out ho, ho, ho !

When any need to borrow ought,
 We lend them what they do require ;
 And for the use demand we naught —
 Our owne is all we do desire.
 If to repay
 They do delay,

Abroad amongst them then I go ;
 And night by night
 I them affright,
 With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho !

When lazie queans have nought to do
 But study how to cog and lye,
 To make debate and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretly,
 I marke their gloze,
 And it disclose
 To them whom they have wronged so.
 When I have done
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set
 In loope holes, where the vermine creepe,
 Who from their foldes and houses get
 Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe,
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seeme a vermin taken so ;
 But when they there
 Approach me neare,
 I leap out laughing ho, ho, ho !

By wells and rills, in meadowes green,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise ;
 And to our fairye kinge and queene
 We chaunt our moon-lighte minstrelsies.
 When larkes gin singe
 Away we flinge,
 And babes new-born steale as we go ;
 And shoes in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho !

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revelled to and fro ;
 And, for my pranks, men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-Fellow.
 Friends, ghosts, and sprites
 Who haunt the nightes,
 The hags and goblins, do me know ;
 And beldames old
 My feates have told —
 So *vale, vale !* Ho, ho, ho !

ANONYMOUS.

The Fairy Queen.

COME, follow, follow me —
 You, fairy elves that be,
 Which circle on the green —
 Come, follow Mab, your queen !
 Hand in hand let's dance around,
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest,
 Unheard and unespied,
 Through keyholes we do glide ;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
 With platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep ;
 There we pinch their arms and thighs,
 None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the household maid,
 And duly she is paid ;
 For we use, before we go,
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
 Our table-cloth we spread ;
 A grain of rye or wheat
 Is manchet, which we eat ;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,
 In acorn-cups, filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snails,
 Between two cockles stewed,
 Is meat that's easily chewed ;
 Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
 Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve us for our minstrelsy ;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile ;
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly do we pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends when we do walk ;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

ANONYMOUS.

The Fairies' Song.

WE dance on hills above the wind,
 And leave our footsteps there behind ;
 Which shall to after ages last,
 When all our dancing days are past.

Sometimes we dance upon the shore,
 To whistling winds and seas that roar ;
 Then we make the wind to blow,
 And set the seas a-dancing too.

The thunder's noise is our delight,
 And lightnings make us day by night ;
 And in the air we dance on high,
 To the loud music of the sky.

About the moon we make a ring,
 And falling stars we wanton fling,
 Like squibs and rockets, for a toy ;
 While what frights others is our joy.

But when we'd hunt away our cares,
 We boldly mount the galloping spheres ;
 And, riding so from east to west,
 We chase each nimble zodiac beast.

Thus, giddy grown, we make our beds,
 With thick, black clouds to rest our heads,
 And flood the earth with our dark showers,
 That did but sprinkle these our bowers.

Thus, having done with orbs and sky,
 Those mighty spaces vast and high,
 Then down we come and take the shapes,
 Sometimes of cats, sometimes of apes.

Next, turned to mites in cheese, forsooth,
 We get into some hollow tooth ;
 Wherein, as in a Christmas hall,
 We frisk and dance, the devil and all.

Then we change our wily features
 Into yet far smaller creatures,
 And dance in joints of gouty toes,
 To painful tunes of groans and woes.

ANONYMOUS.

Song of the Fairy.

OVER hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green ;
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats, spots you see :
 These be rubies, fairy favors —
 In those freckles live their savors.
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Fairy Song.

SHED no tear ! oh shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more ! oh weep no more !
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core,
 Dry your eyes ! oh dry your eyes !
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies —
 Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !
 'Mong the blossoms white and red —
 Look up, look up ! I flutter now
 On this fresh pomegranate-bough.
 See me ! 'tis this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill.
 Shed no tear ! oh shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Adieu, adieu — I fly — adieu !
 I vanish in the heaven's blue —
 Adieu, adieu !

JOHN KEATS.

Song of Fairies.

WE the fairies, blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Off in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels:
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then's the time for orchard-robbing;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. (Latin.)

Translation of LEIGH HUNT.

La Belle Dame sans Merci.

OH what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the mead,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone:
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep;
And there I dreamed — Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too —
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried, "La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide;
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS.

Kilmenny.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring —
The scarlet hypp, and the hind berry,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,

When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-
bell rung;

Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain —
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought both holt and den —
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not de-
clare;

Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never
blew;

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been —
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon greenwood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maik,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane.

In that green wene, Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;

But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here!"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms feminitie;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she may never ken."
They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair;
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;
Women are freed of the littand scorn;
Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the greenwood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must
come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!"

"Oh, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanity!
Oh, sweet to heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kythe as the body fair!

"O bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again —
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear —
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall
be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day.
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song — she heard it sung,
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn —
"Oh! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun —
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;
And the angels shall miss them, travelling the air,
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have dyed away,
When the sinner has gane to his wasome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;

But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
Oh, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew —
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From whence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow —
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought;
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies;
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light;
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame;
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung;
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth —
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;

She saw the corn wave on the vale;
 She saw the deer run down the dale;
 She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
 And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
 And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
 The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
 A lion licked her hand of milk,
 And she held him in a leish of silk,
 And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
 With a silver wand and melting ee—
 Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,
 And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedesman came,
 And hundit the lion on his dame;
 And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
 She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
 And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
 Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
 A coffin was set on a distant plain,
 And she saw the red blood fall like rain.
 Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
 And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff, grim carle girnèd amain,
 And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
 And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
 Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
 And, weening his head was danger-preef
 When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
 He growled at the carle, and chased him away
 To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
 He growled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven;
 But his mark was set, and his arles given.
 Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her, fair unfurled,
 One half of all the glowing world,
 Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,
 To bound the aims of sinful man.
 She saw a people fierce and fell,
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
 There lilies grew, and the eagle flew;
 And she herked on her ravening crew,
 Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
 And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
 And she threatened an end to the race of man.
 She never lened, nor stood in awe,
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
 Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
 And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
 But flew she north or flew she south,
 She met wi' the growl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
 The eagle sought her eiry again;
 But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
 And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
 Before she sey another flight,
 To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
 So far surpassing nature's law,
 The singer's voice wad sink away,
 And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
 But she saw till the sorrows of man were by
 And all was love and harmony;
 Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
 Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own countrie,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
 To warn the living maidens fair,
 The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,
 That all whose minds unmeled remain
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
 And when she awakened she lay her lane,
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
 When seven long years had come and fled;
 When grief was calm and hope was dead;
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
 Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her ee!
 Such beauty bard may never declare,
 For there was no pride nor passion there;
 And the soft desire of maidens' een,
 In that mild face could never be seen.

Her seymar was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
 And her voice like the distant melodye
 That floats along the twilight sea.
 But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
 And kepted afar frae the haunts of men;
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
 The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;
 The wolf played blythely round the field,
 The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
 And cowed aneath her lily hand.
 And when at even the woodlands rung,
 When hymns of other worlds she sung
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
 Oh, then the glen was all in motion!
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
 And goved around, charmed and amazed;
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
 And murmured and looked with anxious pain,
 For something the mystery to explain.
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
 The corby left her houf in the rock;
 The black-bird alang wi' the eagle flew;
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began;
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their
 young;
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
 It was like an even in a sinless world!

When a month and day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
 But oh, the words that fell from her mouth
 Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
 But all the land were in fear and dread,
 For they kend na whether she was living or dead.
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,
 And returned to the land of thought again.

JAMES HOGG.

The Fairies of the Caldon Low.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
 And where have you been from me?"
 "I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
 The midsummer-night to see."

"And what did you see, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon Low?"
 "I saw the glad sunshine come down,
 And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon hill?"
 "I heard the drops of the water made,
 And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary—
 All, all that ever you know;
 For you must have seen the fairies,
 Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
 And listen, mother of mine:
 A hundred fairies danced last night,
 And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
 To their dancing feet so small;
 But oh! the words of their talking
 Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
 That then you heard them say?"
 "I'll tell you all, my mother;
 But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
 And rolled it down the hill;
 'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
 The poor old miller's mill;

"For there has been no water
 Ever since the first of May;
 And a busy man will the miller be
 At dawning of the day.

"Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

"And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"Oh! the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong."

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!"

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother."

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldron Low
There was no one left but me."

"And on the top of the Caldron Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

Oh! where do Fairies Hide their Heads?

OH! where do fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the hills,
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps, in red Vesuvius
Carousals they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

When they return, there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And fairy wings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
When green leaves come again.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

The Culprit Fay.

"My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo !
 Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,
 I see old fairy land's miraculous show !
 Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
 Her oughs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
 And fairies, swarming ———."

TENNANT'S ANSTER FAIR.

I.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night —
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
 Naught is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light on the welkin blue.
 The moon looks down on old Cronest;
 She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw
 In a silver cone on the wave below;
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut-bough and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark —
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnished length of wavy beam
 In an eel-like, spiral line below;
 The winds are whist, and the owl is still;
 The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
 And naught is heard on the lonely hill
 But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
 Of the gauze-winged katydid;
 And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
 Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
 Ever a note of wail and woe,
 Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
 And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
 The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
 He has counted them all with click and stroke
 Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,

And he has awakened the sentry elfe
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
 ('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell —)
 "Midnight comes, and all is well!
 Hither, hither, wing your way!
 'Tis the dawn of the fairy-day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
 They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
 From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
 Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks
 high,
 And rocked about in the evening breeze;
 Some from the hum-bird's downy nest —
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above — below — on every side,
 Their little minim forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
 In freak and dance around the tree,
 Or at the mushroom board to sup,
 And drink the dew from the buttercup;
 A scene of sorrow waits them now,
 For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
 He has loved an earthly maid,
 And left for her his woodland shade;
 He has lain upon her lip of dew,
 And sunned him in her eye of blue,
 Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
 Played in the ringlets of her hair,
 And, nestling on her snowy breast,
 Forgot the lily-king's behest.
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the elfin court must haste away:

And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy —
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

VII.

"Fairy! fairy! list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain —
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment:
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree —
Fairy, this your doom must be:

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin-land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms;
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must reillumine its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far —
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

X.

The goblin marked his monarch well,
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.

He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
 He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
 Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
 And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
 He had fallen to the ground outright,

For rugged and dim was his onward track,
 But there came a spotted toad in sight,
 And he laughed as he jumped upon her back;
 He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,

He lashed her sides with an osier thong;
 And now, through evening's dewy mist,

With leap and spring they bound along,
 Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
 And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XI.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
 Moveless still the glassy stream;
 The wave is clear, the beach is bright

With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
 The shore-surge comes in ripples light,

In murmurings faint and distant moans;
 And ever afar in the silence deep
 Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
 And the bend of his graceful bow is seen —
 A glittering arch of silver sheen,
 Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
 And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,
 As he lighted down from his courser toad;

Then round his breast his wings he wound,
 And close to the river's brink he strode;

He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
 Above his head his arms he threw,

Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
 And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
 From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves;
 With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
 They speed their way through the liquid waste;
 Some are rapidly borne along
 On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong;
 Some on the blood-red leeches glide
 Some on the stony star-fish ride,

Some on the back of the lancing squab,
 Some on the sideling soldier-crab;
 And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
 At once a thousand streamy stings;
 They cut the wave with the living oar,
 And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
 To guard their realms and chase away
 The footsteps of the invading fay.

XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along,
 His hope is high, and his limbs are strong;
 He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
 And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
 His locks of gold on the waters shine,

At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,
 His back gleams bright above the brine,
 And the wake-line foam behind him lies.

But the water-sprites are gathering near

To check his course along the tide;

Their warriors come in swift career

And hem him round on every side;
 On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
 The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
 And the squab has thrown his javelin;
 The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
 And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain;
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,
 Fairy! naught is left but flight.

XV.

He turned him round, and fled amain
 With hurry and dash to the beach again;
 He twisted over from side to side,
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;
 The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
 And with all his might he flings his feet,
 But the water-sprites are round him still,
 To cross his path and work him ill.
 They bade the wave before him rise:
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes;
 And they stunned his ears with the scallop-stroke,
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
 Oh! but a weary wight was he
 When he reached the foot of the dogwood-tree.

— Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
 He laid him down on the sandy shore;
 He blessed the force of the charmed line,
 And he banned the water-goblin's spite,
 For he saw around in the sweet moonshine
 Their little wee faces above the brine,
 Giggling and laughing with all their might
 At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.

XVI.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
 From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane-bud:
 Over each wound the balm he drew,
 And with cobweb lint he stanchèd the blood.
 The mild west wind was soft and low,
 It cooled the heat of his burning brow;
 And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
 As he drank the juice of the calamus-root;
 And now he treads the fatal shore,
 As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite:
 'Tis the middle wane of night;
 His task is hard, his way is far,
 But he must do his errand right
 Ere Dawning mounts her beamy car,
 And rolls her chariot-wheels of light;
 And vain are the spells of fairy-land —
 He must work with a human hand.

XVIII.

He cast a saddened look around;
 But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
 When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
 He saw a purple muscle-shell;
 Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
 He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
 And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
 Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
 She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
 As ever fairy had paddled in,
 For she glowed with purple paint without,
 And shone with silvery pearl within;
 A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
 An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;
 Then sprang to his seat with a lightsome leap,
 And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave;
 They had no power above the wave;
 But they heaved the billow before the prow,
 And they dashed the surge against her side,
 And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
 Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
 She whimped about to the pale moonbeam,
 Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
 And momentarily athwart her track
 The quarl upreared his island back,
 And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
 And patter the water about the boat;
 But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
 And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
 While on every side like lightning fell
 The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX.

Onward still he held his way,
 Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
 And saw beneath the surface dim
 The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim;
 Around him were the goblin train —
 But he sculled with all his might and main,
 And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
 Till he saw him upward point his head;
 Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
 And held his colen-goblet up
 To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin
 Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
 And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
 He sprung above the waters blue.
 Instant as the star-fall light,
 He plunged him in the deep again,
 But he left an arch of silver bright,
 The rainbow of the moony main.
 It was a strange and lovely sight
 To see the puny goblin there;
 He seemed an angel form of light,
 With azure wing and sunny hair,
 Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
 Circled with blue and edged with white,
 And sitting at the fall of even
 Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII.

A moment, and its lustre fell;
 But ere it met the billow blue,
 He caught within his crimson bell
 A droplet of its sparkling dew—
 Joy to thee, fay! thy task is done,
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won.
 Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,
 And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII.

He turns, and, lo! on either side
 The ripples on his path divide;
 And the track o'er which his boat must pass
 Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
 Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
 With snowy arms half-swelling out,
 While on the glossed and gleamy wave
 Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
 They swim around with smile and song;
 They press the bark with pearly hand,
 And gently urge her course along,
 Toward the beach of speckled sand;
 And, as he lightly leaped to land,
 They bade adieu with nod and bow;
 Then gayly kissed each little hand,
 And dropped in the crystal deep below.

XXIV.

A moment stayed the fairy there;
 He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer;
 Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
 And on to the elfin court he flew;
 As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
 And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
 Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
 It mingles with the hues of heaven;
 As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
 The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
 And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
 Till lost in the shades of fading night:
 So rose from earth the lovely fay—
 So vanished, far in heaven away!

* * * * *
 Up, fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower,
 The cricket has called the second hour;
 Twice again, and the lark will rise
 To kiss the streaking of the skies—

Up! thy charmed armor don,
 Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on;
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
 The corselet plate that guarded his breast
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
 Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
 His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
 Studs of gold on a ground of green;
 And the quivering lance which he brandished
 bright
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
 Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
 And away like a glance of thought he flew,
 To skim the heavens, and follow far
 The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
 Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
 The katydid forgot its lay,
 The prowling gnat fled fast away,
 The fell mosquito checked his drone
 And folded his wings till the fay was gone,
 And the wily beetle dropped his head,
 And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
 They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
 They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
 For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
 And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
 Many a time, on a summer's night,
 When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
 They had been roused from the haunted ground
 By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
 They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
 They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
 When the vine-twigg bows were tightly drawn,
 And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
 Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
 And now they deemed the courier ouphe,
 Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;
 And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
 That canopies the world around;

Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.

But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast;

He cannot see through the mantle murk;
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,

He lashes his steed, and spurs amain —
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,

And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare;
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,

He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;
Howling the misty spectres flew,

They rend the air with frightful cries;
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,

The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The sphered moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.

Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even!

To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way;
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But, oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright;
She seemed to the entranced fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
And they leaped with smiles; for well I ween

Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face;

Long with his butterfly cloak she played;
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told, in accents low,
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
And "O, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,

"Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide

In the land of everlasting light!
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,

We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
And all the jewels of the sky

Around thy brow shall brightly beam!
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream

That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orb'd moon!
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,

We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing

The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
Their harps are of the umber shade

That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see,
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love,
For he thought upon her looks so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek;
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye;
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his revery,

To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy-knight,
To do my sentence-task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain—
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now."
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace gate,

And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight,
Of clouds condensed, a sable car.

With charm and spell she blessed it there,
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud;
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wane and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away, he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
And quenched is its rayless beam;
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.

As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
 That the storm-spirit flings from high,
 The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
 As it fell from the sheeted sky.
 As swift as the wind in its train behind
 The elfin gallops along :
 The fiends of the cloud are bellowing loud,
 But the sylphid charm is strong ;
 He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
 While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze ;
 He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
 And rides in the light of its rays.
 But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
 And caught a glimmering spark ;
 Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
 And sped through the midnight dark.

* * * * *

Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprite !
 Elf of eve ! and starry fay !
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither — hither wend your way ;
 Twine ye in a jocund ring,
 Sing and trip it merrily,
 Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
 With dance and song, and lute and lyre ;
 Pure his wing and strong his chain,
 And doubly bright his fairy fire.
 Twine ye in an airy round,
 Brush the dew and print the lea ;
 Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
 He flies about the haunted place,
 And if mortal there be found,
 He hums in his ears and flaps his face ;
 The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
 The owl's eyes our lanterns be ;
 Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
 Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark ! from tower on tree-top high,
 The sentry-elf his call has made ;
 A streak is in the eastern sky,
 Shapes of moonlight ! flit and fade !

The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
 The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
 The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
 The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

The Fairies.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We dare n't go a hunting
 For fear of little men ;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together ;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home —
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam ;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain-lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
 The old king sits ;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkil he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
 Or going up with music
 On cold, starry nights,
 To sup with the queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long ;
 When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow ;
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lakes,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted the thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there :
 Is any man so daring
 To dig one up in spite,
 He shall find the thornies set
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We dare n't go a hunting
 For fear of little men ;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together ;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

The Fairies' Farewell.

FAREWELL rewards and fairies !
 Good housewives now may say ;
 For now foule sluts in dairies
 Doe fare as well as they ;
 And though they sweep their hearths no less
 Than mayds were wont to doe,
 Yet who of late for cleanness
 Finds sixe-pence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
 The fairies' lost command !
 They did but change priests' babies,
 But some have changed your land ;
 And all your children, stohn from thence,
 Are now growne Puritanes,
 Who live as changelings ever since,
 For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
 You merry were and glad ;
 So little care of sleepe and sloth
 These prettie ladies had.

When Tom came home from labor,
 Or Ciss to milking rose,
 Then merrily went their tabour,
 And nimble went their toes.

Witness, those rings and roundelays
 Of theirs, which yet remaine,
 Were footed in Queen Marie's dayes
 On many a grassy playne.
 But since of late Elizabeth,
 And later James, came in,
 They never danced on any heath
 As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
 Were of the old profession ;
 Their songs were *Ave-Maries*,
 Their dances were procession.
 But, now, alas ! they all are dead,
 Or gone beyond the seas,
 Or farther for religion fled ;
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
 They never could endure ;
 And whoso kept not secretly
 Their mirth, was punished sure ;
 It was a just and Christian deed
 To pinch such blacke and blue :
 Oh how the commonweath doth need
 Such justices as you !

Now they have left our quarters,
 A register they have,
 Who can preserve their charters —
 A man both wise and grave.
 An hundred of their merry pranks,
 By one that I could name,
 Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks
 To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
 Give laud and praises due,
 Who, every meale, can mend your cheare
 With tales both old and true ;
 To William all give audience,
 And pray yee for his noddle ;
 For all the fairies' evidence
 Were lost if it were addle.

RICHARD CORBETT.

The Green Gnome.

RING, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and
dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

And I galloped and I galloped on my palfrey white
as milk,

My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of
the silk;

My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my
shoe,

My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little
drops of dew;

My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly
blent

With the leaves of autumn dropping all around
me as I went;

And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind
me peal and play,

Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die
away;

And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of
sand,

I saw the green gnome sitting, with his cheek upon
his hand.

Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry
and bound,

And drew me from my palfrey white and set me
on the ground.

Oh crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was
green to see,

But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are bound
to marry me!"

He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed
me on the cheek,

He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could
not stir or speak;

He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when
he kissed again,

I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for
men.

Sing, sing! ring, ring! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and
dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath
bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

Oh faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids
to pray,

So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells far
away;

And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need
we can,

The ugly green, green gnome became a tall and
comely man:

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes
were black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his
hose;

A pensive light from Faëryland still lingered on his
cheek,

His voice was like the running brook when he be-
gan to speak:

"Oh you have cast away the charm my step-dame
put on me,

Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set
me free.

Oh I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk
with thee,

And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded
be!"

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I
behind,

And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and
yellow, in the wind;

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was
high and proud,

As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet
and loud,

And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down
the fells,

And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of
the bells.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and
dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath
bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Ariel's Songs.

I.

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands;
 Court'sied when you have, and kissed.
 (The wild waves whist!)
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

Bowgh, wowgh.

The watch-dogs bark—

Bowgh, wowgh.

Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

II.

Full fathoms five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

III.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry;
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Song.

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel!
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep, long, lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
 In a chapel on the shore,

Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chaunt for thee—
 Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
 On the quiet moonlight sea;
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Lorelei.

I KNOW not what it presages,
 This heart with sadness fraught:
 'Tis a tale of the olden ages,
 That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool, and darkles;
 The Rhine flows calmly on;
 The mountain summit sparkles
 In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
 A maiden wondrous fair,
 With golden raiment shining,
 And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it;
 And combing, low singeth she—
 A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
 A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him
 The strain comes floating by;
 He sees not the cliffs before him—
 He only looks on high.

Ah! round him the dark waves, flinging
 Their arms, draw him slowly down—
 And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
 The Lorelei has done.

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

The Water Lady.

ALAS, that moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I staid awhile, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,
The bloom of water — tender blue,
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips, if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I staid a little more —
Alas! she never comes again!
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,
I know that I must vainly pine;
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine!

THOMAS HOOD.

The Water Fay.

THE night comes stealing o'er me,
And clouds are on the sea;
While the wavelets rustle before me
With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing
Before me, fair and pale;
And snow-white breasts were springing
Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,
Till I wished her arms away:

"Why hast thou so caressed me,
Thou lovely water fay?"

"Oh, thou need'st not alarm thee,
That thus thy form I hold;
For I only seek to warm me,
And the night is black and cold."

"The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away;
And tears down thy cheek are falling,
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"The wind to the waves is calling,
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,
'Tis the water which drips from my locks."

"The ocean is heaving and sobbing,
The sea-mews scream in the spray;
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,
And it beats in burning truth;
For I love thee, past all telling,
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

Song.

A LAKE and a fairy boat,
To sail in the moonlight clear,
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

Thy gown should be snow-white silk;
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower;
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power!

THOMAS HOOD.

The Lady of Shalott.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky,
 And through the field the roads run by
 To many-towered Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below —
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten; aspens quiver;
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Through the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river,
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers;
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
 Slide the heavy barges, trailed
 By slow horses; and, unhailed,
 The shallop flitteth, silken-sailed,
 Skimming down to Camelot;
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?
 Or at the casement seen her stand?
 Or is she known in all the land —
 The lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river, winding clearly
 Down to towered Camelot;
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers, "Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colors gay.
 She has heard a whisper say
 A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be;
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she —
 The lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near,
 Winding down to Camelot;
 There the river eddy whirls;
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market-girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad —
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-haired page, in crimson clad,
 Goes by to towered Camelot:
 And sometimes through the mirror blue
 The knights come riding, two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true —
 The lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights;
 For often, through the silent nights,
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot;
 Or, when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed;
 "I am half sick of shadows," said
 The lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves
 He rode between the barley-sheaves;
 The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see

Hung in the golden galaxy.
 The bridle-bells rang merrily,
 As he rode down to Camelot;
 And, from his blazoned baldric slung,
 A mighty silver bugle hung;
 And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather;
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burned like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot:
 As often, through the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
 On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flowed
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flashed into the crystal mirror:
 "Tirra lirra," by the river,
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom;
 She made three paces through the room;
 She saw the water-lily bloom;
 She saw the helmet and the plume;
 She looked down to Camelot:
 Out flew the web, and floated wide;
 The mirror cracked from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me!" cried
 The lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning—
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over towered Camelot;
 Down she came and found a boat,
 Beneath a willow left afloat;
 And round about the prow she wrote,
 The lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away—
 The lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white,
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Through the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot;
 And as the boat-head wound along,
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song—
 The lady of Shalott—

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly—
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turned to towered Camelot;
 For ere she reached, upon the tide,
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing, in her song she died—
 The lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape, she floated by—
 A corse between the houses high—
 Silent, into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame;
 And round the prow they read her name—
 The lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the royal palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they crossed themselves for fear—
 All the knights at Camelot;
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace—
 The lady of Shalott!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Comus, a Mask.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of

THYRSIS.

COMUS, with his crew.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, the Nymph.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

The attendant SPIRIT descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth, and, with low-thoughted

care

Confined, and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task: Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire

crowns,

And wield their little tridents. But this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;
And all this tract, that fronts the falling sun,
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms;
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,

Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear
wood,

The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovereign Jove,
I was despatched for their defence and guard;
And listen why — for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell. Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy-berries wreathed, and his blithe youth;
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more;
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus
named;

Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they
taste,

(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human counte-
nance,

The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form, of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat —
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favored of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,

Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy —
 As now I do. But first I must put off
 These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
 And, in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest and nearest to the present aid,
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*COMUS enters, with a charming-rod in one hand,
 his glass in the other; with him a rout of mon-
 sters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts —
 but otherwise like men and women, their apparel
 glistening; they come in making a riotous and
 unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

COMUS. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heaven doth hold;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,
 Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odors, dropping wine,
 Rigor now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head;
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift rounds the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,

Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come! let us our rites begin —
 'Tis only daylight that makes us sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veiled Cotytto! t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air;
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend
 Us, thy vowed priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep
 From her cabined loophole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun desery
 Our concealed solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round!

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright some virgin sure,
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art),
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
 Be well stocked, with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments; lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight —
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up, about his country gear.

But here she comes: I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true —
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose, unlettered hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet oh! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me, then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope —
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings —

And thou, unblemished form of chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the supreme good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers; but
Such noise as I can make, to be heard farthest,
I'll venture, for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well —
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night —
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I oft have heard
My mother Circe with the sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,

And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause,
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself.
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
 Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwellest here with Pan or Silvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood!

LAD. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is addressed to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my severed company,
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COM. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you
 thus?

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COM. Could that divide you from near ushering
 guides?

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy? or why?

LAD. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly
 spring.

COM. And left your fair side all unguarded,
 lady?

LAD. They were but twain, and purposed quick
 return.

COM. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

LAD. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LAD. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful
 bloom?

LAD. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

COM. Two such I saw, what time the labored ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swinked hedger at his supper sat;
 I saw them, under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
 Their port was more than human, as they stood;
 I took it for a fairy vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colors of the rainbow live,
 And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck;

And as I passed, I worshipped. If those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to heaven
 To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LAD. To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side —
 My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatched pallet rouse; if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest.

LAD. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended; in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportioned strength. Shepherd, lead on!

Enter The Two BROTHERS.

1 BR. Unmuffle, ye faint stars! and thou, fair
 moon,

That won't'st to love the traveller's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite dammed up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush candle from the wicker-hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light;
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian cynosure.

2 BR. Or if our eyes

Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,

Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But oh that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now;
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears;
 What if in wild amazement and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 Br. Peace, brother! be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so — while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion!
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all-too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day;
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Br. 'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?

But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

1 Br. I do not, brother,
 Infer as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine; she has hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

2 Br. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of heaven, if you mean that?

1 Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if heaven gave it, may be termed her own;
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests, and unharbored heaths,
 Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grots, and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue, meagre hag, or stubborn, unladen ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew-time,
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece

To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, forever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
Wherewith she froze her foes to congealed stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dashed brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal; but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Often seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 BR. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 BR. List! list! I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

2 BR. Methought so, too; what should it be?

1 BR. For certain

Either some one like us, night-foundered here,
Or else some neighbor woodman; or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 BR. Heaven keep my sister. Again, again, and
near;

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

1 BR. I'll halloo;

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

The attendant SPIRIT, habited like a Shepherd.

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPI. What voice is that? my young lord? speak
again.

2 BR. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

1 BR. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft
delayed

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequestered nook?

SPI. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But oh, my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

1 BR. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

SPI. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 BR. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly
shew.

SPI. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous
(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Charactered in the face; this have I learnt
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
 To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprint, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And filled the air with barbarous dissonance;
 At which I ceased, and listened them awhile,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death; but oh, ere long,
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honored lady, your dear sister.
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;
 And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
 Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey,
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,

Supposing him some neighbor villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here —
 But further know I not.

2 BR. O night and shades,
 How are ye joined with hell in triple knot,
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother?

1 BR. Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me; against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
 Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal, restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's
 on.

Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damned magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Cursed as his life.

SPI. Alas! good venturous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead.
 Far other arms and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

1 BR. Why, prithee, shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near
 As to make this relation?

SPI. Care, and utmost shifts
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,

Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray :
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And shew me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
 Among the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he culled me out ;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil —
 Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ;
 And yet more medicinal is it than that moly
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave :
 He called it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bade me keep it as of sovereign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly furies' apparition.
 I pursed it up ; but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compelled ;
 But now I find it true ; for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
 Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off ; if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go), you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
 And brandished blade, rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand ; though he and his cursed crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink.

1 BR. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with
 all manner of deliciousness ; soft music, tables
 spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with
 his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted
 chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts
 by, and goes about to rise.*

COM. Nay, lady, sit ! if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,

And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LAD. Fool, do not boast !

Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

COM. Why are you vexed, lady ? why do you
 frown ?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger ; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far ; see, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed ;
 Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy ?
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
 With that which you received on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted ; but fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

LAD. 'Twill not, false traitor —

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
 Thou told'st me of ? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed monsters ? Mercy guard me !
 Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul de-
 ceiver !

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
 With visored falsehood and base forgery ?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquorish baits, fit to insnare a brute ?
 Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer ; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good is not delicious
 To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Com. Oh foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
 Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired
 silk

To deck her sons; and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hutcht th' all-worshipped ore, and precious
 gems

To store her children with: if all the world
 Should in a fit of temp'rance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but
 frieze,

Th' all-giver would be unthanked, would be un-
 praised,

Not half his riches known, and yet despised,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own
 weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility,
 Th' earth cumbered, and the winged air darked
 with plumes,

The herds would over-multitude their lords,
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought
 diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud the stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozened
 With that same vaunted name, virginity.

Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languished head.

Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shewn
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;

It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts;
 Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.

LAD. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
 In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature
 As if she would her children should be riotous

With her abundance; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance;

If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and beseming share
 Of that which lewdly pampered luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed

In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumbered with her store;

And then the giver would be better thanked,
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony

Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude

Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares

Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of chastity,

Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend

The sublime notion and high mystery

That must be uttered to unfold the sage

And serious doctrine of virginity;

And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,

That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,

Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;

Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth

Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence

That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,

And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
shake,

Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

COM. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering
dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no
more;

This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste—

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest
his glass out of his hand, and break it against
the ground; his rout make sign of resistance,
but are all driven in; the attendant SPIRIT comes
in.*

SPI. What! have you let the false enchanter
'scape?

Oh ye mistook! ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast: without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed, and motionless.
Yet stay! be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn
stream;

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Loctrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guileless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearly wrists and took her in,

Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers strewn with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds, at their festivals,
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasp charm, and thaw the mumming
spell,

If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,

Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus;
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethy's grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slipped feet,
And the songs of sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,

Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance—
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save!

SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank

My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
 Of turkoi blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle swain, at thy request
 I am here.

SPL. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distressed,
 Through the force and through the wile
 Of unblest enchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity:
 Brightest lady, look on me!
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

SPL. Virgin, daughter of Loerine,
 Sprung from old Anchises' line,

May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills;
 Summer drought, or singed air,
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore;
 May thy lofty head be crowned
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, lady! while heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide;
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wished presence, and beside
 All the swains that near abide,
 With jigs and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer;
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the president's castle; then come in country dancers; after them the attendant SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and the LADY.

SONG.

SPL. Back, shepherds, back! enough your play
 Till next sunshine holiday;
 Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to be trod—
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second song presents them to their father and mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight ;
Here behold, so goodly grown,
Three fair branches of your own ;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard essays,
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring ;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedared alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen ;
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wand'ring labors long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side

Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done ;
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin low doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue ; she alone is free ;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.

Hylas.

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the water.
No cloud was seen ; on blue and craggy Ida
The hot noon lay, and on the plain's enamel ;
Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander.
"Why should I haste?" said young and rosy
Hylas :
"The seas were rough, and long the way from
Colchis.

Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,
Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther ;
The shields are piled, the listless oars suspended
On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen
Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,
Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander."

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys,
And putting down his urn, he stood a moment,
Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blossoms
That spangled thick the lovely Dardan meadows.
Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins,
And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure ;
Naked, save one light robe that from his shoulder
Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
Of warm, white limbs, half-nerved with coming
manhood,
Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,
He dropped the robe, and raised his head exulting
In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing
Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.

For sacred to Latona's son is beauty,
Sacred is youth, the joy of youthful feeling.
A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas,
Whence Jove-begotten Heracles, the mighty,
To men though terrible, to him was gentle,
Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter
When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders
Dragged the huge paws of the Nemæan lion.

The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,
Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom
Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips parting,
Like a loose bow, that just has launched its arrow.
His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,
Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;
Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulders rounded
To the white arms and whiter breast between them.
Downward, the supple lines had less of softness:
His back was like a god's; his loins were moulded
As if some pulse of power began to waken;
The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerving,
Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping downward,
Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.

He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored
In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it
On the smooth sole that answered at the surface:
Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.

Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching
Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters
Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly deeper,
Till on his breast the river's cheek was pillowed,
And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom
His white, round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.

There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion
The lucid coolness folding close around him,
The lily-cradled ripples murmured, "Hylas!"
He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine
Curls, that had lain unwet upon the water,
And still the ripples murmured, "Hylas, Hylas!"
He thought: "The voices are but ear-born music.
Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is calling
From some high cliff that tops a Thracian valley;

So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespontus,
Have heard the sea-waves hammer Argo's forehead,

That I misdeem the fluting of this current
For some lost nymph—" Again the murmur,
"Hylas!"

And with the sound a cold, smooth arm around him

Slid like a wave, and down the clear, green darkness

Glimmered on either side a shining bosom—
Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever closer
Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to his shoulders,

Their cheeks lay nestled, while the purple tangles,
Their loose hair made, in silken mesh enwound him.

Their eyes of clear, pale emerald then uplifting,
They kissed his neck with lips of humid coral,
And once again there came a murmur: "Hylas!
Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where we wander
Deep down beneath the green, translucent ceiling—
Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander
With cool white buds we braid our purple tresses,
Lulled by the bubbling waves around us stealing!
Thou fair Greek boy, oh come with us! Oh, follow
Where thou no more shalt hear Propontis riot,
But by our arms be lapped in endless quiet,
Within the glimmering caves of ocean hollow!
We have no love; alone of all the immortals,
We have no love. Oh, love us, we who press thee
With faithful arms, though cold,—whose lips caress thee,—

Who hold thy beauty prisoned! Love us, Hylas!"
The sound dissolved in liquid murmurs, calling
Still as it faded, "Come with us! Oh follow!"

The boy grew chill to feel their twining pressure
Lock round his limbs, and bear him, vainly striving,

Down from the noonday brightness. "Leave me, naiads!

Leave me!" he cried; "the day to me is dearer
Than all your caves deep-sphered in ocean's quiet.
I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleasure:
I would not change this flexible, warm existence,
Though swept by storms, and shocked by Jove's
dread thunder,

To be a king beneath the dark-green waters."

Still moaned the humid lips, between their kisses,
 "We have no love. Oh, love us, we who love thee!"
 And came in answer, thus, the words of Hylas:
 "My love is mortal. For the Argive maidens
 I keep the kisses which your lips would ravish.
 Unlock your cold white arms — take from my shoulder

The tangled swell of your bewildering tresses.
 Let me return: the wind comes down from Ida,
 And soon the galley, stirring from her slumber,
 Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight shadow
 Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city.
 I am not yours — I cannot braid the lilies
 In your wet hair nor on your argent bosoms
 Close my drowsed eyes to hear your rippling voices.
 Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal being, —
 Your world of watery quiet. Help, Apollo!
 For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy music,
 Dance in my heart and flood my sense with rapture;
 The joy, the warmth and passion now awaken,
 Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly sleeping.
 Oh, leave me, naiads! loose your chill embraces,
 Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pining."
 But still with unrelenting arms they bound him,
 And still, accordant, flowed their watery voices:
 "We have thee now — we hold thy beauty prisoner;

Oh, come with us beneath the emerald waters!
 We have no love; we love thee, rosy Hylas.
 Oh, love us, who shall never more release thee —
 Love us, whose milky arms will be thy cradle
 Far down on the untroubled sands of ocean,
 Where now we bear thee, clasped in our embraces."
 And slowly, slowly sank the amorous naiads.
 The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked through the
 water,
 Pleading for help; but heaven's immortal archer
 Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid his forehead;

And last, the thick, bright curls a moment floated,
 So warm and silky that the stream upbore them,
 Closing reluctant, as he sank for ever.

The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.
 Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
 Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless billows.
 The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,
 And up the mast was heaved the snowy canvas.
 But mighty Heracles, the Jove-begotten,

Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,
 Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
 Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before him:
 And when he called expectant, "Hylas! Hylas!"
 The empty echoes made him answer, "Hylas!"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Rhæcus.

God sends his teachers unto every age,
 To every clime, and every race of men,
 With revelations fitted to their growth
 And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of truth
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race.
 Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
 The life of man, and given it to grasp
 The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
 Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;
 Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
 The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
 Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
 Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
 To justify the reign of its belief
 And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
 Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
 Which, like the hazel-twigs, in faithful hands,
 Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
 For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
 But all things have within their hull of use
 A wisdom and a meaning, which may speak
 Of spiritual secrets to the ear
 Of spirit; so, in whatsoever the heart
 Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
 To make its inspirations suit its creed,
 And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
 Its needful food of truth, there ever is
 A sympathy with nature, which reveals,
 Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
 And earnest parables of inward lore.
 Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
 As full of freedom, youth, and beauty still
 As the immortal freshness of that grace
 Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

A youth named Rhæcus, wandering in the wood,
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall;

And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
 He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
 And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
 That murmured "Rhæcus!"—"Twas as if the
 leaves,
 Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it;
 And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
 It murmured "Rhæcus!" softer than a breeze.
 He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
 What seemed the substance of a happy dream
 Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
 Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
 It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair
 To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
 For any that were wont to mate with gods.
 All naked like a goddess stood she there,
 And like a goddess all too beautiful
 To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
 "Rhæcus, I am the dryad of this tree —"
 Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words,
 Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew —
 "And with it I am doomed to live and die;
 The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
 Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
 Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
 And with a thankful heart it shall be thine."

Then Rhæcus, with a flutter at the heart,
 Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
 Answered: "What is there that can satisfy
 The endless craving of the soul but love?
 Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
 Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."
 After a little pause she said again,
 But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
 "I give it, Rhæcus, though a perilous gift;
 An hour before the sunset meet me here."
 And straightway there was nothing he could see
 But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak;
 And not a sound came to his straining ears
 But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
 And, far away upon an emerald slope,
 The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,
 Men did not think that happy things were dreams
 Because they overstepped the narrow bourne
 Of likelihood, but reverently deemed

Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
 To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
 So Rhæcus made no doubt that he was blest;
 And all along unto the city's gate
 Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked;
 The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
 And he could scarce believe he had not wings —
 Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
 Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhæcus had a faithful heart enough,
 But one that in the present dwelt too much,
 And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoever
 Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
 Like the contented peasant of a vale,
 Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
 So, haply meeting in the afternoon
 Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
 He joined them and forgot all else beside.

The dice was rattling at the merriest,
 And Rhæcus, who had met but sorry luck,
 Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
 When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
 That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs,
 As if to light. And Rhæcus laughed and said,
 Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
 "By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
 And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
 But still the bee came back, and thrice again
 Rhæcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
 Then through the window flew the wounded bee;
 And Rhæcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
 Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
 Against the red disc of the setting sun,—
 And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
 As if its very walls had caved away.
 Without a word he turned, and rushing forth,
 Ran madly through the city and the gate,
 And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long
 shade,
 By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
 Darkened well-nigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath, he reached the
 tree;
 And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
 The low voice murmur "Rhæcus!" close at hand;
 Whereat he looked around him, but could see

Nought but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
 Then sighed the voice: "O Rhœcus! nevermore
 Shalt thou behold me, or by day or night—
 Me, who would fain have blest thee with a love
 More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
 Filled up with nectar any mortal heart;
 But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
 And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings.
 We spirits only show to gentle eyes—
 We ever ask an undivided love;
 And he who scorns the least of nature's works
 Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
 Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and groaned aloud,
 And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
 This once, and I shall never need it more!"
 "Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou art blind,
 Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
 But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
 Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
 With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
 And Rhœcus after heard no other sound,
 Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
 Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
 Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
 The night had gathered round him; o'er the plain
 The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
 And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
 Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
 With all its bright sublimity of stars,
 Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze;
 Beauty was all around him, and delight;
 But from that eve he was alone on earth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Kubla Khan.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree,
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
 Through caverns measureless to man,
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round;
 And there were gardens, bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm, which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seeth-
 ing,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momently was forced,
 Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.

Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran—
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves,
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device—
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw;
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That, with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air—

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! beware
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART I.

An ancient mariner meeteth three galleons bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering
eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The bridegroom's doors are opened
wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard
loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still;
He listens like a three-years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone—
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

"The ship was cheered, the harbor
cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The mariner tells how the ship sailed southward, with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea;
Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"The
wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she!
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal-music, but the mariner continueth his tale.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the South Pole.

With sloping masts and dipping
prow—
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head—
The ship drove fast; loud roared the
blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and
snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross—
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird, called the albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo ! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprang up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient mariner in- hospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."

PART II.

"The sun now rose upon the right—
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew be- hind;
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo.

His ship- mates cry out against the ancient mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow:
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off they justify the same, and thus make them- selves ac- complices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist:
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails north- ward, even

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
till it reached the line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down—
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the al- batross be- gins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed them—one of the invis- ible inhabit- ants of this planet, nei-

ther departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

The ship- mates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt

on the ancient mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each
throat

Was parched, and glazed each eye —
A weary time! a weary time!

How glazed each weary eye! —

The ancient
mariner be-
holdeth a
sign in the
element
afar off.

When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at
last.

A certain shape, I wist —

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its near-
er approach
it seemeth
him to be a
ship; and at
a dear ran-
som he
freeth his
speech from
the bonds of
thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,

We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drougth all dumb we
stood!

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,

Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,

A flash of
joy.

And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror
follows. For
can it be a
ship that
comes on-
ward with-
out wind or
tide?

See! see! I cried, she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame;
The day was well-nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun,
When that strange shape drove sud-
denly

Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with
bars,
It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of
a ship.

(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I — and my heart beat
loud —

How fast she nears and nears!

Are those her sails that glance in the
sun,

Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the
sun

Did peer, as through a grate?

And is that woman all her crew?

Is that a death? and are there two?

Is death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were
free,

Her locks were yellow as gold;

Her skin was as white as leprosy:

The nightmare, Life-in-Death, was
she,

Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice:

'The game is done — I've won! I've
won!'

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,

At one stride comes the dark;

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,

Off shot the spectre bark.

We listened, and looked sideways up;

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,

My life-blood seemed to sip;

The stars were dim, and thick the night;

The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;

From the sails the dew did drip —

Till clomb above the eastern bar

The horned moon, with one bright star

Within the nether tip.

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the
setting sun.
The spectre-
woman and
her death-
mate, and
no other on
board the
skeleton
ship.

Like vessel,
like crew!

Death and
Life-in-
Death have
diced for
the ship's
crew, and
she (the lat-
ter) winneth
the ancient
mariner.

No twilight
within the
courts of
the sun.

At the ris-
ing of the
moon,

One after another. One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His ship-mates drop down dead. Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan!)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death be-
gins her work on the
ancientmariner. The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV.

The wed- ding-guest
feareth that a spirit is
talking to him. "I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the an- cient mari-
ner assureth him of his
bodily life, and pro-
ceedeth to relate his
horrible penance. I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-
guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despia- eth the crea-
tures of the calm. The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on—and so did I.

And envied that they
should live, and somany
lie dead. I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea and the sea and
the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs—
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse—
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky, And in his lone-
ness and
And nowhere did abide; fixedness he
Softly she was going up, yearneth
And a star or two beside— towards the
moon, and
the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and
everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their ap-
pointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural
homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are cer-
tainly expected: and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway,
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship By the light
I watched the water-snakes; of the moon
They moved in tracks of shining white; he behold-
eth God's
And when they reared, the elfish creatures of
the great
light calm.
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire—
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness. Oh happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare;
 A spring of love gushed from my
 heart,
 He blest them and I blessed them unaware —
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break. The selfsame moment I could pray;
 And from my neck so free
 The albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!
 She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
 That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient mariner is refreshed with rain. The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with
 dew;
 And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was
 cold,
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my
 limbs;
 I was so light — almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element. And soon I heard a roaring wind —
 It did not come anear;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.
 The upper air burst into life;
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen.
 To and fro they were hurried about;
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more
 loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain poured down from one
 black cloud —
 The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The moon was at its side;
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag —
 A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship, The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.
 Yet now the ship moved on!
 Beneath the lightning and the moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all
 uprose —
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved
 on;
 Yet never a breeze up blew;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless
 tools —
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee;
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"
 "Be calm, thou wedding-guest!"
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corse came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest;
 For when it dawned they dropped their
 arms,
 And clustered round the mast;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
 mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again—
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are—
How they seemed to fill the sea and
air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made
on
A pleasant noise till noon—
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lone-
some spirit
from the
South Pole
carries on
the ship as
far as the
line in obe-
dience to the
angelic
troop; but
still requir-
eth ven-
geance.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short, uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short, uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound—
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air:

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross!

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The polar
spirit's fel-
lowdemons,
the invisible
inhabitants
of the ele-
ment, take
part in his
wrong; and
two of them
relate, one
to the other,
that pen-
ance, long
and heavy
for the an-
cient mari-
ner, hath
been ac-
cording to
the polar
spirit, who
returneth
southward.

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast:
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

'But why drives on that ship so
fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

The mariner
hath been
cast into a
trance; for
the angelic
power caus-
eth the ves-
sel to drive
northward
faster than
human life
could en-
dure.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.'

The super-
natural mo-
tion is re-
tarded; the
mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins
anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night—the moon
was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they
died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is
finally expi-
ated.

And now this spell was snapt; once
more

I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—.

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks
on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
Oh let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand—
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

And the an-
cient mari-
ner behold-
eth his na-
tive coun-
try.

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies,

And appear
in their own
forms of
light.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice;
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood;
He'll shrieve my soul — he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The hermit This hermit good lives in that wood
of the wood Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and
eve —
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared — I heard them
talk;
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights, so many and
fair,
That signal made but now?'

Approach- 'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit
eth the ship said —
with won- 'And they answered not our cheer!
der. The planks looked warped! and see
those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with
snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf be-
low,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,'
The pilot made reply —
'I am a-feared' — 'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard:

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread;
It reached the ship — it split the bay —
The ship went down like lead.

The ship
suddenly
sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, The ancient
Which sky and ocean smote, mariner is
Like one that hath been seven days saved in the
drowned pilot's boat.

My body lay afloat;
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat span round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long; and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy
man!' —
The hermit crossed his brow:
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient
mariner ear-
nestly en-
treateth the
hermit to
shrieve him;
and the pen-
ance of life
falls on him.

Forthwith this frame of mine was
wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale—
And then it left me free.

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future
life an ago-
ny con-
straineth
him to trav-
el from land
to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me—
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that
door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea—
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to
teach, by
his own ex-
ample, love
and rever-
ence to all
things that
God made
and loveth.

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone. And now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Raven.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgot-
ten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door:
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember! it was in the bleak
December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had tried
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for
the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
ber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
ber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door:
 Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before:
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; —
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door —
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore:
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven —
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore —
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly —
 Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing farther then he uttered — not a feather then he fluttered —
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before —
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store —
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore —
 Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Never — Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing

To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er;

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,

She shall press — ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee,

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore —

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,

On this home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —

Is there — is there balm in Gilead? tell me — tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —

"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamplight, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

PART IX.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

THE fate of the man-child ;
The meaning of man ;
Known fruit of the unknown ;
Dædalian plan ;
Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep :
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BEHOLD a woman !
She looks out from her Quaker cap ; her face is clearer and more beautiful
than the sky.

She sits in an arm-chair under the shaded porch of the farm-house ;
The sun just shines on her old white head.

Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen ;
Her grandsons raised the flax, and her granddaughters spun it with the
distaff and the wheel.

The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go, and does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men !

WALT WHITMAN.

АѢ ! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year ?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

The World is too Much with us.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flow-
ers ;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune :
It moves us not. — Great God ! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less for-
lorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

All Earthly Joy returns in Pain.

OF Lentren in the first morning,
Early as did the day up-spring,
Thus sang ane bird with voice up-plain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

O man ! have mind that thou maun pass ;
Remember that thou are but ass [ashes],
And sall in ass return again :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Have mind that eild aye follows youth ;
Death follows life with gaping mouth,
Devouring fruit and flouring grain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Wealth, worldly gloir, and rich array,
Are all but thorns laid in thy way,
Covered with flowers laid in ane train :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Come never yet May so fresh and green,
But Januar come as wud and keen ;
Was never sic drouth but anis come rain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Evermair unto this world's joy,
As nearest heir succedis noy,
Therefore when joy may not remain,
His very heir succedis pain.

Here health returns in seikness ;
And mirth returns in heaviness ;
Toun in desert, forest in plain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Freedom returns in wretchedness,
And truth returns in doubleness,
With fenyeit words to mak men fain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Virtue returnis into vice,
And honor into avarice ;
With covetice is conscience slain :
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Sen earthly joy abidis never,
 Work for the joy that lasts forever:
 For other joy is all but vain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

Cithonius.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
 The vapors weep their burden to the ground,
 Man comes, and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.
 Me only cruel immortality
 Consumes; I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever-silent spaces of the East,
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.
 Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
 To his great heart none other than a god!
 I asked thee, "Give me immortality."
 Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
 Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong Hours indignant worked their wills,
 And beat me down and marred and wasted me,
 And though they could not end me, left me
 maimed
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
 Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men,
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
 Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders
 pure,
 And bosom beating with a heart renewed.

Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
 And shake the darkness from their loosened
 manes,
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
 In silence, then before thine answer given
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
 And make me tremble lest a saying learned,
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
 "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes
 I used to watch—if I be he that watched—
 The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my
 blood
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimsoned all
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
 With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kissed
 Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
 Floats up from these dim fields about the
 homes
 Of happy men that have the power to die,
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the ground:
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave;
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ulysses.

It little profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not
me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,

Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought
with me —

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old.
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something, ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Lotus-Eaters.

I.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land;
"This mounting wave shall roll us shoreward
soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon:
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall did seem.

II.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows
broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops,
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flushed : and, dewed with showery
 drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven
 copse.

III.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
 In the red west : through mountain-clefts the dale
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
 A land where all things always seemed the same !
 And round about the keel, with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotus-eaters came.

IV.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
 And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

V.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon, upon the shore ;
 And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
 Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, " We will return no more ;"
 And all at once they sang, " Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG.

I.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-
 ful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
 And through the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
 sleep.

II.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness ?
 All things have rest : why should we toil alone ?
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease our wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
 " There is no joy but calm !"

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
 things ?

III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow,
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweetened with the summer-light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life ; ah ! why
 Should life all labor be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.

Let us alone. What is it that will last?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave,
 In silence ripen, fall, and cease:
 Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful
 ease!

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half dream!
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the
 height;
 To hear each other's whispered speech;
 Eating the Lotus, day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray:
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heaped over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of
 brass!

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives,
 And their warm tears; but all hath suffered
 change;
 For surely now our household hearths are
 cold:
 Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes, over-bold,
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The gods are hard to reconcile:
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labor unto aged breath,

Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars,
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-
 stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing
 lowly),
 With half-dropt eyelids still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill —
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave through the thick-twined
 vine —
 To hear the emerald-colored water falling
 Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the
 pine.

VIII.

The Lotus blooms below the barren peak:
 The Lotus blows by every winding creek:
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone:
 Through every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-
 dust is blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the
 surge was seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
 fountains in the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal
 mind,
 In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like gods together, careless of man-
 kind.
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
 hurled
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
 lightly curled
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleam-
 ing world;
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted
 lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roar-
 ing deeps and fiery sands,
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking
 ships, and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a
doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wring,
Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are
strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave
the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whis-
pered—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Great are the Myths.

I.

GREAT are the myths—I too delight in them;
Great are Adam and Eve—I too look back and
accept them;
Great the risen and fallen nations, and their poets,
women, sages, inventors, rulers, warriors, and
priests.

Great is Liberty! great is Equality! I am their
follower;
Helmsmen of nations, choose your craft! where you
sail, I sail,
I weather it out with you, or sink with you.

Great is Youth, equally great is Old Age, great
are the Day and Night;
Great is Wealth, great is Poverty, great is Ex-
pression, great is Silence.

Youth, large, lusty, loving—Youth, full of grace,
force, fascination!
Do you know that Old Age may come after you,
with equal grace, force, fascination?

Day, full-blown and splendid—Day of the im-
mense sun, action, ambition, laughter,
The Night follows close, with millions of suns, and
sleep, and restoring darkness.

Wealth, with the flush hand, fine clothes, hospital-
ity;
But then the Soul's wealth, which is candor, knowl-
edge, pride, enfolding love;
(Who goes for men and women showing Poverty
richer than Wealth?)

Expression of speech! in what is written or
said, forget not that Silence is also expres-
sive;
That Anguish hot as the hottest, and Contempt
as cold as the coldest, may be without words.

II.

Great is the Earth, and the way it became what it
is;
Do you imagine it has stopped at this? the increase
abandoned?
Understand, then, that it goes as far onward from
this, as this is from the times when it lay in
covering waters and gases, before man had
appeared.

Great is the quality of Truth in man;
The quality of truth in man supports itself through
all changes,
It is inevitably in the man; he and it are in love,
and never leave each other.

The truth in man is no dictum, it is vital as eye-
sight;
If there be any Soul, there is truth; if there be
man or woman, there is truth; if there be
physical or moral, there is truth;
If there be equilibrium or volition, there is truth;
if there be things at all upon the earth, there
is truth.

O truth of the earth! I am determined to press
my way toward you;
Sound your voice! I scale mountains, or dive in
the sea after you.

III.

Great is Language; it is the mightiest of the sciences,
It is the fulness, color, form, diversity of the earth,
and of men and women, and of all qualities
and processes;
It is greater than wealth, it is greater than build-
ings, ships, religions, paintings, music.

Great is the English speech—what speech is so
great as the English?
Great is the English brood—what brood has so
vast a destiny as the English?
It is the mother of the brood that must rule the
earth with the new rule;
The new rule shall rule as the Soul rules, and
as the love, justice, equality in the Soul
rule.

Great is Law; great are the few old landmarks
of the law,
They are the same in all time, and shall not be dis-
turbed.

IV.

Great is Justice!
Justice is not settled by legislators and laws; it is
in the Soul;
It cannot be varied by statutes, any more than
love, pride, the attraction of gravity can;
It is immutable; it does not depend on majori-
ties; majorities, or what not, come at last
before the same passionless and exact tri-
bunal.

For justice are the grand natural lawyers, and per-
fect judges; it is in their souls;
It is well assorted; they have not studied for
nothing; the great includes the less;
They rule on the highest grounds—they oversee
all eras, states, administrations.

The perfect judge fears nothing; he could go
front to front before God;
Before the perfect judge all shall stand back; life
and death shall stand back; heaven and hell
shall stand back.

V.

Great is Life, real and mystical, wherever and who-
ever;
Great is Death; sure as life holds all parts to-
gether, Death holds all parts together.

Has Life much purport?—Ah, Death has the
greatest purport.

WALT WHITMAN.

Barclay of Ury.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose, and free, and froward:
Quoth the foremost: "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! Through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
Scarred and sun-burned darkly;

Who, with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud : " God save us !
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus ? "

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;
" Put it up, I pray thee ;
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me.

" Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

" Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity ;
" Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

" Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst, we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers ! "

" Marvel not, mine ancient friend —
Like beginning, like the end ! "
Quoth the laird of Ury ;
" Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

" Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffered long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

" Happier I, with loss of all —
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me —
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen
With bared heads to meet me ;

" When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

" Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friends' falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving ;
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm, and fresh, and living.

" Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking ;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking ! "

So the laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial !
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter ;
And, while hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this — that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set

In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer

From the future borrow —
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The Lords of Thule.

THE lords of Thule it did not please
That Willegis their bishop was;
For he was a wagoner's son.
And they drew, to do him scorn,
Wheels of chalk upon the wall;
He found them in chamber, found them in
hall.

But the pious Willegis
Could not be moved to bitterness;
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,
He bade his servants a painter call;
And said, — "My friend, paint now for me,
On every wall, that I may see,
A wheel of white in a field of red;
Underneath in letters plain to be read —
'Willegis, bishop now by name,
Forget not whence you came!'"

The lords of Thule were full of shame —
They wiped away their words of blame;
For they saw that scorn and jeer
Cannot wound the wise man's ear.
And all the bishops that after him came
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.
Thus came to pious Willegis
Glory out of bitterness.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

Harmosan.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian
throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning
victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to
defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bring-
ing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish
in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then ar-
rive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet: but a while the
draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to
explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest — for,
around him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did the lonely
man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the caliph; "is it,
friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treach-
erous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou
shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water — this reprieve
is thine — no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth
with ready hand,
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning
sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water
of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled
water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful pas-
sions stirred —
Then exclaimed: "For ever sacred must remain a
monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble
Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee
drink and live!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

Balder.

BALDER, the white sun-god, has departed!
Beautiful as summer dawn was he;
Loved of gods and men—the royal-hearted
Balder, the white sun-god, has departed—
Has gone home where all the brave ones be.

For the tears of the imperial mother,
For a universe that weeps and prays,
Rides Hermoder forth to seek his brother—
Rides for love of that distressful mother,
Through lead-colored glens and cross-blue ways.

With the howling wind and raving torrent,
Nine days rode he, deep and deeper down—
Reached the vast death-kingdom, rough and hor-
rent,
Reached the lonely bridge that spans the torrent
Of the moaning river by Hell-town.

There he found the ancient portress standing—
Vexer of the mind and of the heart:
"Balder came this way," to his demanding,
Cried aloud that ancient portress, standing—
"Balder came, but Balder did depart;

"Here he could not dwell. He is down yonder—
Northward, further, in the death-realm he."
Rode Hermoder on in silent wonder—
Mane of Gold fled fast and rushed down yonder!
Brave and good must young Hermoder be.

For he leaps sheer over Hela's portal,
Drops into the huge abyss below.
There he saw the beautiful immortal—
Saw him, Balder, under Hela's portal—
Saw him, and forgot his pain and woe.

"O my Balder! have I, have I found thee—
Balder, beautiful as summer morn?
O my sun-god! hearts of heroes crowned thee
For their king; they lost, but now have found thee;
Gods and men shall not be left forlorn.

"Balder! brother! the divine has vanished—
The eternal splendors all have fled;
Truth and love and nobleness are banished;
The heroic and divine have vanished;
Nature has no god, and earth lies dead.

"Come thou back, my Balder—king and broth-
er!
Teach the hearts of men to love the gods!
Come thou back, and comfort our great moth-
er—
Come with truth and bravery, Balder, brother—
Bring the godlike back to men's abodes!"

But the Nornas let him pray unheeded—
Balder never was to come again.
Vainly, vainly young Hermoder pleaded—
Balder never was to come. Unheeded,
Young Hermoder wept and prayed in vain.

Oh, the trueness of this ancient story!
Even now it is, as it was then.
Earth hath lost a portion of her glory;
And like Balder, in the ancient story,
Never comes the beautiful again.

Still the young Hermoder journeys bravely,
Through lead-colored glens and cross-blue ways;
Still he calls his brother, pleading gravely—
Still to the death-kingdom ventures bravely—
Calmly to the eternal terror prays.

But the fates relent not; strong endeavor,
Courage, noble feeling, are in vain;
For the beautiful has gone for ever.
Vain are courage, genius, strong endeavor—
Never comes the beautiful again.

Do you think I counsel weak despairing?
No! like young Hermoder I would ride;
With an humble, yet a gallant daring,
I would leap unquailing, undespairing,
Over the huge precipice's side.

Dead and gone is the old world's ideal,
The old arts and old religion fled;
But I gladly live amid the real,
And I seek a worthier ideal.
Courage, brothers, God is overhead!

ANONYMOUS.

Soul and Body.

BEFORE the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief, with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure, with sin for leaven;
 Summer, with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance, fallen from heaven;
 And madness, risen from hell;
 Strength, without hands to smite;
 Love, that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light;
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire and the falling of tears,
 And a measure of sliding sand
 From under the feet of the years,
 And froth and drift of the sea,
 And dust of the laboring earth,
 And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and of birth,
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love,
 With life before and after,
 And death beneath and above,
 For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span,
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the North and the South
 They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed up in his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein;
 A time for labor and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travailleth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death.

He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
 Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its
 tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,
 mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and
 features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
 Then say what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
 Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat;
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop—if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have
seen—

How the world looked when it was fresh and
young,

And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slum-
bered—

What hast thou seen—what strange adventures
numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended

We have, above ground, seen some strange muta-
tions:

The Roman empire has begun and ended—

New worlds have risen—we have lost old na-
tions;

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering
tread—

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that
face?

What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!

Imperishable type of evanescence!

Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow
bed,

And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morn-
ing,

When the great trump shall thrill thee with its
warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?

Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure

In living virtue—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!

What vanity has brought thee here?

How can I love to see thee shine

So bright, whom I have bought so dear?

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear

For twilight converse, arm in arm;

The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear

When mirth and music went to charm.

By Cheral's dark, wandering streams,

Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams

Of Teviot loved while still a child;

Of castled rocks stupendous piled

By Esk or Eden's classic wave,

Where loves of youth and friendships smiled

Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!

The perished bliss of youth's first prime,

That once so bright on fancy played,

Revives no more in after-time.

Far from my sacred natal clime,

I haste to an untimely grave;

The daring thoughts that soared sublime

Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Grooms baleful as the tomb-fire drear:
 A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely, widowed heart to cheer:
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear
 That once were guiding stars to mine;
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that loved me true!
 I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my withered heart; the grave,
 Dark and untimely, met my view—
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now, so late to mock
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning-shock
 Of sun-rays tipped with death has borne?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey,—
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
 Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

JOHN LEYDEN.

The Fisher's Cottage.

WE sat by the fisher's cottage,
 And looked at the stormy tide;
 The evening mist came rising,
 And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
 The lamps shone out on high;
 And far on the dim horizon
 A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck—
 Of sailors, and how they live;
 Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
 And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
 In regions strange and fair;
 And of the wondrous beings
 And curious customs there;

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
 Which are launched in the twilight hour;
 And the dark and silent Brahmins,
 Who worship the lotus-flower;

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—
 Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small—
 Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
 And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
 Till at last we spoke no more;
 The ship like a shadow had vanished,
 And darkness fell deep on the shore.

HEINRICH HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

The Two Oceans.

Two seas, amid the night,
 In the moonshine roll and sparkle—
 Now spread in the silver light,
 Now sadden, and wail, and darkle.

The one has a billowy motion,
 And from land to land it gleams;
 The other is sleep's wide ocean,
 And its glimmering waves are dreams.

The one, with murmur and roar,
 Bears fleets around coast and islet;
 The other, without a shore,
 Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

JOHN STERLING.

Verses

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK,
 DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF
 JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey—
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach ;
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech —
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man !
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth —
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered with the sallies of youth.

Religion ! What treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word ! —
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford ;
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of the land I shall visit no more !
 My friends — do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy — encouraging thought ! —
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

About Ben Adhem.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou ?" — The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered — "The names of those who love the
 Lord."
 "And is mine one ?" said Abou ; "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. — Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed —
 And, lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !

LEIGH HUNT.

The Steamboat.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
 The ridged and rolling waves,
 As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
 She bows her surly slaves !
 With foam before and fire behind,
 She rends the clinging sea,
 That flies before the roaring wind,
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers
 With heaped and glistening bells,
 Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
 With every wave that swells ;

And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
 In lurid fringes thrown,
 The living gems of ocean sweep
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
 And smoking torch on high,
 When winds are loud, and billows reel,
 She thunders, foaming, by!
 When seas are silent and serene
 With even beam she glides,
 The sunshine glimmering through the green
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
 She veils her shadowy form,
 The beating of her restless heart
 Still sounding through the storm;
 Now answers, like a courtly dame,
 The reddening surges o'er,
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,
 The pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
 Who trims his narrowed sail;
 To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
 Her broad breast to the gale;
 And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
 Shall break from yard and stay,
 Before this smoky wreath hath stained
 The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
 I see yon quivering mast—
 The black throat of the hunted cloud
 Is panting forth the blast!
 An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
 The giant surge shall fling
 His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
 White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep!
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
 With floods of living fire;
 Sleep on—and when the morning light
 Streams o'er the shining bay,
 Oh, think of those for whom the night
 Shall never wake in day!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Village Blacksmith.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands:
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat—
 He earns whate'er he can;
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow—
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach—
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close—
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought —
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Song of the Forge.

CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring;
 Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing —
 Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
 The mighty blows still multiply —
 Clang, clang!
 Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
 What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang! — we forge the coulter now —
 The coulter of the kindly plough.

Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil!
 May its broad furrow still unbind
 To genial rains, to sun and wind,
 The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang! — our coulter's course shall be
 On many a sweet and sheltered lea,

By many a streamlet's silver tide —
 Amidst the song of morning birds,
 Amidst the low of sauntering herds —
 Amidst soft breezes, which do stray
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,
 Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand
 With wide-spread glory clothes the land —

When to the valleys, from the brow
 Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
 A ruddy sea of living gold —

We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang! — again, my mates, what glows
 Beneath the hammer's potent blows?

Clink, clank! — we forge the giant chain,
 Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
 'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;

Secured by this, the good ship braves
 The rocky roadstead, and the waves

Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
 The mist drive dark before the breeze,
 The storm-cloud on the hill;
 Calmly he rests — though far away,
 In boisterous climes, his vessel lay —
 Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
 Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?
 By Afric's pestilential shore;
 By many an iceberg, lone and hoar;
 By many a palmy western isle,
 Basking in spring's perpetual smile;
 By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
 When to the battery's deadly peal
 The crashing broadside makes reply;
 Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
 Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
 For death or victory?

Hurrah! — cling, clang! — once more, what glows,
 Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
 The iron tempest of your blows,
 The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang! — a burning torrent, clear
 And brilliant of bright sparks, is poured
 Around, and up in the dusky air,
 As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword! — a name of dread; yet when
 Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound —
 While for his altar and his hearth,
 While for the land that gave him birth,
 The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound —
 How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
 It flashes in the van of fight —
 Whether in some wild mountain-pass,
 As that where fell Leonidas;
 Or on some sterile plain and stern,
 A Marston, or a Bannockburn;
 Or amidst crags and bursting rills,
 The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
 Or as when sunk the Armada's pride,
 It gleams above the stormy tide —

Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
Is liberty, when men do stand
For justice and their native land —
Then Heaven bless the sword!

ANONYMOUS.

The Anchorsmiths.

LIKE Ætna's dread volcano, see the ample forge
Large heaps upon large heaps of jetty fuel gorge,
While, salamander-like, the ponderous anchor lies
Glutted with vivid fire, through all its pores that
flies;—

The dingy anchorsmiths, to renovate their strength,
Stretched out in death-like sleep, are snoring at
their length,

Waiting the master's signal when the tackle's
force

Shall, like split rocks, the anchor from the fire
divorce;

While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
In deafening concert shall their ponderous ham-
mers clang,

And into symmetry the mass incongruous beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant
British fleet.

Now, as more vivid and intense each splinter
flies,

The temper of the fire the skilful master tries;
And, as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red,
The heated anchor feeds that fire on which it
fed:

The huge sledge-hammers round in order they
arrange,

And waking anchorsmiths await the looked-for
change,

Longing with all their force the ardent mass to
smite,

When issuing from the fire arrayed in dazzling
white;

And, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To make in concert rude their ponderous hammers
clang,

So the misshapen lumps to symmetry they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant
British fleet.

The preparations thicken; with forks the fire they
goad;

And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows
load;

While armed from every danger, and in grim
array,

Anxious as howling demons waiting for their
prey:

The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery
maw,

Which on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts hur-
rah!

And now the scorched beholders want the power to
gaze,

Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its powerful
rays;

While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil
bang,

To forge Jove's thunderbolts, their ponderous ham-
mers clang;

And, till its fire's extinct, the monstrous mass they
beat

To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant
British fleet.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

The Forging of the Anchor.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged! 'tis at a
white heat now —

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though,
on the forge's brow,

The little flames still fitfully play through the
sable mound;

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths
ranking round;

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands
only bare,

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the
windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains—the black
mould heaves below;

And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at
every throe.

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what
a glow!

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high
 sun shines not so !
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fear-
 ful show !
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy
 lurid row
 Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men
 before the foe !
 As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sail-
 ing monster slow
 Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery
 grow :
 “Hurrah !” they shout, “leap out, leap out !”
 bang, bang ! the sledges go ;
 Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high
 and low ;
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squash-
 ing blow ;
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling
 cinders strew
 The ground around ; at every bound the swelter-
 ing fountains flow ;
 And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at every
 stroke pant “ho !”
 Leap out, leap out, my masters ! leap out, and lay
 on load !
 Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and
 broad ;
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I
 bode ;
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous
 road—
 The low reef roaring on her lee ; the roll of ocean
 poured
 From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast
 by the board ;
 The bulwarks down ; the rudder gone ; the boats
 stove at the chains ;
 But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet
 remains !
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns—save when
 ye pitch sky high ;
 Then moves his head, as though he said, “Fear
 nothing—here am I !”
 Swing in your strokes in order ! let foot and hand
 keep time ;
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any
 steeple's chime.

But while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the
 burthen be—
 The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen
 we !
 Strike in, strike in !—the sparks begin to dull their
 rustling red ;
 Our hammers ring with sharper din—our work will
 soon be sped ;
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich
 array
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy
 couch of clay ;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry
 craftsmen here
 For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave-away, and the
 sighing seamen's cheer—
 When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from
 love and home ;
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the
 ocean-foam.
 In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at
 last ;
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat
 was cast.
 O trusted and trustworthy guard ! if thou hadst
 life like me,
 What pleasure would thy toils reward beneath the
 deep-green sea !
 O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such
 sights as thou ?—
 The hoary monster's palaces !—Methinks what joy
 'twere now
 To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assembly
 of the whales,
 And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath
 their scourging tails !
 Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-
 unicorn,
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all
 his ivory horn ;
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade for-
 lorn ;
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his
 jaws to scorn :
 To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid
 Norwegian isles
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed
 miles—

Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
 Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply, in a cove
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
 To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep! whose sports can equal thine?
 The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable-line;
 And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play.
 But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave:
 A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.
 O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst thou but understand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side — or who that dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend —
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride — thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland —
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave!
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
 Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Ships at Sea.

I HAVE ships that went to sea,
 More than fifty years ago;
 None have yet come home to me,
 But are sailing to and fro.
 I have seen them in my sleep,
 Plunging through the shoreless deep,
 With tattered sails and battered hulls,
 While around them screamed the gulls,
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed
 From me, sailing round the world;
 And I've said, "I'm half afraid
 That their sails will ne'er be furled."
 Great the treasures that they hold,
 Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold;
 While the spices that they bear
 Fill with fragrance all the air,
 As they sail, as they sail.

Ah! each sailor in the port
 Knows that I have ships at sea.
 Of the winds and waves the sport,
 And the sailors pity me.
 Oft they come and with me walk,
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,
 Till I put my fears aside,
 And, contented, watch the tide
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
 Gazing for them down the bay,
 Days and nights for many years,
 Till I turned heart-sick away.
 But the pilots, when they land,
 Stop and take me by the hand,
 Saying, "You will live to see
 Your proud vessels come from sea,
 One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
 Nor let hope or courage fail;
 And some day when skies are fair,
 Up the bay my ships will sail,
 I shall buy then all I need, —
 Prints to look at, books to read,

Horses, wines, and works of art,—
Everything except a heart—
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Evermore, evermore.

ROBERT BARRY COFFIN.

A Cry from the Shore.

COME down, ye graybeard mariners,
Unto the wasting shore!
The morning winds are up; the gods
Bid me to dream no more.
Come, tell me whither I must sail,
What peril there may be,
Before I take my life in hand
And venture out to sea!

"We may not tell thee where to sail,
Nor what the dangers are;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
Each hath a separate star;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
And on the awful sea
What we have learned is ours alone;
We may not tell it thee."

Come back, O ghostly mariners,
Ye who have gone before!
I dread the dark, impetuous tides;
I dread the further shore.
Tell me the secret of the waves;
Say what my fate shall be—
Quick! for the mighty winds are up,
And will not wait for me.

"Hail and farewell, O voyager!
Thyself must read the waves;
What we have learned of sun and storm
Lies with us in our graves:

What we have learned of sun and storm
Is ours alone to know.
The winds are blowing out to sea:
Take up thy life and go!"

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

Where Lies the Land?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would
go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild northwesterners rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would
go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

The Countryman.

WHAT pleasures have great princes
More dainty to their choice,
Than herdmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice;
And fortune's favors scorning,
Sing sweet in summer morning?

All day their flocks each tendeth;
At night they take their rest;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

THE SLEEPING OF SPIDERS IN THE



For lawyers and their pleading,
 They 'steem it not a straw :
 They think that honest meaning
 Is of itself a law :
 Where conscience judgeth plainly,
 They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth,
 Not caring much for gold ;
 With clothing, which sufficeth
 To keep him from the cold :
 Though poor and plain his diet,
 Yet merry it is and quiet.

ANONYMOUS.

The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had
 lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
 sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
 powered—
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
 'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
 back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was
 young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to
 part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and
 worn!

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening—
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head;
 And, with a natural sigh—
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about;
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in the great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes—
 " Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 " Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for,
 I could not well make out;

But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide:
And many a childing mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won —
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay — nay — my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Victorious Men of Earth.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are:
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined —
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill:
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

THIS is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and
dreary —
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus —
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer;
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's
song;
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din;
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade —
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these,
 Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with
 terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
 courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
 "Peace!"

Peace!—and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of war's great organ shakes the
 skies;
 But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Sunrise comes To-Morrow.

TRUE it is that clouds and mist
 Blot the clear, blue weather;
 True that lips that once have kissed
 Come no more together:
 True that when we would do good,
 Evil often follows;
 True that green leaves quit the wood,
 Summers lose their swallows;
 True that we must live alone,
 Dwell with pale dejections;
 True that we must often moan
 Over crushed affections:
 True that man his queen awaits—
 True that, sad and lonely,
 Woman, through her prison-gates,
 Sees her tyrant only:

True, the rich despise the poor,
 And the poor desire
 Food still from the rich man's door,
 Fuel from his fire:
 True that, in this age of ours,
 There are none to guide us—
 Gone the grand primeval powers!
 Selfish aims divide us:
 True the plaint; but if more true,
 I would not deplore it;
 If an Eden fade from view,
 Time may yet restore it.

Evil comes, and evil goes,
 But it moves me never;
 For the good, the good, it grows,
 Buds and blossoms ever.
 Winter still succeeds to spring,
 But fresh springs are coming;
 Other birds are on the wing,
 Other bees are humming.
 I have loved with right good-will,
 Mourned my hopes departed,
 Dreamed my golden dream—and still
 Am not broken-hearted.
 Problems are there hard to solve,
 And the weak may try them—
 May review them and revolve,
 While the strong pass by them.
 Sages prove that God is not;
 But I still adore him,
 See the shadow in each spot
 That he casts before him.
 What if cherished creeds must fade?
 Faith will never leave us;
 God preserves what God has made,
 Nor can truth deceive us.
 Let in light—the holy light!
 Brothers, fear it never;
 Darkness smiles, and wrong grows right:
 Let in light forever!

Let in light! When this shall be
 Safe and pleasant duty,
 Men in common things shall see
 Goodness, truth, and beauty;
 And as noble Plato sings—
 Hear it, lords and ladies!—

We shall love and praise the things
 That are down in Hades.
 Glad am I, and glad will be ;
 For my heart rejoices
 When sweet looks and lips I see,
 When I hear sweet voices.
 I will hope, and work, and love,
 Singing to the hours,
 While the stars are bright above,
 And below, the flowers ;
 Apple-blossoms on the trees,
 Gold-cups in the meadows,
 Branches waving in the breeze,
 On the grass their shadows ;
 Blackbirds whistling in the wood,
 Cuckoos shouting o'er us ;
 Clouds, with white or crimson hood,
 Pacing right before us.
 Who, in such a world as this,
 Could not heal his sorrow ?
 Welcome this sweet sunset bliss —
 Sunrise comes to-morrow !

ANONYMOUS.

Despondency Rebuked.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
 The labor and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

The Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view ! —

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew !

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
 by it ;

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract
 fell ;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it ;
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the
 well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in the
 well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure ;
 For often at noon, when returned from the
 field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glow-
 ing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell !
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflow-
 ing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
 well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to re-
 ceive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
 Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to
 leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the
 well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well !

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN
BODHAM.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails — else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child — chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey — not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief —
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son —
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. — Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived —
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,

I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no
more —

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way —
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap —
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced:
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home —
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall —
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may —
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere —
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissue flowers —
The violet, the pink, the jessamine —
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while —
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and
smile) —

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
here?

I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou — as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay —
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed —
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell! — Time, unrevoked, has run
 His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again —
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Traveller;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies:
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and time their evening fire!
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair!
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;
 Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
 That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
 My future leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.
 E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear:
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom
 vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor
 crowned;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine,
 Creation's heir, the world — the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still,

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies ;

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small :
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,

May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
The naked negro, planting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the goods they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call :
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent,—
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,

And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to our loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies ;
Here, for a while, my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest :
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue !
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs ; not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourished through the state.

At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form ;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;
While naught remained, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave ;

And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove;
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn me to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;

With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by a cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten to the blaze,
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot lesson on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined;
Yet let them only share the praises due,—
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redressed.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy!
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Nor quenched by want, nor fanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,—
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;

And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals,—such as play
 Through life's more cultured walks, and charm
 the way,—
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can
 please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire !
 When shading elms along the margin grew,
 And, freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch flattering still,
 But mocked all tune and marred the dancer's
 skill ;
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful
 maze ;
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here :
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise :
 They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem ;
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore ;
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth im-
 parts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 E'en liberty itself is bartered here ;
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of
 old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
 War in each breast and freedom on each brow ;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentler music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by:
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right above control,—
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured
here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear!
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But, fostered e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst: as nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come when, stripped of all her
charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

But think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,—
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure.
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that
toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart,
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, oft-frequented village fall?

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous
ways,

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to themselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course which no loud storms annoy
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy,
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Deserted Village.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease—
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!

How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade—
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round;

And still as each repeated pleasures tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove:

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed;

These were thy charms—but all these charms are
fled.

Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade —
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man :
For him light labor spread her wholesome store —
Just gave what life required, but gave no more ;
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered : trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the
green —
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned
skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;

And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline !
Retreats from care, that never must be mine !
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these.
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations
try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's
close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below :
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail ;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale ;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread —
But all the bloomy blush of life is fled.
All but one widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn —
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
 smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
 place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize —
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talked the night away —
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
 won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
 smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares dis-
 tressed;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were
 given —

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
 spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view —
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
 Yet he was kind — or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering
 sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame; the very spot,
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspired,
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive place:
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay —
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the
 day,
 With aspen-boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendor! could not all
 Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm than all the gloss of art;
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined;
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed —
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay!
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted
 ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied —
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds —
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their
 growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;
 While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all
 In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
 But when those charms are past — for charms are
 frail —
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress:
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
 But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling
 land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If, to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.
 If to the city sped, what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square—
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes

When the poor, houseless, shivering female lies:
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
 Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled—
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine the loveliest train—
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there, from all that charmed before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore:

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene—
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
 That called them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main;
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!
 The good old sire the first prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they
 grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till sapped their strength, and every part un-
 sound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the
 sail

That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale —
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there;
 And piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade —
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame!
 Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe —
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me
 so!

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel!
 Thou nurse of every virtue — fare thee well!
 Farewell! — and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side —
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow —
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him that states, of native strength pos-
 sessed,

Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Bells of Shandon.

*Sabbata pango;
 Funera plango;
 Solemnia clango.*

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee —
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
 While at a glibe rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate;
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 Old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican —
 And cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk oh
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT. (Francis Mahony.)

The Bells.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody fore-
tells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony fore-
tells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the
fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
 bells —
 Of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells —
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people — ah, the people —
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone —
 They are neither man nor woman —
 They are neither brute nor human —
 They are ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls,
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells —
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft, in awful state,
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
 (So should desert in arms be crowned);
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.*

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre;
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty Love).
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast;
 Then, round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of
 the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound —
 A present deity! they shout around;
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.*

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician
 sung —
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;
 The jolly god in triumph comes:
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums!
 Flushed with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face;
 Now give the hautboys breath—he comes, he
 comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
 slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise —
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse,
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen —
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

*Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.*

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honor but an empty bubble —
 Never ending, still beginning —
 Fighting still, and still destroying;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee —
 Take the goods the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the sky with loud applause;
 So love was crowned, but music won the
 cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.*

Now strike the golden lyre again —
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head!
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;
 See the Furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious, on the plain!
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
 The princes applaud with a furious joy,
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;

Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

*And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.*

Thus, long ago —
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute —
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

*At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.*

JOHN DRYDEN.

Those Evening Bells.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

Influence of Music.

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing ;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart—
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Music.

WHEN whispering strains with creeping wind
Distil soft passions through the heart ;
And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat and bear a part ;
When threads can make
A heartstring ache,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we faine
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
By music of the heavenly host,
Whose lays, we think,
Make stars to wink ;
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air !
My senses rock with wonder sweet !
Like snow on wool thy fallings are ;
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet !

Grief who needs fear
That hath an ear ?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE.

The Mystic Trumpeter.

HARK ! some wild trumpeter, some strange musician,
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes
to-night.

I hear thee, trumpeter ; listening, alert, I catch
thy notes :
Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,
Now low, subdued, now in the distance lost.

Come nearer, bodiless one ; haply, in thee resounds
Some dead composer, haply thy pensive life
Was filled with aspirations high, unformed ideals,
Waves, oceans musical, chastically surging,
That now, ecstatic ghost, close to me bending, thy
cornet echoing, pealing,
Gives out to no one's ears but mine, but freely
gives to mine,
That I may thee translate.

Blow, trumpeter, free and clear ; I follow thee,
While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,
The fretting world, the streets, the noisy hours of
day, withdraw ;
A holy calm descends, like dew, upon me,
I walk in cool refreshing night, the walks of Paradise,
I scent the grass, the moist air, and the roses ;
Thy song expands my numbed, imbonded spirit ;
thou freest, launchest me,
Floating and basking upon heaven's lake.

Blow again, trumpeter ! and, for my sensuous eyes,
Bring the old pageants, show the feudal world.

What charm thy music works ! thou makest pass
before me
Ladies and cavaliers long dead ; barons are in their
castle halls ; the troubadours are singing ;

Armed knights go forth to redress wrongs, some in
quest of the Holy Graal :

I see the tournament, I see the contestants, encased
in heavy armor, seated on stately, champing
horses ;

I hear the shouts, the sounds of blows and smiting
steel :

I see the crusaders' tumultuous armies. Hark !
how the cymbals clang !

Lo ! where the monks walk in advance, bearing the
cross on high !

Blow again, trumpeter ! and for thy theme
Take now the enclosing theme of all, the solvent
and the setting ;

Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the
pang ;

The heart of man and woman all for love ;
No other theme but love, knitting, enclosing, all-
diffusing love !

Oh, how the immortal phantoms crowd around
me !

I see the vast alembic ever working, I see and
know the flames that heat the world ;

The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lov-
ers,

So blissful happy some, and some so silent, dark,
and nigh to death ;

Love, that is all the earth to lovers ; Love that
mocks time and space ;

Love, that is day and night ; Love, that is sun and
moon and stars ;

Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with per-
fume ;

No other words, but words of love ; no other
thought but Love.

Blow again, trumpeter ! conjure war's wild alar-
ums.

Swift to thy spell, a shuddering hum like distant
thunder rolls ;

Lo ! where the armed men hasten. Lo ! mid the
clouds of dust, the glint of bayonets ;

I see the grime-faced cannoniers ; I mark the rosy
flash amid the smoke ; I hear the cracking of
the guns :

Nor war alone : thy fearful music-song, wild player,
brings every sight of fear,

The deeds of ruthless brigands, rapine, murder ; I
hear the cries for help !

I see ships foundering at sea ; I behold on deck,
and below deck, the terrible tableaux.

O trumpeter ! methinks I am myself the instru-
ment thou playest !

Thou melt'st my heart, my brain ; thou movest,
drawest, changest them, at will :

And now thy sullen notes send darkness through me ;
Thou takest away all cheering light, all hope :

I see the enslaved, the overthrown, the hurt, the
oppress of the whole earth ;

I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of my
race, it becomes all mine ;

Mine too the revenges of humanity, the wrongs of
ages, baffled feuds and hatreds ;

Utter defeat upon me weighs : all lost ! the foe vic-
torious !

Yet 'mid the ruins Pride colossal stands, unshaken
to the last ;

Endurance, resolution, to the last.

Now, trumpeter, for thy close,

Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet ;

Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and
hope :

Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of
the future ;

Give me, for once, its prophecy and joy.

O glad, exulting, culminating song !

A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes !

Marches of victory, man disenthralled, the con-
queror at last !

Hymns to the universal God, from universal Man,
all joy !

A re-born race appears, a perfect world, all joy !

Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health,
all joy !

Riotous, laughing Bacchanals, filled with joy !

War, sorrow, suffering gone ; the rank earth
purged : nothing but joy left !

The ocean filled with joy, the atmosphere all joy !
Joy ! joy ! in freedom, worship, love ! Joy in the
ecstasy of life !

Enough to merely be ! Enough to breathe !

Joy ! joy ! all over joy !

WALT WHITMAN.

The Passions.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell —
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting —
 Possest beyond the muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings:
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
 Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled —
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair —
 What was thy delightful measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still, through all the song;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every
 close;
 And Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder
 down;
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
 tween,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting
 from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed —
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
 And now it courted Love — now, raving, called
 on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sate retired;
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive
 soul;
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole;
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest
 hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
 rung —
 The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed
 queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen
spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the
best;
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said — and I believe the tale —
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age —
E'en all at once together found —
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh bid our vain endeavors cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece!
Return in all thy simple state —
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

To Constantia — Singing.

Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die,
Perchance were death indeed! Constantia,
turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even though the sounds which were thy voice,
which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it
is yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are
wet —
Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not for-
get!

A breathless awe like the swift change,
Unseen but felt, in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending num-
bers.

The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain;
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and dis-
appear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul — it lingers,
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings;
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick —
The blood is listening in my frame;
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee;
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy
song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.
Now is thy voice a tempest, swift and strong,

On which, like one in trance upborne,
 Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
 Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.
 Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
 Which, when the starry waters sleep,
 Round western isles, with incense-blossoms
 bright,
 Lingerings, suspends my soul in its voluptuous
 flight.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

On a Lady Singing.

OFT as my lady sang for me
 That song of the lost one that sleeps by the sea,
 Of the grave on the rock, and the cypress-tree,
 Strange was the pleasure that over me stole,
 For 'twas made of old sadness that lives in my
 soul.

So still grew my heart at each tender word
 That the pulse in my bosom scarcely stirred,
 And I hardly breathed, but only heard,
 Where was I?—not in the world of men,
 Until she awoke me with silence again.

Like the smell of the vine, when its early bloom
 Sprinkles the green lane with sunny perfume,
 Such a delicate fragrance filled the room.
 Whether it came from the vine without,
 Or arose from her presence, I dwell in doubt.

Light shadows played on the pictured wall
 From the maples that fluttered outside the
 hall,
 And hindered the daylight—yet ah! not all;
 Too little for that all the forest would be—
 Such a sunbeam she was, and is, to me!

When my sense returned, as the song was
 o'er,
 I fain would have said to her, "Sing it once
 more;"
 But soon as she smiled my wish I forbore:
 Music enough in her look I found,
 And the hush of her lip seemed sweet as the
 sound.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

A Canadian Boat-Song.

Et remigem cantus hortatur.—QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?—
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
 Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
 Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

THOMAS MOORE.

Woman's Voice.

"Her voice was ever low,
 Gentle and soft—an excellent thing in woman."

KING LEAR.

Nor in the swaying of the summer trees,
 When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
 Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
 Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
 Is earth's best music; these may move awhile
 High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares
 beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
 Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
 Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
 So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
 To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—
 A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest
 charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent
 To truth and love, and meekness; they who own
 This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
 Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
 By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sor-
 rowed —
 By patience never tired, from their own trials bor-
 rowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness
 A mother looks into her infant's eyes,
 Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness,
 Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
 Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys —
 All these come ever blent with one low gentle
 voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,
 Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares,
 The strong heart failing, and the high soul griev-
 ing
 With strangest thoughts, and with unwonted
 fears;
 Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
 Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
 When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
 That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth —
 How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
 It makes sweet human music — oh! the spells
 That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden
 tells!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Egyptian Serenade.

SING again the song you sung
 When we were together young —
 When there were but you and I
 Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
 Though I know that nevermore
 Will it seem the song you sung
 When we were together young.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Song.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed —
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free —
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

Delight in Disorder.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction —
 An erring lace, which here and there
 Entrhalls the crimson stomacher —
 A cuff neglected, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly —
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat —
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility —
 Do more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Hebe.

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,
 I saw the flash of robes descending;
 Before her ran an influence fleet,
 That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
 Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
 It led me on — by sweet degrees,
 Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those graces were that seemed grim fates;
 With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
 The long-sought secret's golden gates
 On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
 Thrilling with godhood; like a lover,
 I sprang the proffered life to clasp —
 The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;
 What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
 Can summer fill the icy cup
 Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the gods;
 Their nectar crowns the lips of patience.
 Haste scatters on unthankful sods
 The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
 And shuns the hands would seize upon her:
 Follow thy life, and she will sue
 To pour for thee the cup of honor.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Who is Sylvia ?

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
 That all the swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise, is she;
 The heavens such grace did lend her
 That she might adorned be.

Is she kind, or is she fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love does to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness —
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing
 That Sylvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling;
 To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet.

'Tis much immortal beauty to admire,
 But more immortal beauty to withstand;
 The perfect soul can overcome desire,
 If beauty with divine delight be scanned.
 For what is beauty, but the blooming child
 Of fair Olympus, that in night must end,
 And be for ever from that bliss exiled,
 If admiration stand too much its friend?
 The wind may be enamored of a flower,
 The ocean of the green and laughing shore,
 The silver lightning of a lofty tower —
 But must not with too near a love adore;
 Or flower, and margin, and cloud-capped tower,
 Love and delight shall with delight devour!

LORD THURLOW.

Song.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread
 And flowery tapestry —
 There's living roses on the bush,
 And blossoms on the tree.
 Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
 Some random bud will meet;
 Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
 The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
 When earth was born in bloom;
 The light is made of many dyes,
 The air is all perfume;
 There's crimson buds, and white and blue —
 The very rainbow showers
 Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
 And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east —
 The garden of the sun;
 The very streams reflect the hues,
 And blossom as they run;
 While morn opes like a crimson rose,
 Still wet with pearly showers:
 Then, lady, leave the silken thread
 Thou twinest into flowers!

THOMAS HOOD.

She Walks in Beauty.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face—
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

Hermione.

Thou hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouched by care:
What then do we ask from thee?
Hermione, Hermione?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?
Hermione, Hermione?

Something thou dost want, O queen!
(As the gold doth ask alloy):
Tears amid thy laughter seen,
Pity mingling with thy joy.
*This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Solitary Reaper.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring time from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, or may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work
And o'er her sickle bending;—
I listened motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

She was a Phantom of Delight.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament:
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,

But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn —
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too:
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food —
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To my Sister,

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW
ENGLAND."

DEAR sister! while the wise and sage
Turn coldly from my playful page,
And count it strange that ripened age
Should stoop to boyhood's folly —
I know that thou wilt judge aright
Of all that makes the heart more light,
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly-masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's whitewashed wall and painted floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart! — the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again;
And, calling back from care and pain,
And death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen, at life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of morning!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Mother Margery.

On a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges
Sloped the rough land to the grisly north;
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges,
Like a thinned banditti staggered forth —
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet
Mother Margery shivered in the cold,
With a tattered robe of faded camlet
On her shoulders — crooked, weak, and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure;
For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,
Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire;
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,
Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters;
 Winds howled piteously around her cot,
 Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters
 Moan the misery she bemoaned not.
 Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,
 And hung snow-wreaths round her naked bed;
 While the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders,
 Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
 But their dying wrung out no complaints;
 Chill, and penury, and neglect, and hunger —
 These to Margery were guardian saints.
 When she sat, her head was, prayer-like, bending;
 When she rose, it rose not any more;
 Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending
 Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered —
 Had been mother of the brave and fair;
 But her branches, bough by bough, were shattered,
 Till her torn breast was left dry and bare.
 Yet she knew, though sadly desolated,
 When the children of the poor depart,
 Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,
 So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted
 Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,
 She endured, in silence and unpitied,
 Woes enough to mar a stouter breast.
 Thus was born such holy trust within her,
 That the graves of all who had been dear,
 To a region clearer and serener,
 Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder;
 Angels to her were the loves and hopes
 Which had left her purified, but sadder;
 And they lured her to the emerald slopes
 Of that heaven where anguish never flashes
 Her red fire-whips,—happy land, where flowers
 Blossom over the volcanic ashes
 Of this blighting, blighted world of ours.

All her power was a love of goodness;
 All her wisdom was a mystic faith
 That the rough world's jargoning and rudeness
 Turns to music at the gate of death.

So she walked while feeble limbs allowed her,
 Knowing well that any stubborn grief
 She might meet with could no more than crowd
 her
 To that wall whose opening was relief.

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,
 Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope;
 And, when burning trials came, would borrow
 New fire of them for the lamp of hope.
 When at last her palsied hand, in groping,
 Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,
 Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,
 And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored
 bones —
 The labor of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy
 name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to the shame of slow-endavoring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiv-
 ing;
 And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

On Anacreon.

AROUND the tomb, O bard divine,
 Where soft thy hallowed brow reposes,
 Long may the deathless ivy twine,
 And summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
 And many a rill refresh the flowers;
 But wine shall gush in every rill,
 And every fount yield milky showers.

Thus—shade of him whom nature taught
 To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure—
 Who gave to love his warmest thought,
 Who gave to love his fondest measure—

Thus, after death if spirits feel,
 Thou may'st from odors round thee streaming,
 A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
 And live again in blissful dreaming.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON. (Greek.)

Paraphrase of THOMAS MOORE.

Shakespeare.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
 The hours and cares that move a great man's
 breast!

Though, nought of all we saw the grave may
 spare,

His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
 Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our footsteps
 lies,

His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
 With meaning won from him for ever glows
 Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
 His whispered words from many a mother's voice
 Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice;
 And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to
 earth

Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
 Amid the sights and tales of common things,
 Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of
 kings,—

Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
 Of life that tills, and tombs that load, the ground,
 His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
 And haunt with living presence heart and eye;
 And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,
 Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought;
 And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
 Rouse custom's trance and spur the faltering will.
 Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
 He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers,

And sees the heroic brood of his creation
 Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
 O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
 O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!
 O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
 For each dim oracle of mantled time!
 Transcendant form of man! in whom we read
 Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought, and
 deed!

Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
 We know how vast our world of life may be;
 Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
 Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

JOHN STERLING.

The Shepherd's Hunting.

AN ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Philarete on Willy calls,
 To sing out his pastorals;
 Warrants fame shall grace his rhymes,
 'Spite of envy and the times;
 And shews how in care he uses
 To take comfort from his muses.*

Philarete. Willy.

PHILARETE.

PRYTHEE, Willy! tell me this—
 What new accident there is
 That thou, once the blithest lad,
 Art become so wondrous sad,
 And so careless of thy quill,
 As if thou hadst lost thy skill?
 Thou wert wont to charm thy flocks,
 And among the massy rocks
 Hast so cheered me with thy song
 That I have forgot my wrong.
 Something hath thee surely crost,
 That thy old wont thou hast lost.
 Tell me—have I aught mis-said,
 That hath made thee ill-apaid?
 Hath some churl done thee a spite?
 Dost thou miss a lamb to-night?
 Frowns thy fairest shepherd's lass?
 Or how comes this ill to pass?

Is there any discontent
Worse than this my banishment ?

WILLY.

Why, doth that so evil seem
That thou nothing worse dost deem ?
Shepherds there full many be
That will change contents with thee ;
Those that choose their walks at will,
On the valley or the hill —
Or those pleasures boast of can
Groves or fields may yield to man —
Never come to know the rest,
Wherewithal thy mind is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make up the troop at sports,
And in company some while
Happens to strain forth a smile,
Feels more want and outward smart,
And more inward grief of heart,
Than this place can bring to thee,
While thy mind remaineth free.
Thou bewail'st my want of mirth —
But what find'st thou in this earth
Wherein aught may be believed
Worth to make me joy or grieved ?
And yet feel I, naithelless,
Part of both I must confess.
Sometime I of mirth do borrow —
Otherwhile as much of sorrow ;
But my present state is such
As nor joy nor grieve I much.

PHILARETE.

Why hath Willy then so long
Thus forborne his wonted song ?
Wherefore doth he now let fall
His well-tuned pastoral,
And my ears that music bar
Which I more long after far
Than the liberty I want ?

WILLY.

That were very much to grant.
But doth this hold away, lad —
Those that sing not must be sad ?
Didst thou ever that bird hear
Sing well that sings all the year ?

Tom the piper doth not play
Till he wears his pipe away —
There's a time to slack the string,
And a time to leave to sing.

PHILARETE.

Yea ! but no man now is still
That can sing, or tune a quill.
Now to chaunt it were but reason —
Song and music are in season.
Now, in this sweet jolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride ;
The fair lady of the May,
Trimmed up in her best array,
Hath invited all the swains,
With the lasses of the plains,
To attend upon her sport
At the places of resort.
Coridon, with his bold rout,
Hath already been about
For the elder shepherd's dole,
And fetched in the summer-pole ;
Whilst the rest have built a bower
To defend them from a shower —
Coiled so close, with boughs all green,
Titan cannot pry between.
Now the dairy wenches dream
Of their strawberries and cream ;
And each doth herself advance
To be taken in to dance ;
Every one that knows to sing
Fits him for his carolling ;
So do those that hope for meed
Either by the pipe or reed ;
And, though I am kept away,
I do hear, this very day,
Many learned grooms do wend
For the garlands to contend :
Which a nymph, that hight Desert,
Long a stranger in this part,
With her own fair hand hath wrought —
A rare work, they say, past thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For she calls them wreaths of fame.
She hath set in their due place
Every flower that may grace ;
And among a thousand mœ,
Whereof some but serve for show,

She hath wove in Daphne's tree,
 That they may not blasted be ;
 Which with time she edged about,
 Lest the work should ravel out ;
 And that it might wither never,
 Intermixed it with live-ever.
 These are to be shared among
 Those that do excel for song,
 Or their passions can rehearse
 In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.
 Then for those among the rest
 That can play and pipe the best,
 There's a kidling with the dam,
 A fat wether and a lamb.
 And for those that leaper far,
 Wrestle, run, and throw the bar,
 There's appointed guerdons too :
 He that best the first can do
 Shall for his reward be paid
 With a sheep-hook, fair inlaid
 With fine bone of a strange beast
 That men bring out of the west ;
 For the next a scrip of red,
 Tasselled with fine colored thread ;
 There's prepared for their meed
 That in running make most speed.
 Or the cunning measures foot,
 Cups of turned maple-root,
 Whereupon the skilful man
 Hath engraved the loves of Pan ;
 And the last hath for his due
 A fine napkin wrought with blue.
 Then, my Willy, why art thou
 Careless of thy merit now ?
 What dost thou here, with a wight
 That is shut up from delight
 In a solitary den,
 As not fit to live with men ?
 Go, my Willy ! get thee gone —
 Leave me in exile alone ;
 Hie thee to that merry throng,
 And amaze them with thy song !
 Thou art young, yet such a lay
 Never graced the month of May,
 As, if they provoke thy skill,
 Thou canst fit unto thy quill.
 I with wonder heard thee sing
 At our last year's revelling.

Then I with the rest was free,
 When, unknown, I noted thee,
 And perceived the ruder swains
 Envy thy far sweeter strains.
 Yea, I saw the lasses cling
 Round about thee in a ring,
 As if each one jealous were
 Any but herself should hear ;
 And I know they yet do long
 For the residue of thy song.
 Haste thee then to sing it forth ;
 Take the benefit of worth ;
 And Desert will sure bequeath
 Fame's fair garland for thy wreath.
 Hie thee, Willy ! hie away.

WILLY.

Phila ! rather let me stay,
 And be desolate with thee,
 Than at those their revels be.
 Naught such is my skill, I wis,
 As indeed thou deem'st it is ;
 But whate'er it be, I must
 Be content, and shall I trust.
 For a song I do not pass
 'Mongst my friends ; but what, alas !
 Should I have to do with them
 That my music do contemn ?
 Some there are, as well I wot,
 That the same yet favor not ;
 Yet I cannot well avow
 They my carols disallow ;
 But such malice I have spied,
 'Tis as much as if they did.

PHILARETE.

Willy ! what may those men be
 Are so ill to malice thee ?

WILLY.

Some are worthy-well esteemed ;
 Some without worth, are so deemed ;
 Others of so base a spirit
 They have nor esteem nor merit.

PHILARETE.

What's the wrong ?

WILLY.

. A slight offence,
Wherewithal I can dispense ;
But hereafter, for their sake,
To myself I'll music make.

PHILARETE.

What, because some clown offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends ?

WILLY.

Do not, Phil ! misunderstand me —
Those that love me may command me ;
But thou know'st I am but young,
And the pastoral I sung
Is by some supposed to be,
By a strain, too high for me ;
So they kindly let me gain
Not my labor for my pain.
Trust me, I do wonder why
They should me my own deny.
Though I'm young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit ;
I'll make my own feathers rear me,
Whither others cannot bear me.
Yet I'll keep my skill in store,
Till I've seen some winters more.

PHILARETE.

But in earnest mean'st thou so ? —
Then thou art not wise, I trow :
Better shall advise thee Pan,
For thou dost not rightly then ;
That's the ready way to blot
All the credit thou hast got.
Rather in thy age's prime
Get another start of time ;
And make those that so fond be,
Spite of their own dulness, see
That the sacred muses can
Make a child in years a man.
It is known what thou canst do ;
For it is not long ago,
When that Cuddy, thou and I,
Each the other's skill to try,
At Saint Dunstan's charmed well,
As some present there can tell,
Sang upon a sudden theme,

Sitting by the crimson stream ;
Where if thou didst well or no
Yet remains the song to show.
Much experience more I've had
Of thy skill, thou happy lad ;
And would make the world to know it,
But that time will further show it.
Envy makes their tongues now run,
More than doubt of what is done ;
For that needs must be thine own,
Or to be some other's known ;
But how then will 't suit unto
What thou shalt hereafter do ?
Or I wonder where is he
Would with that song part with thee !
Nay, were there so mad a swain
Could such glory sell for gain,
Phœbus would not have combined
That gift with so base a mind.
Never did the nine impart
The sweet secrets of their art
Unto any that did scorn
We should see their favors worn.
Therefore, unto those that say
Were they pleased to sing a lay
They could do 't, and will not tho',
This I speak, for this I know —
None e'er drank the Thespian spring,
And knew how, but he did sing ;
For, that once infused in man,
Makes him shew 't, do what he can ;
Nay, those that do only sip,
Or but e'en their fingers dip
In that sacred fount, poor elves !
Of that brood will show themselves.
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will speak, though to their shame.
Let those, then, at thee repine
That by their wits measure thine ;
Needs those songs must be thine own,
And that one day will be known.
That poor imputation, too,
I myself do undergo ;
But it will appear, ere long,
That 'twas envy sought our wrong,
Who, at twice ten, have sung more
Than some will do at four score.
Cheer thee, honest Willy ! then,
And begin thy song again.

WILLY.

Fain I would ; but I do fear,
 When again my lines they hear,
 If they yield they are my rhymes,
 They will feign some other crimes;
 And 'tis no safe venturing by
 Where we see detraction lie;
 For, do what I can, I doubt
 She will pick some quarrel out;
 And I oft have heard defended
 Little said is soon amended.

PHILARETE.

See'st thou not, in clearest days
 Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays?
 And that vapors, which do breathe
 From the earth's gross womb beneath
 Seem unto us with black steams
 To pollute the sun's bright beams —
 And yet vanish into air,
 Leaving it, unblemished, fair?
 So, my Willy, shall it be
 With detraction's breath on thee —
 It shall never rise so high
 As to stain thy poesy.
 As that sun doth oft exhale
 Vapors from each rotten vale,
 Poesy so sometimes drains
 Gross conceits from muddy brains —
 Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
 'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
 But so much her power may do
 That she can dissolve them too.
 If thy verse do bravely tower,
 As she makes wing she gets power;
 Yet the higher she doth soar
 She's affronted still the more,
 Till she to the high'st hath past,
 Then she rests with fame at last.
 Let naught, therefore, thee affright,
 But make forward in thy flight.
 For, if I could match thy rhyme,
 To the very stars I'd climb;
 There begin again, and fly
 Till I reached eternity.
 But, alas! my muse is slow —
 For thy place she flags too low;
 Yea — the more's her hapless fate —

Her short wings were clipt of late;
 And poor I, her fortune ruing,
 And myself put up a-mewing.
 But if I my cage can rid,
 I'll fly where I never did;
 And though for her sake I'm crost,
 Though my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble
 Ten times more than ten times double,
 I should love and keep her too,
 'Spite of all the world could do.
 For, though banished from my flocks,
 And confined within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night,
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.
 Though I miss the flow'ry fields,
 With those sweets the spring-tide yields —
 Though I may not see these groves
 Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voiced Philomel —
 Though of all those pleasures past
 Nothing now remains at last
 But remembrance, poor relief,
 That more makes than mends my grief —
 She's my mind's companion still,
 Maugre envy's evil will;
 Whence she should be driven too,
 Were't in mortal's power to do.
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
 Makes the desolate place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents
 To be pleasing ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss
 Her divine skill taught me this —
 That from every thing I saw
 I could some invention draw,
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight;
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rusteling —
 By a daisy, whose leaves, spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed —
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me

Than all nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness
 In the very gall of sadness :
 The dull lonesness, the black shade
 That these hanging-vaults have made ;
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on these hollow caves ;
 This black den, which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss ;
 The rude portals that give light
 More to terror than delight ;
 This my chamber of neglect,
 Walled about with disrespect ;—
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me, by her might,
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this.
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er heaven to mortals lent !
 Though they as a trifle leave thee
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee—
 Though thou be to them a scorn
 That to naught but earth are born—
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee ;
 Though our wise ones call thee madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness
 If I love not thy madd'st fits
 More than all their greatest wits ;
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to contemn
 What makes knaves and fools of them.
 O high power ! that oft doth carry
 Men above

WILLY.

. . . . Good Philarete, tarry !
 I do fear thou wilt be gone
 Quite above my reach anon.
 The kind flames of poesy
 Have now borne thy thoughts so high
 That they up in heaven be,
 And have quite forgotten me.

Call thyself to mind again—
 Are these raptures for a swain
 That attends on lowly sheep,
 And with simple herds doth keep ?

PHILARETE.

Thanks, my Willy ! I had run
 Till that time had lodged the sun,
 If thou hadst not made me stay ;
 But thy pardon here I pray ;
 Loved Apollo's sacred sire
 Had raised up my spirits higher,
 Through the love of poesy,
 Than indeed they use to fly.
 But as I said I say still—
 If that I had Willy's skill,
 Envy nor detraction's tongue
 Should e'er make me leave my song ;
 But I'd sing it every day,
 Till they pined themselves away.
 Be thou then advised in this,
 Which both just and fitting is—
 Finish what thou hast begun,
 Or at least still forward run.
 Hail and thunder ill he'll bear
 That a blast of wind doth fear ;
 And if words will thus affray thee,
 Prythee how will deeds dismay thee ?
 Do not think so rathe a song
 Can pass through the vulgar throng,
 And escape without a touch—
 Or that they can hurt it much.
 Frosts we see do nip that thing
 Which is forward'st in the spring ;
 Yet at last, for all such lets,
 Somewhat of the rest it gets ;
 And I'm sure that so mayst thou.
 Therefore, my kind Willy, now,
 Since thy folding-time draws on,
 And I see thou must be gone,
 Thee I earnestly beseech
 To remember this my speech,
 And some little counsel take,
 For Philarete his sake ;
 And I more of this will say,
 If thou come next holiday.

GEORGE WITHER.

Cowper's Grave.

I will invite thee, from thy envious hearse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beams to spread,
That we may see there 's brightness in the dead.

HARRINGTON.

It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying —
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying ;
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence, languish —
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing !
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging !
O men! this man, in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story —
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory —
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted —

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration ;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken —
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken !

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him ;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him —
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Toward his love to blind him ;
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences !
The pulse of dew upon the grass,
His own did calmly number ;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became,
Beside him, true and loving !
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated —
Nor man nor nature satisfy,
When only God created !

Like a sick child that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses ;
That turns his fevered eyes around —
“ My mother! where's my mother? ” —
As if such tender words and looks
Could come from any other —

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o'er him ;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
Th' unwearied love she bore him !
Thus woke the poet from the dream
His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep, pathetic eyes
Which closed in death to save him !

Thus! oh, not thus! no type of earth
Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs, round him breaking —

Or felt the new immortal throb
Of soul from body parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew
"My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the victim's hidden face
No love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
The atoning drops averted,
What tears have washed them from the soul,
That one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate
From His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins have swept between
The righteous Son and Father;
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry
His universe hath shaken —
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the holy lips
Amid His lost creation,
That of the lost no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The Vision.

DUAN FIRST.

THE sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hungered maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whar she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the day had closed his ée,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence right pensivelie
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
That filled, wi' hoast-provoking smeeke,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time —
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae thing
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarkit
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, "blockhead! coof!"
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme proof
Till my last breath —

When click! the string the snick did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt I held my whist —
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht,
I glowered as eerie's I'd been dush't
In some wild glen,
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish muse
By that same token,
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brained sentimental trace"
Was strongly marked in her face;

A wildy-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her;
 Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,
 Beamed keen with honor.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
 And such a leg!—my bonnie Jean
 Could only peer it;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
 Deep lights and shades, bold mingling, threw
 A lustre grand,
 And seemed, to my astonished view,
 A well-known land.

Here rivers in the sea were lost;
 There mountains to the skies were tost;
 Here tumbling billows marked the coast
 With surging foam;
 There distant shone art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;
 There well-fed Irwine stately thuds;
 Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient borough reared her head;
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
 Some seemed to muse—some seemed to dare
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race heroic wheel,

And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seemed to reel
 Their Suthron foes.

His country's saviour, mark him well!
 Bold Richardton's heroic swell;
 The chief on Sark who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade
 Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
 I marked a martial race, portrayed
 In colors strong;
 Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,
 They strode along.

Through many a wild, romantic grove,
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love),
 In musing mood,
 An aged judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe
 The learned sire and son I saw:
 To nature's God and nature's law
 They gave their lore;
 This, all its source and end to draw—
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye,
 Who called on fame, low standing by
 To hand him on
 Where many a patriot-name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonished stare,
 I viewed the heavenly-seeming fair;
 A whispering throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When, with an elder sister's air,
 She did me greet:—

All hail! my own inspired bard,
 In me thy native muse regard;
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low!
 I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow.

Know the great genius of this land
 Has many a light ærial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labors ply.

They Scotia's race among them share:
 Some fire the soldier on to dare;
 Some rouse the patriot up to bare
 Corruption's heart;
 Some teach the bard, a darling care,
 The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore
 They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
 Or 'mid the venal senate's roar
 They, sightless, stand,
 To mend the honest patriot lore,
 And grace the land.

And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
 Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
 Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
 His minstrel lays;
 Or tore, with noble ardor stung,
 The skeptic's bays.

To lower orders are assigned
 The humbler ranks of human kind:
 The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
 The artisan —
 All choose, as various they're inclined,
 The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
 Some teach to meliorate the plain
 With tillage skill;
 And some instruct the shepherd train,
 Blithe o'er the hill.

Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
 Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
 Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

Some, bounded to a district-space,
 Explore at large man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace,
 Of rustic bard;
 And careful note each op'ning grace —
 A guide and guard.

Of these am I — Coila my name;
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
 Held ruling pow'r;
 I marked thy embryo tuneful flame,
 Thy natal hour.

With future hope I oft would gaze,
 Fond, on thy little early ways,
 Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase
 In uncouth rhymes,
 Fired at the simple artless lays
 Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar;
 Or when the North his fleecy store
 Drove through the sky,
 I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.

Or when the deep green-mantled earth
 Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In every grove,
 I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

When ripened fields and azure skies
 Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
 I saw thee leave thy evening joys,
 And lonely stalk
 To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 Those accents grateful to thy tongue,
 Th' adored name,
 I taught thee how to pour in song,
 To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play
 Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
 Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
 By passion driven ;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 The loves, the ways of simple swains —
 Till now, o'er all my wide domains
 Thy fame extends,
 And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
 Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
 To paint with Thomson's landscape glow ;
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 With Shenstone's art ;
 Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

Yet all beneath th' unrivalled rose
 The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
 Though large the forest's monarch throws
 His army shade,
 Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
 Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine ;
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
 Nor kings' regard,
 Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 A rustic bard.

To give my counsels all in one —
 Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 Preserve the dignity of man,
 With soul erect ;
 And trust the universal plan
 Will all protect.

And wear thou this ! — she solemn said,
 And bound the holly round my head ;
 The polished leaves and berries red
 Did rustling play —
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

ROBERT BURNS.

On the Death of Burns.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
 Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread —
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;
 But, ah ! what poet now shall tread
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
 Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
 That ever breathed the soothing strain ?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
 As clear thy streams may speed along,
 As bright thy summer suns may glow,
 As gayly charm thy feathery throng ;
 But now unheeded is the song,
 And dull and lifeless all around —
 For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
 And cold the hand that waked its sound.

What though thy vigorous offspring rise —
 In arts, in arms, thy sons excel ;
 Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
 And health in every feature dwell ;
 Yet who shall now their praises tell
 In strains impassioned, fond, and free,
 Since he no more the song shall swell
 To love, and liberty, and thee !

With step-dame eye and frown severe
 His hapless youth why didst thou view ?
 For all thy joys to him were dear,
 And all his vows to thee were due ;

Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
 In opening youth's delightful prime,
 Than when thy favoring ear he drew
 To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
 To him were all with rapture fraught ;
 He heard with joy the tempest rise
 That waked him to sublimer thought ;
 And oft thy winding dells he sought,
 Where wild flowers poured their rathe perfume,
 And with sincere devotion brought
 To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah ! no fond maternal smile
 His unprotected youth enjoyed —
 His limbs inured to early toil,
 His days with early hardships tried !
 And more to mark the gloomy void,
 And bid him feel his misery,
 Before his infant eyes would glide
 Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depressed,
 With sinewy arm he turned the soil,
 Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
 And met at morn his earliest smile.
 Waked by his rustic pipe meanwhile,
 The powers of fancy came along,
 And soothed his lengthened hours of toil
 With native wit and sprightly song.

Ah ! days of bliss too swiftly fled,
 When vigorous health from labor springs,
 And bland contentment soothes the bed,
 And sleep his ready opiate brings ;
 And hovering round on airy wings
 Float the light forms of young desire,
 That of unutterable things
 The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare —
 Bid brighter phantoms round him dance ;
 Let Flattery spread her viewless snare,
 And Fame attract his vagrant glance ;
 Let sprightly Pleasure too advance,
 Unveiled her eyes, unclasped her zone —
 Till, lost in love's delirious trance,
 He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let Friendship pour her brightest blaze,
 Expanding all the bloom of soul ;
 And Mirth concentre all her rays,
 And point them from the sparkling bowl ;
 And let the careless moments roll
 In social pleasures unconfined,
 And confidence that spurns control,
 Unlock the inmost springs of mind !

And lead his steps those bowers among,
 Where elegance with splendor vies,
 Or Science bids her favored throng
 To more refined sensations rise ;
 Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
 And freed from each laborious strife,
 There let him learn the bliss to prize
 That waits the sons of polished life.

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
 With every impulse of delight,
 Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
 And shroud the scene in shades of night ;
 And let despair with wizard light
 Disclose the yawning gulf below,
 And pour incessant on his sight
 Her spectred ills and shapes of woe ;

And show beneath a cheerless shed,
 With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
 In silent grief where droops her head,
 The partner of his early joys ;
 And let his infants' tender cries
 His fond parental succor claim,
 And bid him hear in agonies
 A husband's and a father's name.

'Tis done — the powerful charm succeeds ;
 His high reluctant spirit bends ;
 In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
 Nor longer with his fate contends.
 An idiot laugh the welkin rends,
 As genius thus degraded lies ;
 Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
 That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
 Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;

But never more shall poet tread
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign;
 Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead
 That ever breathed the soothing strain.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Burns.

No more these simple flowers belong
 To Scottish maid and lover—
 Sown in the common soil of song,
 They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
 The minstrel and the heather—
 The deathless singer and the flowers
 He sang of—live together.

Wild heather bells and Robert Burns!
 The moorland flower and peasant!
 How, at their mention, memory turns
 Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold
 And purple of adorning,
 And manhood's noonday shadows hold
 The dews of boyhood's morning—

The dews that washed the dust and soil
 From off the wings of pleasure—
 The sky that flecked the ground of toil
 With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day—
 The early harvest mowing,
 The sky with sun and cloud at play,
 And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
 The locust in the haying;
 And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
 Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
 I sought the maple's shadow,
 And sang with Burns the hours away,
 Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
 I heard the squirrels leaping;
 The good dog listened while I read,
 And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
 I read "The Twa Dogs'" story,
 And half believe he understood
 The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs! The golden hours
 Grew brighter for that singing,
 From brook and bird and meadow flowers
 A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen nature beamed,
 New glory over woman;
 And daily life and duty seemed
 No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
 Of fact and feeling better
 Than all the dreams that held my youth
 A still repining debtor—

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
 The themes of sweet discoursing,
 The tender idyls of the heart
 In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
 Of loving knight and lady,
 When farmer boy and barefoot girl
 Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things
 The romance underlying—
 The joys and griefs that plume the wings
 Of fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
 The same sweet fall of even,
 That rose on wooded Craigmyle-burn,
 And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
 The sweet-brier and the clover—
 With Ayr and Doon my native rills,
 Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
 I saw the man uprising —
 No longer common or unclean,
 The child of God's baptizing.

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
 Of life among the lowly;
 The bible at his cotter's hearth
 Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,
 To lawless love appealing,
 Broke in upon the sweet refrain
 Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
 No inward answer gaining;
 No heart had I to see or hear
 The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
 His worth, in vain bewailings;
 Sweet soul of song! I own my debt
 Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
 Which tells his lapse from duty —
 How kissed the maddening lips of wine,
 Or wanton ones of beauty —

But think, while falls that shade between
 The erring one and heaven,
 That he who loved like Magdalen,
 Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
 Eternal echoes render —
 The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
 And Milton's starry splendor;

But who his human heart has laid
 To nature's bosom nearer?
 Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
 To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art how strong
 The human feeling gushes!
 The very moonlight of his song
 Is warm with smiles and blushes.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,
 So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
 Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
 But spare his "Highland Mary."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

On first Looking into Chapman's Homer.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his de-
 mesne;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
 bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

Uhland.

It is the poet Uhland, from whose wreathings
 Of rarest harmony I here have drawn,
 To lower tones and less melodious breathings,
 Some simple strains, of youth and passion
 born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression —
 Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong —
 Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft proces-
 sion,
 Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
 He sees much beauty where most men see
 naught —
 Looking at nature with familiar glances,
 And weaving garlands in the groves of thought.

He sings of youth, and hope, and high endeavor;
 He sings of love—oh crown of poesy!—
 Of fate, and sorrow, and the grave—forever
 The end of strife, the goal of destiny.

He sings of fatherland, the minstrel's glory—
 High theme of memory and hope divine—
 Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
 In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
 Nourished in long belief or minstrel rhymes,
 Fruit of the old romance, whose gentle mission
 Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name among the moun-
 tains,
 And plains and valleys, of his native land;
 Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains
 Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies
 spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother, cheerful,
 Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;
 His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden, tear-
 ful,
 With tender murmurs in the ear of night.

The hillside swain, the reaper in the meadows,
 Carol his ditties through the toilsome day;
 And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows
 Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

Oh precious gift! oh wondrous inspiration!
 Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,
 To be the oracle, while a whole nation
 Catches the echo from the sounding strings!

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
 Rises the orb of song, serenely bright—
 As who beholds, across the tracts of ocean,
 The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic world, divided neither
 By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone:
 Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,
 In fancied fortunes to forget his own?

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

Sonnet.

THE nightingale is mute—and so art thou,
 Whose voice is sweeter than the nightingale;
 While every idle scholar makes a vow
 Above thy worth and glory to prevail.

Yet shall not envy to that level bring
 The true precedence which is born in thee;
 Thou art no less the prophet of the spring,
 Though in the woods thy voice now silent be.

For silence may impair but cannot kill
 The music that is native to thy soul;
 Nor thy sweet mind, in this thy froward will,
 Upon thy purest honor have control;
 But, since thou wilt not to our wishes sing,
 This truth I speak: thou art of poets king.

LORD THURLOW.

Charade.

COME from my first, ay, come!
 The battle dawn is nigh;
 And the screaming trump and the thundering
 drum
 Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought;
 Fall as thy father fell;
 Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;
 So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my second! toll!
 Flung high the flambeau's light:
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul
 Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,
 The cross upon his breast,
 Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,
 So,—take him to his rest!

Call ye my whole, ay, call
 The lord of lute and lay;
 And let him greet the sable pall
 With a noble song to-day;

Go, call him by his name !
 No fitter hand may crave
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

To Macaulay.

THE dreamy rhymers measured snore
 Falls heavy on our ears no more ;
 And by long strides are left behind
 The dear delights of womankind,
 Who wage their battles like their loves,
 In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
 And have achieved the crowning work
 When they have trussed and skewered a Turk.
 Another comes with stouter tread,
 And stalks among the statelier dead :
 He rushes on, and hails by turns
 High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns ;
 And shows the British youth, who ne'er
 Will lag behind, what Romans were,
 When all the Tuscans and their Lars
 Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Ode.

BARDS of passion and of mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth !
 Have ye souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new ?
 Yes, and those of heaven commune
 With the spheres of sun and moon ;
 With the noise of fountains wondrous,
 And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
 With the whisper of heaven's trees
 And one another, in soft ease
 Seated on Elysian lawns
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
 Underneath large blue-bells tented,
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,
 And the rose herself has got
 Perfume which on earth is not ;
 Where the nightingale doth sing
 Not a senseless, tranced thing,

But divine, melodious truth —
 Philosophic numbers smooth —
 Tales and golden histories
 Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
 On the earth ye live again ;
 And the souls ye left behind you
 Teach us here the way to find you,
 Where your other souls are joying,
 Never slumbering, never cloying.
 Here your earth-born souls still speak
 To mortals, of their little week ;
 Of their sorrows and delights ;
 Of their passions and their spites ;
 Of their glory and their shame ;
 What doth strengthen and what maim.
 Thus ye teach us, every day,
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth !
 Ye have souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new !

JOHN KEATS.

The Minstrel.

"WHAT voice, what harp, are those we hear
 Beyond the gate in chorus ?
 Go, page ! — the lay delights our ear ;
 We'll have it sung before us !"
 So speaks the king : the stripling flies —
 He soon returns ; his master cries,
 "Bring in the hoary minstrel !"

"Hail, princes mine ! Hail, noble knights !
 All hail, enchanting dames !
 What starry heaven ! What blinding lights !
 Whose tongue may tell their names ?
 In this bright hall, amid this blaze,
 Close, close, mine eyes ! Ye may not gaze
 On such stupendous glories !"

The minnesinger closed his eyes ;
 He struck his mighty lyre :
 Then beauteous bosoms heaved with sighs,
 And warriors felt on fire ;

The king, enraptured by the strain,
 Commanded that a golden chain
 Be given the bard in guerdon.

"Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,
 For those brave knights whose glances,
 Fierce flashing through the battle bold,
 Might shiver sharpest lances!
 Bestow it on thy treasurer there—
 The golden burden let him bear
 With other glittering burdens.

"I sing as in the greenwood bush
 The cageless wild-bird carols;
 The tones that from the full heart gush
 Themselves are gold and laurels!
 Yet might I ask, then thus I ask,
 Let one bright cup of wine, in flask
 Of glowing gold, be brought me!"

They set it down; he quaffs it all—
 "Oh! draught of richest flavor!
 Oh! thrice divinely happy hall
 Where that is scarce a favor!
 If Heaven shall bless ye, think on me;
 And thank your God as I thank ye
 For this delicious wine-cup!"

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. (German.)

Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Sonnet.

Who best can paint th' enamelled robe of spring,
 With flow'rets and fair blossoms well bedight;
 Who best can her melodious accents sing,
 With which she greets the soft return of light;
 Who best can bid the quaking tempest rage,
 And make th' imperial arch of heav'n to groan—
 Breed warfare with the winds, and finely wage
 Great strife with Neptune on his rocky throne—
 Or lose us in those sad and mournful days
 With which pale autumn crowns the misty year,
 Shall bear the prize, and in his true essays
 A poet in our awful eyes appear;
 For whom let wine his mortal woes beguile,
 Gold, praise, and woman's thrice-endearing smile.

LORD THURLOW.

A Poet's Thought.

TELL me, what is a poet's thought?
 Is it on the sudden born?
 Is it from the starlight caught?
 Is it by the tempest taught?
 Or by whispering morn?

Was it cradled in the brain?
 Chained awhile, or nursed in night?
 Was it wrought with toil and pain?
 Did it bloom and fade again,
 Ere it burst to light?

No more question of its birth:
 Rather love its better part!
 'Tis a thing of sky and earth,
 Gathering all its golden worth
 From the poet's heart.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Resolution and Independence.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night—
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright—
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of
 waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar—
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy.
 The pleasant season did my heart employ;
 My old remembrances went from me wholly—
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low—
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came—
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care,
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood—
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-side.
By our own spirits we are deified;
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a man before me unawares—
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray
hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could hither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense—
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeeth, there to sun itself—

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage,
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness, felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had
cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood;
And still, as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood.
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon that muddy water, which he conned
As if he had been reading in a book.
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew;
And him with further words I thus bespake:
"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest;
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest,—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the
reach
Of ordinary men, a stately speech,
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use—
Religious men, who give to God and man their
dues.

He told that to these waters he had come
"To gather leeches, being old and poor—
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure;
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to
moor—

Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarcely heard, nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream —
Or like a man from some far region sent
To give me human strength by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear that kills,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew —
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled, stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape and speech — all troubled me;
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended —
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended
I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme!
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on —
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal; yet do not grieve —
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu:
And happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed!

Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought,
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

The Means to Attain Happy Life.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find —
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

L'Allegro.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born!
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y-cleped Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth!
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing —
As he met her once a-Maying —
There, on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity —
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek —
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come! and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free —
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray —
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest —
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale
With stories told of many a feat:
How fairy Mab the junks eat —
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold —
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry —
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream:
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony —
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

Il Penseroso.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred !
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams —
 Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy !
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue —
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;
 Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore —
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn !
 Come ! but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
 And join with thee calm peace, and quiet —

Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
 And add to these retired leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne —
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly —
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom —
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm ;
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, oh, sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower !
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek !
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold —
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife —
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass —
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride !
 And, if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung —
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear —
 Not tricked and flounced, as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchiefed in a comely cloud
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,

That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered sleep ;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid ;
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows, richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth show,
 And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

JOHN MILTON.

Song.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content —

The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent —

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
 bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
 The cottage that affords no pride or care,
 The mean that 'grees with country music best,
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
 Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

The Reply.

SINCE you desire of me to know
 Who's the wise man, I'll tell you who:
 Not he whose rich and fertile mind
 Is by the culture of the arts refined;
 Who has the chaos of disordered thought
 By reason's light to form and method brought;
 Who with a clear and piercing sight
 Can see through niceties as dark as night —
 You err if you think this is he,
 Though seated on the top of the Porphyrian tree.

Nor is it he to whom kind Heaven
 A secret cabala has given
 To unriddle the mysterious text
 Of nature, with dark comments more perplex —
 Or to decipher her clean-writ and fair,
 But most confounding, puzzling character —
 That can through all her windings trace
 This slippery wanderer and unveil her face,
 Her inmost mechanism view,
 Anatomize each part, and see her through and
 through.

Nor he that does the science know —
 Our only certainty below —
 That can from problems dark and nice
 Deduce truths worthy of a sacrifice.
 Nor he that can confess the stars, and see
 What's writ in the black leaves of destiny —
 That knows their laws, and how the sun
 His daily and his annual stage does run,
 As if he did to them dispense
 Their motions and their fate — supreme intelligence!

Nor is it he (although he boast
 Of wisdom, and seem wise to most),
 Yet 'tis not he whose busy pate
 Can dive into the deep intrigues of state —

That can the great leviathan control,
 Manage and rule it, as if he were its soul;
 The wisest king thus gifted was,
 And yet did not in these true wisdom place.
 Who then is by the wise man meant?
 He that can want all this, and yet can be content.

JOHN NORRIS.

A Contented Mind.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;
 I joy not much in earthly joys;
 I seek not state, I reckon not style;
 I am not fond of fancy's toys:
 I rest so pleased with what I have
 I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
 I tremble not at noise of war;
 I swoon not at the news of wrack;
 I shrink not at the blazing star;
 I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
 I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
 I see some Tantals starved in store;
 I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
 I see even Midas gape for more:
 I neither want, nor yet abound —
 Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;
 I fawn not on the great, in show;
 I prize, I praise a mean estate —
 Neither too lofty nor too low:
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer —
 A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Song.

WHAT pleasure have great princes,
 More dainty to their choice
 Than herdsmen wild, who, careless,
 In quiet life rejoice,
 And fortune's fate not fearing,
 Sing sweet in summer morning?

Their dealings, plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to feel and wait
On favorite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All days their flocks each tendeth;
All night they take their rest —
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearls are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They esteem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law;
Where conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

Oh happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold,
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold;
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

WILLIAM BYRD.

The Lye.

Goe, soule, the bodie's guest,
Upon a thanklesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best —
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others' actions —
Not loved unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;

If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply.
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how she falters;
And as they then reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herselfe in over wisenesse;
And if they doe reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts they have no soundnesse,
 But vary by esteeming;
 Tell schooles they want profoundnesse,
 And stand too much on seeming;
 If arts and schooles reply,
 Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith it's fled the citie;
 Tell how the country erreth;
 Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
 Tell, vertue least preferreth;
 And if they doe reply,
 Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing —
 Although to give the lye
 Deserves no less than stabbing —
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soule can kill.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland.

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
 And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
 Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
 His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
 What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
 The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
 Upon these lower regions of turmoil?
 Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
 On flesh and blood, where honor, power, renown,
 Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
 Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
 As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
 To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
 But only as on stately robberies;
 Where evermore the fortune that prevails

Must be the right; the ill-succeeding Mars
 The fairest and the best faced enterprise.
 Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails;
 Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still
 Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right to appear as manifold
 As are the passions of uncertain man;
 Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
 To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
 He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
 Plot and contrive base ways to high desires:
 That the all-guiding providence doth yet
 All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
 Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
 Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
 Charged with more crying sins than those he
 checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
 Up in the present for the coming times,
 Appall not him, that hath no side at all,
 But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
 Cannot but pity the perplexed state
 Of troublous and distressed mortality,
 That thus make way unto the ugly birth
 Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
 Affliction upon imbecility;
 Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
 He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses
 And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
 And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
 And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
 And the inheritance of desolation leaves
 To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon,
 As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
 And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepared
 A rest for his desires, and sees all things
 Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
 Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
 The best of glory with her sufferings;
 By whom, I see, you labor all you can

To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as
near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment that hath carried you
Beyond the feebler limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain,
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women used to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better checked by being contemned,
Than being pursued; leaving to him to avenge
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from
thence;

That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death: that when ability expires,
Desire lives still—so much delight they have
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory? And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come;
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind,
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that through the world hath done his
worst

To put it out by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,
Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored name
Than all the gold that leaden mines can frame.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

My Minde to Me a Kingdom is.

My minde to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or nature hath assignde;
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look, what I lack my minde supplies.
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.

These get with toile, and keepe with feare;
Such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe nor wealthie store,
No force to win the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye —
To none of these I yeeld as thrall;
For why, my minde despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poore, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my minde can tosse;
I brooke that is another's bane.
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatal law;
My minde is such as may not move
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleepe to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate.
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath —
Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;

This is my choyce; for why, I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chief defence;
I never seeke by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

The Winter being Over.

THE winter being over,
In order comes the spring,
Which doth green herbs discover,
And cause the birds to sing.
The night also expired,
Then comes the morning bright,
Which is so much desired
By all that love the light.

This may learn
Them that mourn,
To put their grief to flight;
The spring succeedeth winter,
And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth
Affliction or distress
Which every member paineth,
And findeth no release —
Let such therefore despair not,
But on firm hope depend,
Whose griefs immortal are not,
And therefore must have end,
They that faint
With complaint
Therefore are to blame;
They add to their afflictions,
And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience
Awhile possess the mind,
By inward consolations
They might refreshing find,
To sweeten all their crosses
That little time they 'dure;
So might they gain by losses,
And sharp would sweet procure.

But if the mind
Be inclined
To unquietness,
That only may be called
The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy,
Detesting all delight,
His wits by sottish folly
Are ruined quite.
Sad discontent and murmurs
To him are incident;
Were he possessed of honors,
He could not be content.
Sparks of joy
Fly away;
Floods of care arise;
And all delightful motion
In the conception dies.

But those that are contented
However things do fall,
Much anguish is prevented,
And they soon freed from all.
They finish all their labors
With much felicity;
Their joy in trouble savors
Of perfect piety.
Cheerfulness
Doth express
A settled pious mind,
Which is not prone to grudging,
From murmuring refined.

ANN COLLINS.

Sonnets.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth;
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth;
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange;
Gigantic frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
Nothing is constant but in constant change,
What's done still is undone, and when undone

Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon;
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April showers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name:
Are the strange ends we toil for here below
Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A Sweet Pastoral.

Good muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony!
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone a while!
Thou know'st my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty color lease,
And not a leaf is seen.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost ;
 Each herb hath lost her savor ;
 And Phillida, the fair, hath lost
 The comfort of her favor.

Now all these careful sights
 So kill me in conceit,
 That how to hope upon delights
 Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet muse,
 Thou know'st what help is best ;
 Do now thy heavenly cunning use
 To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
 What fate shall be my friend —
 Whether my life shall still decay,
 Or when my sorrow end.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Ode to Beauty.

Who gave thee, O beauty,
 The keys of this breast,
 Too credulous lover
 Of blest and unblest ?
 Say, when in lapsed ages
 Thee knew I of old ?
 Or what was the service
 For which I was sold ?
 When first my eyes saw thee
 I found me thy thrall,
 By magical drawings,
 Sweet tyrant of all !
 I drank at thy fountain
 False waters of thirst ;
 Thou intimate stranger,
 Thou latest and first !
 Thy dangerous glances
 Make women of men ;
 New-born, we are melting
 Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,
 Nigh persuading gods to err !
 Guest of million painted forms,
 Which in turn thy glory warms !
 The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,

The acorn's cup, the rain-drop's arc,
 The swinging spider's silver line,
 The ruby of the drop of wine,
 The shining pebble of the pond
 Thou inscribest with a bond,
 In thy momentary play,
 Would bankrupt nature to repay.
 Ah, what avails it
 To hide or to shun
 Whom the Infinite One
 Hath granted His throne !
 The heaven high over
 Is the deep's lover ;
 The sun and sea,
 Informed by thee,
 Before me run,
 And draw me on,
 Yet fly me still,
 As fate refuses
 To me the heart fate for me chooses.
 Is it that my opulent soul
 Was mingled from the generous whole ;
 Sea-valleys and the deep of skies
 Furnished several supplies ;
 And the sands whereof I'm made
 Draw me to them, self-betrayed ?
 I turn the proud portfolios
 Which hold the grand designs
 Of Salvator, of Guercino,
 And Piranesi's lines.
 I hear the lofty pæans
 Of the masters of the shell,
 Who heard the starry music
 And recount the numbers well ;
 Olympian bards who sung
 Divine ideas below,
 Which always find us young,
 And always keep us so.
 Oft, in streets or humblest places,
 I detect far-wandered graces,
 Which, from Eden wide astray,
 In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,
 Like the lightning through the storm,
 Somewhat not to be possessed,
 Somewhat not to be caressed,
 No feet so fleet could ever find,
 No perfect form could ever bind.

Thou eternal fugitive,
 Hovering over all that live,
 Quick and skilful to inspire
 Sweet, extravagant desire,
 Starry space and lily-bell
 Filling with thy roseate smell,
 Wilt not give the lips to taste
 Of the nectar which thou hast.

All that's good and great with thee
 Works in close conspiracy;
 Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely
 To report thy features only,
 And the cold and purple morning,
 Itself with thoughts of thee adorning;
 The leafy dell, the city mart,
 Equal trophies of thine art;
 E'en the flowing azure air
 Thou hast touched for my despair;
 And, if I languish into dreams,
 Again I meet the ardent beams.
 Queen of things! I dare not die
 In being's deeps past ear and eye;
 Lest there I find the same deceiver,
 And be the sport of fate forever.
 Dread power, but dear! if God thou be,
 Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

THE awful shadow of some unseen power
 Floats, though unseen, among us — visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
 Like moonbeams, that behind some piny mountain
 shower,
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance,
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
 Like memory of music fled,
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?

Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?

Ask why the sunlight not for ever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
 Why aught should fail and fade that once is
 shown;

Why fear, and dream, and death, and birth
 Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Such gloom; why man has such a scope
 For love and hate, despondency and hope.

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
 To sage or poet these responses given;
 Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and
 heaven,

Remain the records of their vain endeavor —
 Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail
 to sever

From all we hear and all we see
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
 Or music by the night wind sent
 Through strings of some still instrument
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
 Man were immortal and omnipotent
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his
 heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes!

Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
 Like darkness to a dying flame!
 Depart not as thy shadow came!
 Depart not, lest the grave should be,
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave, and
 ruin,

And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

I called on poisonous names with which our youth
 is fed;

I was not heard ; I saw them not.
 When musing deeply on the lot
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming,
 Sudden thy shadow fell on me —
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine ; have I not kept the vow ?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even
 now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave. They have in visioned
 bowers
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outwatched with me the envious night ;
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from its dark slavery —
 That thou, O awful loveliness,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past ; there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard nor
 seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply
 Its calm — to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee —
 Whom, spirit fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Song.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
 Spirit of delight !
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night ?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again ?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
 All but those who heed thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
 Even the signs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure :
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure.
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of delight !
 The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
 And the starry night ;
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost ;
 I love waves and winds and streams,
 Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise, and good ;
 Between thee and me
 What difference ? but thou dost possess
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love, though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But, above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee :
 Thou art love and life ! oh come,
 Make once more my heart thy home !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Wood-Notes.

*As sunbeams stream through liberal space
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pine-tree through my thought,
And fanned the dreams it never brought.*

"WHETHER is better, the gift or the donor?
Come to me,"

Quoth the pine-tree,
"I am the giver of honor.
My garden is the cloven rock,
And my manure the snow;
And drifting sand-heaps feed my stock,
In summer's scorching glow.

"He is great who can live by me.
The rough and bearded forester
Is better than the lord;
God fills the scrip and canister,
Sin piles the loaded board.
The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be;
The lord is hay, the peasant grass,
One dry, and one the living tree.
Who liveth by the ragged pine
Foundeth a heroic line;
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
You ask," he said, "'what guide
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and
wide?'—

I found the water's bed.
The water-courses were my guide;
I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beaver's camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed:
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean-sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood

Supplied me necessary food;
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.

When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,

'Twill be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.
Who liveth in the palace hall
Waneth fast and spendeth all.
He goes to my savage haunts,
With his chariot and his care;
My twilight realm he disenchants,
And finds his prison there.

"What prizes the town and the tower?
Only what the pine-tree yields;
Sinew that subdued the fields;
The wild-eyed boy, who in the woods
Chants his hymn to hills and floods,
Whom the city's poisoning spleen
Made not pale, or fat, or lean;
Whose iron arms, and iron mould,
Know not fear, fatigue, or cold.
I give my rafters to his boat,
My billets to his boiler's throat;
And I will swim the ancient sea,
To float my child to victory,
And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine.
Who leaves the pine-tree, leaves his friend,
Unnerves his strength, invites his end.
Cut a bough from my parent stem,
And dip it in thy porcelain vase;
A little while each russet gem
Will swell and rise with wonted grace;
But when it seeks enlarged supplies,
The orphan of the forest dies.
Whoso walks in solitude,
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass
From these companions, power and grace;
Clean shall he be, without, within,
From the old adhering sin,

All ill dissolving in the light
 Of his triumphant piercing sight.
 Not vain, sour, nor frivolous;
 Not mad, athirst, nor garrulous;
 Grave, chaste, contented, though retired,
 And of all other men desired.
 On him the light of star and moon
 Shall fall with purer radiance down;
 All constellations of the sky
 Shed their virtue through his eye.
 Him Nature giveth for defence
 His formidable innocence;
 The mountain sap, the shells, the sea,
 All spheres, all stones, his helpers be;
 He shall never be old;
 Nor his fate shall be foretold;
 He shall meet the speeding year,
 Without wailing, without fear;
 He shall be happy in his love,
 Like to like shall joyful prove;
 He shall be happy whilst he woos,
 Muse-born, a daughter of the Muse.
 But if with gold she bind her hair,
 And deck her breast with diamond,
 Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
 Though thou lie alone on the ground.

“Heed the old oracles,
 Ponder my spells;
 Song wakes in my pinnacles
 When the wind swells.

Soundeth the prophetic wind,
 The shadows shake on the rock behind,
 And the countless leaves of the pine are
 strings

Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.

Hearken! Hearken!

If thou wouldst know the mystic song
 Chanted when the sphere was young.
 Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells;
 O wise man! hear'st thou half it tells?
 O wise man! hear'st thou the least part?
 'Tis the chronicle of art.

To the open ear it sings
 Sweet the genesis of things,
 Of tendency through endless ages,
 Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
 Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
 Of the old flood's subsiding slime,

Of chemic matter, force, and form,
 Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm:
 The rushing metamorphosis
 Dissolving all that fixture is,
 Melts things that be to things that seem,
 And solid nature to a dream.
 Oh, listen to the undersong,—
 The ever old, the ever young;
 And, far within those cadent pauses,
 The chorus of the ancient Causes!
 Delights the dreadful Destiny
 To fling his voice into the tree,
 And shock thy weak ear with a note
 Breathed from the everlasting throat.
 In music he repeats the pang
 Whence the fair flock of Nature sprang.
 O mortal! thy ears are stones;
 These echoes are laden with tones
 Which only the pure can hear;
 Thou canst not catch what they recite
 Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,
 Of man to come, of human life,
 Of Death, and Fortune, Growth, and Strife.”

Once again the pine-tree sung:—

“Speak not thy speech my boughs among;
 Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
 My hours are peaceful centuries.
 Talk no more with feeble tongue;
 No more the fool of space and time,
 Come weave with mine a nobler rhyme.
 Only thy Americans
 Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
 But the runes that I rehearse
 Understands the universe;
 The least breath my boughs which tossed
 Brings again the Pentecost,
 To every soul resounding clear
 In a voice of solemn cheer,—
 ‘Am I not thine? Are not these thine?’
 And they reply, ‘Forever mine!’
 My branches speak Italian,
 English, German, Basque, Castilian,
 Mountain speech to Highlanders,
 Ocean tongues to islanders,
 To Fin, and Lap, and swart Malay,
 To each his bosom-secret say.
 Come learn with me the fatal song
 Which knits the world in music strong,

Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
 Of things with things, of times with times,
 Primal chimes of sun and shade,
 Of sound and echo, man and maid,
 The land reflected in the flood,
 Body with shadow still pursued.
 For Nature beats in perfect tune,
 And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
 Whether she work in land or sea,
 Or hide underground her alchemy.
 Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
 But it carves the bow of beauty there,
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
 The wood is wiser far than thou;
 The wood and wave each other know.
 Not unrelated, unaffied,
 But to each thought and thing allied,
 Is perfect Nature's every part,
 Rooted in the mighty Heart.
 But thou, poor child! unbound, unrhymed,
 Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed?
 Whence, O thou orphan and defrauded?
 Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded?
 Who thee divorced, deceived, and left?
 Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
 And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
 And sunk the immortal eye so low?
 Thy cheek too white, thy form too slender,
 Thy gait too slow, thy habits tender
 For royal man;—they thee confess
 An exile from the wilderness,—
 The hills where health with health agrees,
 And the wise soul expels disease.
 Hark! in thy ear I will tell the sign
 By which thy hurt thou may'st divine.
 When thou shalt climb the mountain-cliff,
 Or see the wide shore from thy skiff,
 To thee the horizon shall express
 But emptiness on emptiness;
 There lives no man of Nature's worth
 In the circle of the earth;
 And to thine eye the vast skies fall,
 Dire and satirical,
 On clucking hens, and prating fools,
 On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls.
 And thou shalt say to the Most High,
 'Godhead! all this astronomy,
 And fate, and practice, and invention,

Strong art, and beautiful pretension,
 This radiant pomp of sun and star,
 Throes that were, and worlds that are,
 Behold! were in vain and in vain;—
 It cannot be,—I will look again;
 Surely now will the curtain rise,
 And earth's fit tenant me surprise;
 But the curtain doth *not* rise,
 And Nature has miscarried wholly
 Into failure, into folly.'

"Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
 Blessed Nature so to see.
 Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
 And heal the hurts which sin has made.
 I see thee in the crowd alone;
 I will be thy companion.
 Quit thy friends as the dead in doom,
 And build to them a final tomb;
 Let the starred shade that nightly falls
 Still celebrate their funerals,
 And the bell of beetle and of bee
 Knell their melodious memory.
 Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
 Thy churches, and thy charities;
 And leave thy peacock wit behind;
 Enough for thee the primal mind
 That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
 Leave all thy pedant love apart;
 God hid the whole world in thy heart.
 Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
 Gives all to them who all renounce.
 The rain comes when the wind calls;
 The river knows the way to the sea;
 Without a pilot it runs and falls,
 Blessing all lands with its charity;
 The sea tosses and foams to find
 Its way up to the cloud and wind;
 The shadow sits close to the flying ball;
 The date fails not on the palm-tree tall;
 And thou,—go burn thy wormy pages,—
 Shalt outsee seers, and outwit sages.
 Oft didst thou search the woods in vain
 To find what bird had piped the strain;
 Seek not, and the little eremite
 Flies gayly forth and sings in sight.

"Hearken once more!
 I will tell thee the mundane lore.

Older am I than thy numbers wot ;
 Change I may, but I pass not.
 Hitherto all things fast abide,
 And anchored in the tempest ride.
 Trenchant time behooves to hurry
 All to yean and all to bury :
 All the forms are fugitive,
 But the substances survive,
 Ever fresh the broad creation,
 A divine improvisation,
 From the heart of God proceeds,
 A single will, a million deeds.
 Once slept the world an egg of stone,
 And pulse, and sound, and light was
 none ;
 And God said, 'Throb!' and there was
 motion,
 And the vast mass became vast ocean.
 Onward and on, the eternal Pan,
 Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
 Halteth never in one shape,
 But forever doth escape,
 Like wave or flame, into new forms
 Of gem, and air, of plants, and worms.
 I, that to-day am a pine,
 Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
 He is free and libertine,
 Pouring of his power the wine
 To every age, to every race ;
 Unto every race and age
 He emptieth the beverage ;
 Unto each and unto all,
 Maker and Original.
 The world is the ring of his spells,
 And the play of his miracles.
 As he giveth to all to drink,
 Thus or thus they are and think ;
 He giveth little or giveth much,
 To make them several or such.
 With one drop sheds form and feature ;
 With the next a special nature ;
 The third adds heat's indulgent spark ;
 The fourth gives light which eats the dark ;
 Into the fifth himself he flings.
 And conscious Law is King of kings.
 As the bee through the garden ranges,
 From world to world the godhead changes ;
 As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
 From form to form He maketh haste ;

This vault which glows immense with light
 Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
 What recks such Traveller if the bowers
 Which bloom and fade like meadow-flow-
 ers

A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
 Or the stars of eternity ?
 Alike to him the better, the worse,—
 The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
 Thou meetest him by centuries,
 And lo ! he passes like the breeze ;
 Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
 He hides in pure transparency ;
 Thou ask'st in fountains and in fires,—
 He is the essence that inquires.
 He is the axis of the star,
 He is the sparkle of the spar,
 He is the heart of every creature,
 He is the meaning of each feature ;
 And his mind is the sky,
 Than all it holds more deep, more high."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Brahma.

If the red slayer think he slays,
 Or if the slain think he is slain,
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
 Shadow and sunshine are the same ;
 The vanished gods to me appear,
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out.
 When me they fly I am the wings ;
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And I the hymn the Brahman sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred seven ;
 But thou, meek lover of the good,
 Find me and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Sweet is the Pleasure.

SWEET is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!

Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it —
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onwards! unswerving —
And that is true rest.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

Stanzas.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

The Tables Turned.

UP! up, my friend! and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up, my friend! and clear your looks!
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet —
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it!

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
 He, too, is no mean preacher ;
 Come forth into the light of things —
 Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless,—
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings ;
 Our meddling intellect
 Misshapes the beauteous forms of things —
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art ;
 Close up those barren leaves ;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Fountain.

A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true —
 A pair of friends, though I was young,
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
 Beside a mossy seat ;
 And from the turf a fountain broke,
 And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew !" said I, "let us match
 This water's pleasant tune
 With some old border-song or catch,
 That suits a summer's noon ;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes
 Sing here, beneath the shade,
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
 Which you last April made !"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
 The spring beneath the tree ;
 And thus the dear old man replied,
 The gray-haired man of glee :

"No check, no stay, this streamlet fears,
 How merrily it goes !
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
 And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day
 I cannot choose but think
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
 Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
 My heart is idly stirred ;
 For the same sound is in my ears
 Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay ;
 And yet the wiser mind
 Mourns less for what age takes away
 Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
 The lark above the hill,
 Let loose their carols when they please,
 Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do they wage
 A foolish strife ; they see
 A happy youth, and their old age
 Is beautiful and free.

"But we are prest by heavy laws :
 And often, glad no more,
 We wear a face of joy, because
 We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
 His kindred laid in earth,
 The household hearts that were his own,
 It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone ;
 My life has been approved,
 And many love me ; but by none
 Am I enough beloved !"

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead,
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide,
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Crowded Street.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To halls in which the feast is spread—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Good-bye.

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean-brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to flattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come—
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone —
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
 Where arches green, the livelong day,
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And vulgar feet have never trod —
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
 Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Guy.

MORTAL mixed of middle clay,
 Attempered to the night and day,
 Interchangeable with things,
 Needs no amulets or rings.
 Guy possessed the talisman
 That all things from him began;
 And as, of old, Polyrates
 Chained the sunshine and the breeze,
 So did Guy betimes discover
 Fortune was his guard and lover —
 In strange junctures felt, with awe,
 His own symmetry with law;
 So that no mixture could withstand
 The virtue of his lucky hand.
 He gold or jewel could not lose,
 Nor not receive his ample dues.
 In the street, if he turned round,
 His eye the eye 'twas seeking found.
 It seemed his genius discreet
 Worked on the maker's own receipt,
 And made each tide and element
 Stewards of stipend and of rent;
 So that the common waters fell
 As costly wine into his well.

He had so sped his wise affairs
 That he caught nature in his snares;

Early or late, the falling rain
 Arrived in time to swell his grain;
 Stream could not so perversely wind
 But corn of Guy's was there to grind;
 The siroc found it on its way
 To speed his sails, to dry his hay;
 And the world's sun seemed to rise
 To drudge all day for Guy the wise.
 In his rich nurseries timely skill
 Strong crab with nobler blood did fill;
 The zephyr in his garden rolled
 From plum-trees vegetable gold;
 And all the hours of the year
 With their own harvests honored were.
 There was no frost but welcome came,
 Nor freshet, nor midsummer flame.
 Belonged to wind and world the toil
 And venture, and to Guy the oil.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Sunken City.

HARK! the faint bells of the sunken city
 Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
 From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
 Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
 There lie buried in an ocean grave —
 Undescried, save when their golden glories
 Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
 In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
 Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
 Though death lurks behind each dark rock
 round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
 Peal for me their old melodious chime;
 So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
 Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-built,
 There lie lost to daylight's garish beams —
 There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
 Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
 From many a well-known phantom band,
 And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
 Far off in the spirit's luminous land !

WILHELM MUELLER. (German.)

Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Bacchus.

BRING me wine, but wine which never grew
 In the belly of the grape,
 Or grew on vines whose tap-roots, reaching
 through
 Under the Andes to the Cape,
 Suffered no savor of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
 From a nocturnal root,
 Which feels the acrid juice
 Of Styx and Erebus;
 And turns the woe of night,
 By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread,
 We buy diluted wine;
 Give me of the true,—
 Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
 Among the silver hills of heaven,
 Draw everlasting dew;
 Wine of wine,
 Blood of the world,
 Form of forms and mould of statures,
 That I intoxicated,
 And by the draught assimilated,
 May float at pleasure through all natures;
 The bird-language rightly spell,
 And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed
 Like the torrents of the sun
 Up the horizon walls,
 Or like the Atlantic streams, which run
 When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,
 Food which needs no transmuting,
 Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited

Wine which is already man,
 Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which music is,—
 Music and wine are one,—
 That I, drinking this,
 Shall hear far chaos talk with me;
 Kings unborn shall walk with me;
 And the poor grass shall plot and plan
 What it will do when it is man.
 Quickened so, will I unlock
 Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice
 For all I know:
 Winds of remembering
 Of the ancient being blow,
 And seeming-solid walls of use
 Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus ! the remembering wine;
 Retrieve the loss of me and mine !
 Vine for the vine be antidote,
 And the grapes requite the lote !
 Haste to cure the old despair,—
 Reason in nature's lotus drenched,
 The memory of ages quenched,
 Give them again to shine;
 Let wine repair what this undid;
 And where the infection slid,
 A dazzling memory revive;
 Refresh the faded tints,
 Recut the aged prints,
 And write my old adventures with the pen
 Which on the first day drew,
 Upon the tablets blue,
 The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Temperance, or the Cheap Physician.

Go now ! and with some daring drug
 Bait thy disease ; and, whilst they tug,
 Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
 Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
 Go ! take physic—dote upon
 Some big-named composition,

The oraculous doctor's mystic bills—
 Certain hard words made into pills;
 And what at last shalt gain by these?
 Only a costlier disease.
 That which makes us have no need
 Of physic, that's physic indeed.
 Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
 Nature her old physician be?
 Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
 His own music, his own health—
 A man whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well—
 Her garments that upon her sit
 As garments should do, close and fit—
 A well-clothed soul that's not oppressed
 Nor choked with what she should be dressed—
 A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine;
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin ærial veil, is drawn
 O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride—
 A soul whose intellectual beams
 No mists do mask, no lazy streams—
 A happy soul, that all the way
 To heaven hath a summer's day?
 Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
 Bathes him in a genuine flood?—
 A man whose tunéd humors be
 A seat of rarest harmony?
 Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
 Age? Wouldst see December's smile?
 Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
 Winter's self into a spring?—
 In sum, wouldst see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man?
 Whose latest and most leaden hours
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
 And when life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends—
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
 This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
 Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Smoking Spiritualized.

PART I.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,
 Though green at noon, cut down at night,
 Shows thy decay—
 All flesh is hay:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
 Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
 Thou art e'en such—
 Gone with a touch:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
 Then thou behold'st the vanity
 Of worldly stuff—
 Gone with a puff:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
 Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
 For then the fire
 It does require:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
 Then to thyself thou mayest say
 That to the dust
 Return thou must:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
 So was the plant of great renown,
 Which mercy sends
 For nobler ends:
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
 From such a naughty foreign weed?
 Then what's the power
 Of Jesse's flower?
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
 What virtue flows
 From Sharon's rose :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow —
Your pains in outward means are so,
 Till heavenly fire
 Your heart inspire :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke like burning incense towers ;
So should a praying heart of yours
 With ardent cries
 Surmount the skies :
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

ANONYMOUS.

The Vanity of Human Wishes.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life :
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art ;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold ;
Wide wasting pest ! that rages unconfined
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
Low skulks the hind below the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower ;
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee ? crush the upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy :
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
One shows the plunder and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
The insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth ;
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,
And feed with varied fools the eternal jest :
Thou who couldst laugh, where want enchained
 caprice,
Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died,
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
Where change of favorites made no change of
 laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause ;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt and edge the piercing gibe ?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe :
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
Renewed at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the mourning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard the favorite's zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance
rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-flown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their powers con-
sign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize;
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord;
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak, thou whose thoughts at humble peace re-
pine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steepes of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde;
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease the torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, yet again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
 The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;
 See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
 The plundered palace or sequestered rent,
 Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets the
 shock,
 And fatal learning leads him to the block ;
 Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphant show,
 The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
 For such the steady Roman shook the world ;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
 This power has praise, that virtue scarce can
 warm
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name ;
 And mortgaged states their grandsire's wreaths
 regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right con-
 vey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide :
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labors tire ;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain ;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;

Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign :
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
 vain ;

"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught
 remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky !"

The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost ;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course de-
 lay ;—

Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day :
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew
 pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
 Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more ;
 Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
 New powers he claims, new powers are still be-
 stowed,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe ;
 The insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
 The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded
 coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful
 charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honor's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy.
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain;
No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus
 near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feebleness attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale and lingering jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering
 sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense;
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;

But unextinguished avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled
 hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favorite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these
 await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate,
From Lydia's monarch should the search de-
 scend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise:
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
 flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show!

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty
 spring;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a
 king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall
save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
slave?

Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines:
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance
falls;

Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery
reign,

And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend;
The guardians yield, by force superior plied:
To interest, prudence; and to flattery, pride.
Here beauty falls betrayed, despised, distressed,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects
find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion
vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of secret presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat.

These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain;
These goods he grants, who grants the power to
gain;

With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Without and Within.

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains, and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Fable.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel;
 And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together,
 To make up a year
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry.
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel-track;
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Hence all you Vain Delights.

HENCE all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly!
 There's naught in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy;
 Oh sweetest melancholy!
 Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up without a sound!
 Fountain heads and pathless groves;
 Places which pale passion loves;
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;
 A midnight bell, a parting groan—
 These are the sounds we feed upon;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley.
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Song.

Down lay in a nook my lady's brach
 And said, my feet are sore;
 I cannot follow with the pack
 A-hunting of the boar.

And though the horn sounds never so clear,
 With the hounds in loud uproar,
 Yet I must stop and lie down here,
 Because my feet are sore.

The huntsman, when he heard the same,
 What answer did he give?
 The dog that's lame is much to blame,
 He is not fit to live.

HENRY TAYLOR.

Dejection: an Ode.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,
 With the old moon in her arm,
 And I fear, I fear, my master dear!
 We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

WELL! if the bard was weather-wise, who made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
 Or the dull sobbing draft that moans and rakes
 Upon the strings of the Eolian lute,
 Which better far were mute.
 For lo! the new-moon, winter-bright,
 And overspread with phantom light—
 With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread!
 I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.
 And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
 And the slant night-shower driving loud and
 fast!
 Those sounds, which oft have raised me whilst they
 awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give —
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and
live.

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear —
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear —
O lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green;
And still I gaze — and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and
bars,
That give away their motion to the stars —
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen —
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue:
I see them all so excellently fair —
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavor,
Though I should gaze forever
On that green light that lingers in the west;
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

IV.

O lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud;
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd —
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be —
What, and wherein it doth exist —
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous lady! Joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour —
Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower —
Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power
Which, wedding nature to us, gives in dower
A new earth and new heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud —
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud —
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or
sight —
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was
rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress;
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness.
For hope grew round me like the twining vine;
And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth,
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man —
This was my sole resource, my only plan;
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my
mind —
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream

Of agony, by torture lengthened out,
That lute sent forth! Thou wind, that ravest
without!

Bare crag, or mountain-tarn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad lutanist! who, in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among!
Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!

Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting
wounds—

At once they groan with pain, and shudder with
the cold.

But hark! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shuddering—all is
over—

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and
loud;

A tale of less affright,

And tempered with delight,

As Otway's self had framed the tender lay:

'Tis of a little child

Upon a lonesome wild—

Not far from home, but she hath lost her
way;

And now moans low in bitter grief and fear—

And now screams loud, and hopes to make her
mother hear.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of
sleep;

Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!

Visit her, gentle sleep, with wings of healing!

And may this storm be but a mountain-birth;

May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping
earth!

With light heart may she rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes—

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice!

To her may all things live, from pole to pole—
Their life the eddying of her living soul!

O simple spirit, guided from above!

Dear lady! friend devoutest of my choice!

Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Flowers without Fruit.

PRUNE thou thy words; the thoughts control

That o'er thee swell and throng:

They will condense within thy soul,

And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run

In soft luxurious flow,

Shrinks when hard service must be done,

And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,

Where hearts and wills are weighed,

Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,

Which bloom their hour, and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Sir Marmaduke.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight—

Good man! old man!

He's painted standing bolt upright,

With his hose rolled over his knee;

His periwig's as white as chalk,

And on his fist he holds a hawk;

And he looks like the head

Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide—

Good man! old man!

His spaniels lay by the fireside;

And in other parts, d'ye see,

Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,

A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;

And he looked like the head

Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate—

Good man! old man!

But was always ready to break the pate

Of his country's enemy.

What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor, and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN, the younger.

I am a Friar of Orders Gray.

I AM a friar of orders gray,
And down in the valleys I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip —
Good store of venison fills my scrip;
My long bead-roll I merrily chant;
Where'er I walk, no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell —
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper, of heaven I dream,
But that is a pullet and clouted cream;
Myself, by denial, I mortify —
With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin —
With old sack wine I'm lined within:
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

JOHN O'KEEFE.

The Age of Wisdom.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin —
Wait till you come to forty year.
Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer —
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes —
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass —
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray —
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed —
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead! God rest her bier —
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married; but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Vanitas Vanitatum.

How spake of old the Royal Seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on.)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotes mataioteton.

O student of this gilded book,
Declare, while musing on its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
By ancient or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,
French, Spanish, English, Russians, Ger-
mans:
And in the volume polyglot
Sure you may read a hundred sermons.

What histories of life are here,
More wild than all romancers' stories;
What wondrous transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn !
 What chronicle of Fate's surprises —
 Of adverse fortune nobly borne,
 Of chances, changes, ruins, rises !

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,
 How strange a record here is written !
 Of honors, dealt as if in joke ;
 Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise !
 How high they were, and how they tumble !
 O vanity of vanities !
 O laughable, pathetic jumble !

Here between honest Janin's joke
 And his Turk Excellency's firman,
 I write my name upon the book :
 I write my name — and end my sermon.

O vanity of vanities !
 How wayward the decrees of Fate are ;
 How very weak the very wise,
 How very small the very great are !

What mean these stale moralities,
 Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble ?
 Why rail against the great and wise,
 And tire us with your ceaseless grumble ?

Pray choose us out another text,
 O man morose and narrow-minded !
 Come, turn the page — I read the next,
 And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
 And Folly set in place exalted ;
 How princes footed in the dust,
 While lackeys in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past,
 Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
 The weary King Ecclesiast,
 Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

Methinks the text is never stale,
 And life is every day renewing,
 Fresh comments on the old, old tale
 Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still !
 He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
 Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
 As yonder on the Mount of Hermon :

For you and me to heart to take
 (O dear beloved brother readers),
 To-day, as when the good King spake
 Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

In Pace.

WHEN you are dead some day, my dear,
 Quite dead and underground,
 Where you will never see or hear
 A summer sight or sound ;
 What shall become of you in death,
 When all our songs to you
 Are silent as the bird whose breath
 Has sung the summer through ?

I wonder will you ever wake,
 And with tired eyes again
 Live for your old life's little sake
 An age of joy or pain ?
 Shall some stern destiny control
 That perfect form, wherein
 I hardly see enough of soul
 To make your life a sin ?

For we have heard, for all things born
 One harvest-day prepares
 Its golden garner for the corn,
 And fire to burn the tares ;
 But who shall gather into sheaves,
 Or turn aside to blame
 The poppy's puckered helpless leaves,
 Blown bells of scarlet flame ?

No hate so hard, no love so bold
 To seek your bliss or woe ;
 You are too sweet for hell to hold,
 And heaven would tire you so.
 A little while your joy shall be,
 And when you crave for rest,
 The earth shall take you utterly
 Again into her breast.

And we will find a quiet place
 For your still sepulchre,
 And lay the flowers upon your face,
 Sweet as your kisses were;
 And with hushed voices, void of mirth,
 Spread the light turf above,
 Soft as the silk you loved on earth
 As much as you could love.

Few tears, but once, our eyes shall shed,
 Nor will we sigh at all,
 But come and look upon your bed
 When the warm sunlights fall.
 Upon that grave no tree of fruit
 Shall grow, nor any grain;
 Only one flower of shallow root,
 That will not spring again.

A. R. ROPES.

Nothing under the Sun is New.

NOTHING under the sun is new —
 The old was old in Solomon's day,
 The false was false and the true was true;
 As the false and true will be away.

The Pharisee walks in the public place
 With his broad phylacteries displayed,
 And makes the prayers with a solemn face
 That a thousand years ago he made.

The priest and the Levite still pass by,
 While the wounded wretch, on the other
 side,
 Appeals in vain with beseeching eye
 For the helping hand so coldly denied.

Now Lazarus begs at Dives' gate
 For the crumbs that fall from his ample
 feast;
 And never a fear of his future fate
 Disturbs the rich man's soul in the least.

And Magdalen crouches in dumb despair,
 Alone at the foot of the altar-stone,
 And nobody heeds her lying there,
 Or hears her prayer in its anguished moan.

So nothing under the sun is new —
 The old was old in Solomon's day;
 But where are the workers, faithful and true,
 Who lifted the fallen along the way?

Will the good Samaritan come no more?
 Is the strength of the chosen weak and cold?
 Are faith and hope and charity o'er?
 Is it only love that dies when old?

Nay, love survives, and brave souls live,
 And generous deeds are done by the few,
 While the many accept what the martyrs give,
 And — nothing under the sun is new!

MARC E. COOK.

The One Gray Hair.

THE wisest of the wise
 Listen to pretty lies,
 And love to hear them told;
 Doubt not that Solomon
 Listened to many a one —
 Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
 The choir of wisdom's song,
 But pretty lies loved I
 As much as any king —
 When youth was on the wing,
 And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite
 gone by.

Alas! and I have not
 The pleasant hour forgot,
 When one pert lady said —
 "O Landor! I am quite
 Bewildered with affright;
 I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
 Drew out that hair of mine,
 And in her own dark hair
 Pretended she had found
 That one, and twirled it round.
 Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

To Perilla.

Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see
 Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?
 Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid
 come,
 And haste away to mine eternal home;
 'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this
 That I must give thee the supremest kiss.
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
 Part of the cream from that religious spring,
 With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet;
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet
 Which wrapped thy smooth limbs when thou didst
 implore
 The gods' protection, but the night before;
 Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear.
 Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
 Devoted to the memory of me;
 Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
 Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before,
 As he passed by the door;
 And again
 The pavement-stones resound
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 So forlorn;
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom;
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
 Poor old lady! she is dead
 Long ago —
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
 And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff;
 And a crook is in his back,
 And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here.
 But the old three-cornered hat,
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them smile, as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Ode on Solitude.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire:

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Memory.

THE mother of the muses, we are taught,
Is memory; she has left me; they remain,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
"Alas! alas!" is all I can reply.
Memory has left with me that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, called or uncalled.
Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word "Dear" alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O Oblivion,
If thy stream carried only weeds away,
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Written at an Inn at Henley.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin:
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

On Solitude.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself too mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
 Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
 On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched, and too solitary he
 Who loves not his own company!
 He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 To help to bear 't away.

O Solitude, first state of human-kind!
 Which blest remained till man did find
 Even his own helper's company.
 As soon as two (alas!) together joined,
 The serpent made up three.

The god himself, through countless ages thee
 His sole companion chose to be,
 Thee, sacred Solitude alone,
 Before the branchy head of number's tree
 Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
 Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it more well managed by thy art
 With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light,
 Dost like a burning-glass unite,
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
 The monster London laugh at me,
 I should at thee too, foolish city,
 If it were fit to laugh at misery,
 But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Waiting by the Gate.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone
 by,
 Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
 While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood
 and lea,
 I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's
 flight,
 A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the
 night;
 I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant
 more,
 And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of
 day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold,
 now,
 There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed
 brow;
 His count of years is full, his allotted task is
 wrought;
 He passes to his rest from a place that needs him
 not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the
 hour
 Of human strength and action, man's courage and
 his power.
 I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the
 golden day,
 And as I look down and listen the sadness wears
 away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing,
 throws
 A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully
 goes:
 A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her
 hair,
 Moves mournfully away from amidst the young
 and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
 Oh crimson flash of morning that darkens as we
 gaze!

Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless
air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies, we know
not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and
then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me; the evening
bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient
gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and
wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group
go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the
sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward
strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind
that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by
side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men
of pride,
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those
pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the
way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are
blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in
drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious
eye
Of Him, the sinless teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my
heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to de-
part;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and
lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The End of the Play.

THE play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends—
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night!—with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away!

Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age;
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men—
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys—
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift;
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!

Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?
 We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit —
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed —
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen! — whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the awful will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
 Who misses, or who wins the prize —
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days:
 The shepherds heard it overhead —
 The joyful angels raised it then:
 Glory to heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.

As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still —
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Time's Cure.

MOURN, O rejoicing heart!
 The hours are flying;
 Each one some treasure takes,
 Each one some blossom breaks,
 And leaves it dying;
 The chill, dark night draws near —
 The sun will soon depart,
 And leave thee sighing,
 Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
 The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
 The hours fly fast —
 With each some sorrow dies,
 With each some shadow flies;
 Until at last
 The red dawn in the east
 Bids weary night depart,
 And pain is past;
 Rejoice, then, grieving heart!
 The hours fly fast!

ANONYMOUS.

A Petition to Time.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently — as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream.
 Humble voyagers are we,
 Husband, wife, and children three —
 (One is lost — an angel fled
 To the azure overhead!)

TOUCH us gently, Time!
 We've not proud nor soaring wings,
 Our ambition, our content,
 Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Song.

TIME is a feathered thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they are told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles here,
Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost;
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

ANONYMOUS.

There are Gains for all our Losses.

THERE are gains for all our losses—
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Sonnet.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize
them—
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or
denies them!

AUBREY DE VERE.

The Soul's Defiance.

I SAID to sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye.

I said to penury's meagre train,
Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
 Pass on! I heed you not;
 Ye may pursue me till my form
 And being are forgot;
 Yet still the spirit which you see
 Undaunted by your wiles,
 Draws from its own nobility
 Its high-born smiles.

I said to friendship's menaced blow,
 Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
 Thou canst but add one bitter woe
 To those already there;
 Yet still the spirit that sustains
 This last severe distress,
 Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
 And scorn redress.

I said to death's uplifted dart,
 Aim sure! oh, why delay?
 Thou wilt not find a fearful heart —
 A weak, reluctant prey;
 For still the spirit, firm and free,
 Unruffled by this last dismay,
 Wrapt in its own eternity,
 Shall pass away.

LAVINIA STODDARD.

Mutability.

THE flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow dies;
 All that we wish to stay
 Tempts, and then flies;
 What is this world's delight?
 Lightning that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
 Friendship too rare!
 Love, how it sells poor bliss
 For proud despair!
 But we, though soon they fall,
 Survive their joy, and all
 Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
 Whilst flowers are gay,

Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day,
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
 Dream thou! and from thy sleep
 Then wake to weep.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Stanzas.

My life is like the summer rose
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But, ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground — to die!
 Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see —
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
 Its hold is frail — its date is brief,
 Restless and soon to pass away!
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree —
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea —
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

No More.

My wind has turned to bitter north,
 That was so soft a south before;
 My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
 With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;
 My gay green leaves are yellow-black
 Upon the dank autumnal floor;
 For love, departed once, comes back
 No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
 For winds to blow and rains to pour;
 One frosty night befell — and lo!
 I find my summer days are o'er.
 The heart bereaved, of why and how
 Unknowing, knows that yet before
 It had what e'en to memory now
 Returns no more, no more.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Ode to Duty.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove —
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not;
 Long may the kindly impulse last!
 But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand
 fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet find that other strength, according to their
 need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust;
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought;
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 I feel the weight of chance desires,
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we any thing so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face;
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
 fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
 I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give;
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Song.

Oh say not that my heart is cold
 To aught that once could warm it —
 That nature's form, so dear of old,
 No more has power to charm it;
 Or that the ungenerous world can chill
 One glow of fond emotion
 For those who made it dearer still,
 And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
 In rapt and dreamy sadness —
 Oft look on those who loved them too,
 With fancy's idle gladness;
 Again I longed to view the light
 In nature's features glowing,
 Again to tread the mountain's height,
 And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and, frowning, flung
 His leaden chain around me;
 With iron look and sullen tongue
 He muttered as he bound me:
 "The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
 Unfit for toil the creature;
 These for the free alone are given —
 But what have slaves with nature?"

CHARLES WOLFE.

Why thus Longing?

WHY thus longing, thus for ever sighing,
 For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
 All thy restless yearnings it would still;
 Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw —
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
 To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
 No fond voices answer to thine own;
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
 Not by works that give thee world-renown,
 Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
 Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown?

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
 Every day a rich reward will give;
 Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
 And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
 When all nature hails the lord of light,
 And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
 Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
 Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
 But with fervent love if thou adorest,
 Thou art wealthier — all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
 Sighing that they are not thine alone,
 Not those fair fields, but thyself, thou lovest,
 And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
 Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
 All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
 Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

Losses.

UPON the white sea-sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had known:
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay,
 And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
 Of a fair freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep gone down;
 But one had wilder woe —
 For a fair face, long ago
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
 And one upon the west
 Turned an eye that would not rest,
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
 Some of proud honors told,
 Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
 And one of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
 That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,

A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free :
 "Sad losses have ye met,
 But mine is heavier yet ;
 For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
 "For the living and the dead —
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
 For the wrecks of land and sea !
 But, however it came to thee,
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWN.

Spinning.

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
 I tread my days ;
 I know that all the threads will run
 Appointed ways ;
 I know each day will bring its task,
 And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
 Of that I spin :
 I only know that some one came,
 And laid within
 My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
 Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
 And tangled fly,
 I know wild storms are sweeping past,
 And fear that I
 Shall fall ; but dare not try to find
 A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
 That tint and place,
 In some great fabric to endure
 Past time and race,
 My threads will have ; so from the first,
 Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
 From one short word
 Said over me when I was young,—
 So young, I heard
 It, knowing not that God's name signed
 My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
 Within, without,
 It matters not. The bond divine
 I never doubt.
 I know he set me here, and still,
 And glad, and blind, I wait his will ;

But listen, listen, day by day,
 To hear their tread
 Who bear the finished web away,
 And cut the thread,
 And bring God's message in the sun,
 "Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Human Frailty.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
 The purpose of to-day,
 Woven with pains into his plan,
 To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain ;
 But passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part ;
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
 Through all his art we view ;
 And while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast ;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Good Great Man.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and
pains!

It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corse which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but
ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man? Three treasures—love, and
light,

And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or
night—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Sonnets.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth
year!

My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,

That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even

To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of
Heaven:

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-master's eye.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not! in thy book record their groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow

O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My true account, lest he returning chide—
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?”

I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: “God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council, and her Treasury,

Who lived in both, unstained with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,

Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory

At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent;

Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourished yet by you,

Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,

That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honored Margaret.

JOHN MILTON.

Oh! the Pleasant Days of Old!

OH! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!

True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days:

Bare floors were strewed with rushes—the walls let in the cold;

Oh! how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!

They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?

They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold—

Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!

With sword and lance, and armor strong, they scoured the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,

By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!

Oh! the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from fear or pain,

Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain;

They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold—

Oh! more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old! with their turrets, moat, and keep,

Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep.

Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold;

And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old.

Oh! the troubadours of old! with their gentle minstrelsie

Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whichever their lot might be—

For years they served their lady-love ere they their passions told—

Oh! wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old! with their chivalry and state;

I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate;

I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—

But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWN.

The White Island;

OR, PLACE OF THE BLEST.

In this world, the isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,

Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting;

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh

Unto young eternitie,

Uniting

In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere—

Candor here and lustre there

Delighting.

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,

To create, or cause at all,

Affrighting;

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep,

But eternal watch shall keep,

Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue

Me immortalized, and you—

And fresh joys, as never to

Have ending.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Arranmore.

O ARRANMORE, loved Arranmore,
 How oft I dream of thee!
 And of those days when by thy shore
 I wandered young and free.
 Full many a path I've tried since then,
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon the breezy cliffs
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs
 That danced along the flood!
 Or when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have sought that Eden in its light
 Which dreaming poets sing—

That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene—
 Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
 At sunset, oft are seen;
 Ah dream, too full of saddening truth!
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth—
 As sunny and as vain!

THOMAS MOORE.

Honest Poverty.

Is there for honest poverty
 Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by;
 We dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
 The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
 A man 's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He 's but a coof for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man 's aboon his might—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It 's coming yet, for a' that—
 When man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

Contemplate all this Work.

CONTEMPLATE all this work of time,
 The giant laboring in his youth;
 Nor dream of human love and truth
 As dying nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
 Are breathers of an ampler day
 For ever nobler ends. They say
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
 And grew to seeming random forms,
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
 Till at the last arose the man—

Who throve and branched from clime to clime,
 The herald of a higher race,
 And of himself in higher place,
 If so he types this work of time

Within himself, from more to more ;
 And crowned with attributes of woe
 Like glories, move his course, and show
 That life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
 And heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
 And battered with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
 The reeling faun, the sensual feast !
 Move upward, working out the beast,
 And let the ape and tiger die !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Is it Come ?

Is it come ? they said, on the banks of the Nile,
 Who looked for the world's long-promised day,
 And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil,
 With the desert's sand and the granite gray.
 From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
 We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan ;
 They tell us of the tyrant's dread —
 Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came, with his starry lore ;
 And built up Babylon's crown and creed ;
 And bricks were stamped on the Tigris shore
 With signs which our sages scarce can read.
 From Ninus' temple, and Nimrod's tower,
 The rule of the old East's empire spread
 Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power —
 But still, Is it come ? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame,
 The ancient bondage its splendor threw ;
 And once, on the west a sunrise came,
 When Greece to her freedom's trust was true ;
 With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
 With human gods, and with god-like men,
 No marvel the far-off day seemed near,
 To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Romans conquered, and revelled too,
 Till honor, and faith, and power, were gone ;
 And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,
 As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.

The gown was learning, the sword was law ;
 The people served in the oxen's stead ;
 But ever some gleam the watcher saw,
 And evermore, Is it come ? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught,
 Above the din of life's fears and frets ;
 It marched with letters, it toiled with thought,
 Through schools and creeds which the earth
 forgets.

And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
 And traders barter our world away —
 Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
 And still, at times, Is it come ? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace
 Of all the sunshine so far foretold ;
 The cannon speaks in the teacher's place —
 The age is weary with work and gold ;
 And high hopes wither, and memories wane,
 On hearths and altars the fires are dead ;
 But that brave faith hath not lived in vain —
 And this is all that our watcher said.

FRANCES BROWN.

If that were True !

'Tis long ago,— we have toiled and traded,
 Have lost and fretted, have gained and grieved,
 Since last the light of that fond faith faded ;
 But, friends — in its day — what we believed !
 The poets' dreams and the peasants' stories —
 Oh, never will time that trust renew !
 Yet they were old on the earth before us,
 And lovely tales,— had they been true !

Some spake of homes in the greenwood hidden,
 Where age was fearless and youth was free —
 Where none at life's board seemed guests unbidden,
 But men had years like the forest tree :
 Goodly and fair and full of summer,
 As lives went by when the world was new,
 Ere ever the angel steps passed from her,—
 Oh, dreamers and bards, if that were true !

Some told us of a stainless standard —
 Of hearts that only in death grew cold,
 Whose march was ever in freedom's vanguard,
 And not to be stayed by steel or gold.

The world to their very graves was debtor —
 The tears of her love fell there like dew ;
 But there had been neither slave nor fetter
 This day in her realms, had that been true !

Our hope grew strong as the giant-slayer :
 They told that life was an honest game,
 Where fortune favored the fairest player,
 And only the false found loss and blame —
 That men were honored for gifts and graces,
 And not for the prizes folly drew ;
 But there would be many a change of places,
 In hovel and hall, if that were true !

Some said to our silent souls, What fear ye ?
 And talked of a love not based on clay —
 Of faith that would neither wane nor weary,
 With all the dust of the pilgrim's day ;
 They said that fortune and time were changers,
 But not by their tides such friendship grew ;
 Oh, we had never been trustless strangers
 Among our people, if that were true !

And yet since the fairy time hath perished,
 With all its freshness, from hills and hearts,
 The last of its love, so vainly cherished,
 Is not for these days of schools and marts.
 Up, up ! for the heavens still circle o'er us ;
 There's wealth to win and there's work to do,
 There's a sky above, and a grave before us —
 And, brothers, beyond them all is true !

FRANCES BROWN.

Bacchanalia ; or, The New Age.

I.

THE evening comes, the fields are still,
 The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
 Unheard all day, ascends again ;
 Deserted is the half-mown plain,
 Silent the swaths ! the ringing wain,
 The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
 All housed within the sleeping farms !
 The business of the day is done,
 The last-left haymaker is gone.
 And from the thyme upon the height,
 And from the elder-blossom white

And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
 And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
 In puffs of balm the night-air blows
 The perfume which the day foregoes.
 And on the pure horizon far,
 See, pulsing with the first-born star,
 The liquid sky above the hill !
 The evening comes, the fields are still.

Loitering and leaping,
 With saunter, with bounds —
 Flickering and circling
 In files and in rounds —
 Gayly their pine-staff green
 Tossing in air,
 Loose o'er their shoulders white
 Showering their hair —
 See ! the wild Mænads
 Break from the wood,
 Youth and Iacchus
 Maddening their blood.
 See ! through the quiet land
 Rioting they pass —
 Fling the fresh heaps about,
 Trample the grass.
 Tear from the rifled hedge
 Garlands, their prize ;
 Fill with their sports the field,
 Fill with their cries.

Shepherd, what ails thee, then ?
 Shepherd, why mute ?
 Forth with thy joyous song !
 Forth with thy flute !
 Tempts not the revel blithe ?
 Lure not their cries ?
 Glow not their shoulders smooth ?
 Melt not their eyes ?
 Is not, on cheeks like those,
 Lovely the flush ?
 —Ah, so the quiet was !
 So was the hush !

II.

The epoch ends, the world is still.
 The age has talked and worked its fill —
 The famous orators have shone,
 The famous poets sung and gone,

The famous men of war have fought,
 The famous speculators thought,
 The famous players, sculptors, wrought,
 The famous painters filled their wall,
 The famous critics judged it all.
 The combatants are parted now —
 Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
 The puissant crowned, the weak laid low.
 And in the after-silence sweet,
 Now strifes are hushed, our ears doth meet,
 Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
 Of this or that down-trodden name,
 Delicate spirits, pushed away
 In the hot press of the noonday.
 And o'er the plain, where the dead age
 Did its now silent warfare wage —
 O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
 Where many a splendor finds its tomb,
 Many spent fames and fallen nights —
 The one or two immortal lights
 Rise slowly up into the sky
 To shine there everlastingly,
 Like stars over the bounding hill.
 The epoch ends, the world is still.

Thundering and bursting
 In torrents, in waves —
 Carolling and shouting
 Over tombs, amid graves —
 See! on the cumbered plain
 Clearing a stage,
 Scattering the past about,
 Comes the new age.
 Bards make new poems,
 Thinkers new schools,
 Statesmen new systems,
 Critics new rules.
 All things begin again;
 Life is their prize;
 Earth with their deeds they fill,
 Fill with their cries.

Poet, what ails thee, then?
 Say, why so mute?
 Forth with thy praising voice!
 Forth with thy flute!
 Loiterer! why sittest thou
 Sunk in thy dream?

Tempts not the bright new age?
 Shines not its stream?
 Look, ah, what genius,
 Art, science, wit!
 Soldiers like Cæsar,
 Statesmen like Pitt!
 Sculptors like Phidias,
 Raphaels in shoals,
 Poets like Shakespeare —
 Beautiful souls!
 See, on their glowing cheeks
 Heavenly the flush!
 —*Ah, so the silence was!*
So was the hush!

The world but feels the present's spell,
 The poet feels the past as well;
 Whatever men have done, might do,
 Whatever thought, might think it too.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Day of the Lord.

THE Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand;
 Its storms roll up the sky;
 The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;
 All dreamers toss and sigh;
 The night is darkest before the morn;
 When the pain is sorest the child is born,
 And the Day of the Lord is at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God —
 Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth;
 Come! for the Earth is grown coward and old;
 Come down, and renew us her youth.
 Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring, and Love,
 Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above —
 To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell —
 Famine, and Plague, and War:
 Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
 Gather, and fall in the snare!
 Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,
 Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
 While the Lord of all ages is here?
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
 And those who can suffer can dare.
 Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
 And the meekest of saints may find stern work to
 do,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The World.

'Tis all a great show,
 The world that we're in —
 None can tell when 'twas finished,
 None saw it begin;
 Men wander and gaze through
 Its courts and its halls,
 Like children whose love is
 The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
 There are clouds in the sky —
 Songs pour from the woodland,
 The waters glide by;
 Too many, too many
 For eye or for ear,
 The sights that we see,
 And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
 Comes down on the mind;
 So swift is life's train,
 To its objects we're blind;
 I myself am but one
 In the fleet-gliding show —
 Like others I walk,
 But know not where I go.

One saint to another
 I heard say, "How long?"
 I listened, but naught more
 I heard of his song;
 The shadows are walking
 Through city and plain —
 How long shall the night
 And its shadow remain?

How long ere shall shine,
 In this glimmer of things,
 The light of which prophet
 In prophecy sings?
 And the gates of that city
 Be open, whose sun
 No more to the west
 Its circuit shall run!

JONES VERY.

Be Patient.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against
 the earth;
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed
 has birth —
 How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little
 way,
 Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the
 blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty
 thought
 Must have their silent undergrowth, must under-
 ground be wrought;
 But as sure as there's a power that makes the
 grass appear,
 Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-
 time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient! — go and watch the
 wheat-ears grow —
 So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor
 throe —
 Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully
 grown,
 And then again day after day, till the ripened field
 is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient! — though yet our
 hopes are green,
 The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned
 with sunny sheen.
 Be ripening! be ripening! — mature your silent
 way,
 Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on
 freedom's harvest-day!

ANONYMOUS.

There be Those.

THERE be those who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps ever wandered there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,
The stream flows on as yesterday;
Nor can it for a time be seen
A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread;
It lives, it lives — the spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, that desert ground,
No more unlovely shall be found;
But scattered flowers of simplest grace
Shall spread their beauty round the place.

And soon or late a time will come
When witnesses, that now are dumb,
With grateful eloquence shall tell
From whom the seed, there scattered, fell.

BERNARD BARTON.

Each and All.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one —
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even.
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;

For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore:
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam —
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild up-
roar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone —
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat —
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole —
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Lost Church.

IN yonder dim and pathless wood
Strange sounds are heard at twilight hour,
And peals of solemn music swell
As from some minster's lofty tower.

From age to age those sounds are heard,
 Borne on the breeze at twilight hour —
 From age to age no foot hath found
 A pathway to the minster's tower!

Late, wandering in that ancient wood,
 As onward through the gloom I trod,
 From all the woes and wrongs of earth
 My soul ascended to its God.
 When lo! in the hushed wilderness
 I heard, far off, that solemn bell:
 Still, heavenward as my spirit soared,
 Wilder and sweeter rang the knell.

While thus in holy musings wrapt,
 My mind from outward sense withdrawn,
 Some power had caught me from the earth,
 And far into the heavens upborne.
 Methought a hundred years had passed
 In mystic visions as I lay —
 When suddenly the parting clouds
 Seemed opening wide, and far away.

No midday sun its glory shed,
 The stars were shrouded from my sight;
 And lo! majestic o'er my head,
 A minster shone in solemn light.
 High through the lurid heavens it seemed
 Aloft on cloudy wings to rise,
 Till all its pointed turrets gleamed,
 Far flaming, through the vaulted skies!

The bell with full resounding peal
 Rang booming through the rocking tower;
 No hand had stirred its iron tongue,
 Slow swaying to the storm-wind's power.
 My bosom beating like a bark
 Dashed by the surging ocean's foam,
 I trod with faltering, fearful joy
 The mazes of the mighty dome.

A soft light through the oriel streamed
 Like summer moonlight's golden gloom,
 Far through the dusky arches gleamed,
 And filled with glory all the room.
 Pale sculptures of the sainted dead
 Seemed waking from their icy thrall;
 And many a glory-circled head
 Smiled sadly from the storied wall.

Low at the altar's foot I knelt,
 Transfixed with awe, and dumb with dread;
 For, blazoned on the vaulted roof,
 Were heaven's fiercest glories spread.
 Yet when I raised my eyes once more,
 The vaulted roof itself was gone —
 Wide open was heaven's lofty door,
 And every cloudy veil withdrawn!

What visions burst upon my soul,
 What joys unutterable there
 In waves on waves for ever roll
 Like music through the pulseless air —
 These never mortal tongue may tell:
 Let him who fain would prove their power
 Pause when he hears that solemn knell
 Float on the breeze at twilight hour.

LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Paraphrase of SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

At Tiber Mouth.

THE low plains stretch to the west with a glimmer
 of rustling weeds,
 Where the waves of a golden river wind home by
 the marshy meads;
 And the strong wind born of the sea grows faint
 with a sickly breath,
 As it stays in the fretting rushes and blows on the
 dews of death.
 We came to the silent city, in the glare of the
 noontide heat,
 When the sound of a whisper rang through the
 length of the lonely street;
 No tree in the clefted ruin, no echo of song nor
 sound,
 But the dust of a world forgotten lay under the
 barren ground.

There are shrines under these green hillocks to the
 beautiful gods that sleep,
 Where they prayed in the stormy season for lives
 gone out on the deep;
 And here in the grave street sculptured, old record
 of loves and tears,
 By the dust of the nameless slave, forgotten a
 thousand years.

Nor ever again at even shall ship sail in on the breeze,
Where the hulls of their gilded galleys came home
from a hundred seas,
For the marsh plants grow in her haven, the marsh
birds breed in her bay,
And a mile to the shoreless westward the water has
passed away.

But the sea-folk gathering rushes come up from
the windy shore,
So the song that the years have silenced grows
musical there once more!
And now and again unburied, like some still voice
from the dead,
They light on the fallen shoulder and the lines of a
marble head.
But we went from the sorrowful city and wandered
away at will,
And thought of the breathing marble and the
words that are music still.

How full were their lives that labored, in their
fetterless strength and far
From the ways that our feet have chosen as the
sunlight is from the star,
They clung to the chance and promise that once
while the years are free
Look over our life's horizon as the sun looks over
the sea,
But we wait for a day that dawns not, and cry for
unclouded skies,
And while we are deep in dreaming, the light that
was o'er us dies;
We know not what of the present we shall stretch
out our hand to save,
Who sing of the life we long for, and not of the
life we have;
And yet if the chance were with us to gather the
days misspent,
Should we change the old resting-places, the
wandering ways we went?
They were strong, but the years are stronger; they
are grown but a name that thrills,
And the wreck of their marble glory lies ghost-like
over their hills.
So a shadow fell o'er our dreaming for the weary
heart of the past,
For the seed that the years have scattered, to reap
so little at last.

And we went to the sea-shore forest, through a long
colonnade of pines,
Where the skies peep in, and the sea with a fitting
of silver lines.
And we came on an open place in the green, deep
heart of the wood,
Where I think in the years forgotten an altar
of Faunus stood;
From a spring in the long, dark grasses two rivulets
rise and run
By the length of their sandy borders where the
snake lies coiled in the sun.
And the stars of the white narcissus lie over the
grass like snow,
And beyond in the shadowy places the crimson
cyclamens grow;
Far up from their wave-home yonder the sea-winds
murmuring pass,
The branches quiver and creak, and the lizard
starts in the grass.
And we lay in the untrod moss and pillowed our
cheeks with flowers,
While the sun went over our heads, and we took no
count of the hours;
From the end of the waving branches and under
the cloudless blue,
Like sunbeams chained for a banner, the thread-
like gossamers flew.
And the joy of the woods came o'er us, and we felt
that our world was young
With the gladness of years unspent and the sorrow
of life unsung.
So we passed with a sound of singing along to the
seaward way,
Where the sails of the fishermen folk came home-
ward over the bay;
For a cloud grew over the forest and darkened the
sea-god's shrine,
And the hills of the silent city were only a ruby
line.
But the sun stood still on the waves as we passed
from the fading shores,
And shone on our boat's red bulwarks and the
golden blades of the oars,
And it seemed, as we steered for the sunset, that
we passed through a twilight sea,
From the gloom of a world forgotten to the light
of a world to be.

RENNELL RODD.

The Garden of Love.

I WENT to the garden of love,
 And saw what I never had seen;
 A chapel was built in the midst,
 Where I used to play on the green.

 And the gate of this chapel was shut,
 And "thou shalt not" writ over the door;
 So I turned to the garden of love,
 That so many sweet flowers bore.

 And I saw it was filled with graves,
 And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
 And priests in black gowns were walking their
 rounds,
 And binding with briars my joys and desires.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Problem.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl—
 I love a prophet of the soul;
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
 Yet not for all his faith can see,
 Would I that cowed churchman be.
 Why should the vest on him allure
 Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below—
 The canticles of love and woe;
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?

Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn each annual cell?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads?
 Such and so grew these holy piles,
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone;
 And morning opes with haste her lids
 To gaze upon the pyramids;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye:
 For out of thought's interior sphere
 These wonders rose to upper air;
 And nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,
 And granted them an equal date
 With Andes and with Ararat.
 These temples grew as grows the grass—
 Art might obey, but not surpass.
 The passive master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the shrine
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
 Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs
 And through the priest the mind inspires.
 The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers or sibyls told,
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind.
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.
 I know what say the fathers wise—
 The book itself before me lies—
 Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
 And he who blent both in his line,
 The younger golden lips or mines—
 Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;
 His words are music in my ear—
 I see his cowed portrait dear;
 And yet, for all his faith could see,
 I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways —
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there,
 I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
 The short'ning winter day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough,
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes —
 This night his weekly toil is at an end —
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend;
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.
 His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor and his
 toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in —
 At service out, amang the farmers' roun';
 Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town.
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years —
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Their masters' and their mistresses' command
 The younkens a' are warned to obey,
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play,
 An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
 aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;
 Wi' heartstruck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild,
 worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben —
 A strappan youth, he tak's the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel be-
 have;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae
 grave —
 Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected like
 the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare —

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 evening gale.

Is there, in human form that bears a heart,
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child —
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distrac-
 tion wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board:
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
 The soup their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud;
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,
 An' aft he's pressed, and aft he ca's it good;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the
 bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says with sol-
 emn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim;
 Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name;
 Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame —
 The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays;
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise —
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page:
 How Abraham was the friend of God on
 high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
 How his first followers and servants sped —
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal king,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
 That thus they all shall meet in future
 days;

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear —
 Together hymning their creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling time moves round in an eternal
 sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's every grace except the heart!
 The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the
 soul,
 And in his book of life the inmates poor en-
 roll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to heaven the warm request
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide—
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine
 preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
 springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings—
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
 And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness re-
 fined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is
 sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet con-
 tent!
 And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives pre-
 vent
 From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-
 loved isle.

O thou! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted
 heart—
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part—
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art—
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot and the patriot bard
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and
 guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

Hallowed Ground.

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and
 missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed:
 But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
 Yon churchyard bowers?
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
 The spot where love's first links were wound
 That ne'er are riven,
 Is hallowed, down to earth's profound,
 And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
 The burning thoughts that then were told
 Run molten still in memory's mould,
 And will not cool
 Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
 In dews that heavens far distant weep,
 Their turf may bloom,
 Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for freedom's right?
 He's dead alone that lacks her light!

And murder sullies in heaven's sight
 The sword he draws:
 What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace
 Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking space!
 The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
 Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
 To Heaven! — But Heaven rebukes my zeal.
 The cause of truth and human weal,
 O God above!
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To peace and love.

Peace! love! — the cherubim that join
 Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine!
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not;
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
 And pompous rites in domes august?
 See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt,
 That men can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
 Thy temples — creeds themselves grow wan!
 But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban —
 Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured nature's ceiling,
 Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
 And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
 Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
 Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?

Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above?
 Ye must be heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time:
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason, on his mortal clime,
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —
 Peace, independence, truth, go forth,
 Earth's compass round;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will,
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the worldly care
 Of public fame or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from humors freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall —
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Man.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man, to whose creation
All things are in decay?

For man is every thing,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more —
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute —
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie —
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains
flow.

Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed —
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne with-
draws.
Musick and light attend our head;

All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being — to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation —
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink — above, our meat;
Both are our cleanness. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, oh dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Seed-Time and Harvest.

As o'er his furrowed fields, which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow:

Thus, freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done !

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense —
The hope, the trust, the purpose staid,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

Our life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again ;
And early called, how blessed are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Ode.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light —
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore :
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief ;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief.
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep —
No more shall grief of mine the season
wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains
throng ;
The winds come to me from the fields of
sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity ;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy shepherd boy !

IV.

Ye blessed creatures ! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal —
The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
— But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon —
Both of them speak of something that is gone ;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar,
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home.
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy ;
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows —
 He sees it in his joy.
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind ;
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses —
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art —
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral —
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song.
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife :
 But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part —
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie,
 Thy soul's immensity !
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage ! thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind ! —
 Mighty prophet ! Seer blest,
 On whom those truths do rest
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave !
 Thou over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by !
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
 freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX.

Oh joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not, indeed,
 For that which is most worthy to be blest —
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
 breast —
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised —
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never —
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither —
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower —
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind:
 In the primal sympathy
 Which, having been, must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears —
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Light of Stars.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
 And sinking silently,
 All silently, the little moon
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
 But the cold light of stars;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
 The star of love and dreams?
 Oh no! from that blue tent above
 A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies,
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain;
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
 But the cold light of stars:
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
 That rearest this brief psalm,
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm !

Oh fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

OFT in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !

Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

Night.

WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere,
 So rich with jewels hung that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,
 And heavenward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name ;

No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small character,
 Removed far from our human sight.

But if we steadfast look,
 We shall discern
 In it, as in some holy book,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
 That far-fetched power,
 Which his proud dangers traffic for,
 Is but the triumph of an hour —

That from the farthest north
 Some nation may,
 Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
 And o'er his new-got conquest sway !

Some nation, yet shut in
 With hills of ice,
 May be let out to scourge his sin,
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And they likewise shall
 Their ruin have ;
 For as yourselves your empires fall,
 And every kingdom hath a grave.

There those celestial fires,
 Though seeming mute,
 The fallacy of our desires
 And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first
 The world had birth,
 And found sin in itself accurst,
 And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

All's Well!

EIGHT bells! Eight bells! their clear tone tells
 The midnight hour is here,
 And as they cease, these words of peace
 Fall gently on my ear :
 " All's well! All's well !"

Fond thoughts fly far, where loved ones are,
 Though distant, ever near,
 From those dear homes the echo comes,
 Our longing hearts to cheer :
 " All's well! All's well !"

Swift through the deep our course we keep,
 To shores unseen we steer,
 No thought of ill our souls shall chill,
 Nor wind nor wave we fear :
 " All's well! All's well !"

Thus o'er life's sea our voyage may be
 A pathway lone and drear,
 Through tempest loud and sorrow's cloud,
 Faith still shall whisper near :
 " All's well! All's well !"

And when for me, earth, sky, and sea
 Shall fade and disappear,
 May this sweet note still downward float,
 From some undying sphere :
 " All's well! All's well !"

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

The Sturdy Rock, for all his Strength.

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
 By raging seas is rent in twain ;
 The marble stone is pierced at length
 With little drops of drizzling rain ;
 The ox doth yield unto the yoke ;
 The steel obey'th the hammer-stroke ;

The stately stag, that seems so stout,
 By yelping hounds at bay is set ;
 The swiftest bird that flies about
 Is caught at length in fowler's net ;
 The greatest fish in deepest brook
 Is soon deceived with subtle hook ;

Yea! man himself, unto whose will
 All things are bounden to obey,
 For all his wit and worthy skill
 Doth fade at length, and fall away :
 There is no thing but time doth waste —
 The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But virtue sits triumphing still
 Upon the throne of glorious fame ;
 Though spiteful death man's body kill,
 Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
 By life or death, whatso betides,
 The state of virtue never slides.

ANONYMOUS.

Virtue.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky !
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye !
 Thy root is ever in its grave —
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie ;
 Thy music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Death's Final Conquest.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate—
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield—
They tame but one another still;

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!

All heads must come

To the cold tomb.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The Hermit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;

No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:

"Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay—
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
mourn!

Oh soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass
away!

Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays;

But lately I marked when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her
blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendor again!
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?

Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more.

I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for
you;

For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn—

Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering
urn?

Oh when shall day dawn on the night of the
grave?

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,

That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to
shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

'Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,

'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from
thee!

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;

From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

JAMES BEATTIE.

The Strife.

THE wish that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and nature then at strife,
 That nature lends such evil dreams?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear—

I falter where I firmly trod;
 And, falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
 That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Slave Singing at Midnight.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David!
 He, a negro and enslaved—
 Sang of Israel's victory,
 Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
 Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist,

In a voice so sweet and clear
 That I could not choose but hear—

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
 Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
 When upon the Red Sea coast
 Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
 Filled my soul with strange emotion;
 For its tones by turns were glad,
 Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
 Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen;
 And an earthquake's arm of might
 Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
 Brings the slave this glad evangel?
 And what earthquake's arm of might
 Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Sleep.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is
 For gift or grace surpassing this—
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
 The senate's shout to patriot's vows—
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith, all undisproved—
 A little dust to overweep—
 And bitter memories, to make—
 The whole earth blasted for our sake!—
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delved gold the wailers' heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth his beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill ;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yea ! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep ;
But angels say — and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is heard —
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close —
Would, childlike, on his love repose
Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

And friends ! — dear friends ! — when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall" —
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

An Old Poet to Sleep.

No god to mortals oftener descends
Than thou, O Sleep ! yet thee the sad alone
Invoke, and gratefully thy gift receive.
Some thou invitest to explore the sands

Left by Pactolus ; some to climb up higher,
Where points ambition to the pomps of war ;
Others thou watchest while they tighten robes
Which law throws round them loose, and they
meanwhile

Wink at a judge, and he the wink returns.
Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more
And leadest where unruffled rivers flow,
Or azure lakes 'neath azure skies expand.
These have no wider wishes, and no fears,
Unless a fear, in turning to molest
The silent, solitary, stately swan,
Disdaining the garrulity of groves
Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.

Me also hast thou led among such scenes,
Gentlest of gods ! and age appeared far off
While thou wast standing close above the couch,
And whispered 'st, in whisper not unheard,
"I now depart from thee, but leave behind
My own twin-brother, friendly as myself,
Who soon shall take my place ; men call him Death.
Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do ;
In sooth, why shouldst thou ? What man hast thou
wronged
By deed or word ? Few dare ask this within."

There was a pause ; then suddenly said Sleep,
"He whom I named approacheth, so farewell."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Sleep.

WEEP ye no more, sad fountains !
What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets ;
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets ?

Rest you then, rest, sad eyes —
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

JOHN DOWLAND.

Life and Death.

LIFE and Death are sisters fair;
 Yes, they are a lovely pair.
 Life is sung in joyous song;
 While men do her sister wrong,
 Calling her severe and stern,
 While her heart for them doth burn;
 Weave, then, weave a grateful wreath,
 For the sisters Life and Death.

If fair Life her sister lost,
 On a boundless ocean tost,
 She would rove in great unrest,
 Missing that warm loving breast.
 Now, when scared by wild alarms,
 She can seek her sister's arms —
 To that tender bosom flee,
 Sink to sleep in ecstasy.

ANONYMOUS.

The Greenwood Shrift.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade
 Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade
 A dying woman lay;
 Three little children round her stood,
 And there went up from the greenwood
 A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
 "O mother, mother! do not die,
 And leave us all alone."
 "My blessed babes!" she tried to say —
 But the faint accents died away
 In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggled hard with death,
 And fast and strong she drew her breath,

And up she raised her head;
 And, peering through the deep wood maze
 With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
 "Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
 A little maid's light form was seen,
 All breathless with her speed;
 And, following close, a man came on
 (A portly man to look upon),
 Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
 Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
 And kissed her clay-cold cheek —
 "I have not idled in the town,
 But long went wandering up and down,
 The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there —
 I think they mocked me everywhere;
 And when I found his home,
 And begged him on my bended knee
 To bring his book and come with me,
 Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
 And could not go in peace away
 Without the minister!
 I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
 But oh! my heart was fit to break —
 Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
 I ran back, fast as fast could be,
 To come again to you;
 And here — close by — this squire I met,
 Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;
 And when I told him true, —

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,
 'God sends me to this dying-bed' —
 Mother, he's here, hard by."
 While thus the little maiden spoke,
 The man, his back against an oak,
 Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,
 With quivering flank and trembling knee,

Pressed close his bonny bay ;
A statelier man — a statelier steed —
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms, and in his look
Something that, like a sermon-book,
Preached — “All is vanity.”

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay ;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying — “I am a minister,
My sister ! let us pray.”

And well, withouten book or stole
(God's words were printed on his soul !)
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 'twere an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate —
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
“Be merciful to me.”

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience, faith, and love —
Sure, in God's own good time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then — as the spirit ebbed away —
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass ;
And then — the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,

Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side ;
And there, uncovered all, they stood —
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band ;
And, central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.

ROBERT and CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

The Song of the Devas to Prince Siddhartha.

WE are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find ;
Lo ! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go ;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain ?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss ?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this ;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's son ! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings ; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands ;
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show ;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
 The sad world waiteth in its misery,
 The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
 Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

We are the voices of the wandering wind;
 Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
 Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
 Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
 To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
 So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
 These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

A Psalm of Life.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO
 THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead past bury its dead!
 Act—act in the living present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

My Days among the Dead.

My days among the dead are passed
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
 I live in long-past years;
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity:
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Sit down, Sad Soul.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come — tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles? — a score?
Then laugh and count no more;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same;
We love — for ever;
We laugh, yet few we shame —
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
Then — hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Life.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil — through pain and wrong;
We fight — and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
“Endure and — die?”

BARRY CORNWALL.

An Angel in the House.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed — as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths — angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

King Robert of Sicily.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, “*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*”
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
“What mean these words?” the clerk made an-
swer meet,
“He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.”
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
“’Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!”
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,

Save where the lamps that glimmered, few and faint,
 Lighted a little space before some saint.
 He started from his seat and gazed around,
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
 He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
 And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
 And imprecations upon men and saints.
 The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
 As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
 And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
 Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
 "Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
 "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
 Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,
 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
 Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
 Strode on and thundered at the palace gate:
 Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his
 rage

To right and left each seneschal and page,
 And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
 Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
 There on the dais sat another king,
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
 King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
 But all transfigured with angelic light!
 It was an angel; and his presence there
 With a divine effulgence filled the air,
 An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
 Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
 The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
 Who met his looks of anger and surprise
 With the divine compassion of his eyes;
 Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou
 here?"

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
 "I am the king, and come to claim my own
 From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
 And suddenly, at these audacious words,
 Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their
 swords;

The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
 "Nay, not the king, but the king's jester; thou
 Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
 And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape:
 Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
 And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and
 prayers,
 They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
 A group of tittering pages ran before,
 And as they opened wide the folding-door,
 His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
 The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
 And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
 With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"
 Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
 He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
 But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
 There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
 Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
 Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
 And in the corner, a revolting shape,
 Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
 It was no dream; the world he loved so much
 Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
 To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
 Under the angel's governance benign
 The happy island danced with corn and wine,
 And deep within the mountain's burning breast
 Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
 Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
 Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
 Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
 With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued,
And when the angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“Art thou the king?” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the king!”

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o’er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the
stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The pope received them with great pomp, and
blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter’s square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud:
“I am the king! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king’s disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?”
The pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel’s countenance serene;
The emperor, laughing, said, “It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!”
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of an angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube’s shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo’s wall,
And, seated on his throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the angel said,
“Art thou the king?” Then bowing down his
head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: “Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister’s school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul is shriven!”
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,

Above the stir and tumult of the street :
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 "I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came they found him
 there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent
 prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Life.

LIKE to the falling of the star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood —
 E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring entombed in autumn lies,
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past — and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

Man's Mortality.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning of the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had —
 E'en such is man whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,

The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes — and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun,
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearly dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan —
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.—
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
 The hour is short, the span is long,
 The swan's near death — man's life is done!

Like to a bubble in the brook,
 Or in a glass much like a look,
 Or like a shuttle in a weaver's hand,
 Or like the writing on the sand,
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of a stream;
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.
 The bubble's out, the look's forgot,
 The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
 The thought is past, the dream is gone,
 The water glides — man's life is done!

Like to a blaze of fond delight,
 Or like a morning clear and bright,
 Or like a frost, or like a shower,
 Or like the pride of Babel's tower,
 Or like the hour that guides the time,
 Or like to Beauty in her prime;
 E'en such is man, whose glory lends
 That life a blaze or two, and ends.
 The morn's o'ercast, joy turned to pain,
 The frost is thawed, dried up the rain,
 The tower falls, the hour is run,
 The beauty lost — man's life is done!

Like to an arrow from the bow,
 Or like swift course of water-flow,
 Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
 Or like the spider's tender web,
 Or like a race, or like a goal,
 Or like the dealing of a dole;

E'en such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto Fate.
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The time's no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt — man's life is done !

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a short song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum ;
E'en such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey's so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves — and so must all !

SIMON WASTEL.

Footsteps of Angels.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight —

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor-wall :

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door —
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine ;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Sunrise never Failed us yet.

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully ;
From the far lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful after-glow.

So out of life the splendor dies ;
So darken all the happy skies ;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern ;
But overhead the planets burn ;

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away ;
What though our eyes with tears be wet ?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet !

CELIA THAXTER.

The Burial of the Poet.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

IN the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling as if heaven dropped down
White flowers of paradise to strew his pall :—
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran ; but, ah ! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Thou wert lovely on thy Bier.

THEY say that thou wert lovely on thy bier,
More lovely than in life ; that when the thrall
Of earth was tossed, it seemed as though a pall
Of years were lifted, and thou didst appear
Such as of old amidst thy home's calm sphere
Thou sat'st, a kindly presence felt by all
In joy or grief, from morn to evening fall,
The peaceful genius of that mansion dear.
Was it the craft of all-persuading love
That wrought this marvel ? or is death indeed
A mighty matter, gifted from above
With alchemy benign, to wounded hearts
Ministering thus, by quaint and subtle arts,
Strange comfort, whereon after-thought may feed.

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER.

Sonnet.

OF mortal glory, O soon darkened ray !
O winged joys of man, more swift than wind !
O fond desires, which in our fancies stray !
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind !
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,

And, with that sun from whence it came combined,
Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears ;
Let widowed Music only roar and groan ;
Poor Virtue, get thee wings and mount the spheres,
For dwelling-place on earth for thee is none !
Death hath thy temple razed, Love's empire foiled,
The world of honor, worth, and sweetness spoiled.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A Wish.

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free ;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears.
Let those who will, if any, weep !
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied ;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go ;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show !

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he can not cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he !

Bring none of these ; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dew's of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread —
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead ;

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed !
To feel the universe my home ;
To have before my mind — instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath —
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death !

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear ;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Will.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies : here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blind, then Love, I give them thee ;
My tongue to Fame ; to ambassadors mine ears ;
To women, or the sea, my tears ;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too
much before.

My constancy I to the planets give,
My truth to them who at the court do live ;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits ; to buffoons my pensiveness ;
My silence to any who abroad hath been ;
My money to a Capuchin.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam ; my best civility
And courtship, to an university ;
My modesty I give to shoulders bare ;
My patience let gamesters share.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indig-
nity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends ; my industry to foes ;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
My sickness to physicians, or excess ;
To Nature, all that I in rhyme have writ ;
And to my company my wit ;
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I
did but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls
I give my physic-books ; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give ;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread ; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more ; but I'll undo
The world by dying ; because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it
forth ;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial on a grave.
Thou, Love, taughtest me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and
thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate
all three.

JOHN DONNE.

Lines on a Skeleton.

BEHOLD this ruin !—'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full !
This narrow cell was life's retreat ;
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous pictures filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasures long forgot !
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void ;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And, where it could not praise, was chained —
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can nothing now avail to them ;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe affliction's humble bed —
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's lap returned, ,
Those feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

Mortality.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the
high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose
eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,— her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those that beloved her and
praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the
steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,—

We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have
run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think:

From the death we are shrinking from, they too
would shrink;

To the life we are clinging to, they too would
cling;

But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers
may come;

They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is
dumb.

They died,—ay! they died: and we things that
are now,

Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear and the song and the
dirge

Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud,—

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

In Chartres Cathedral.

THROUGH yonder windows stained and old
Four level rays of red and gold
Strike down the twilight dim,
Four lifted heads are aureoled
Of the sculptured cherubim,
And soft like sounds on faint winds blown,
Of voices dying far away,

The organ's dreamy undertone,
The murmur while they pray;
And I sit here alone, alone,
And have no word to say;
Cling closer shadows, darker yet,
And heart be happy to forget.

And now, the mystic silence—and they kneel,
A young priest lifts a star of gold,—
And then the sudden organ-peal!

Ave and Ave! and the music rolled
Along the carven wonder of the choir
Thrilled canopy and spire,

Up till the echoes mingled with the song;
And now a boy's flute-note that rings
Shrill, sweet, and long;

Ave and Ave, louder and more loud
Rises the strain he sings
Upon the angel's wings!
Right up to God!

And you that sit there in the lowliest place,
With lips that hardly dare to move,
You with the old, sad, furrowed face
Dream on your dream of love!

For you, glide down the music's swell
The folding arms of peace;

For me, wild thoughts I dare not tell,
Desires that never cease.

For you, the calm, the angel's breast,
Whose dim foreknowledge is at rest;

For me, the beat of broken wings,
The old unanswered questionings.

RENNELL RODD.

Hymn of the Churchyard.

AN me! this is a sad and silent city:

Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!

Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.

This is pale beauty's bower; but where the beautiful,
Whom I have seen come forth at evening's hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
Amid the wreaths of spring to gather flowers?

Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place; but where the bustling—

The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—
The lookers-on,—the snowy garments rustling,—
The money-changers, and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur: where are they,—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay,—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

This is a place of refuge and repose.
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorers, and forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom: where are the gloomy?
The gloomy are not citizens of death—
Approach and look, where the long grass is plummy;
See them above! they are not found beneath!
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

This is a place of sorrow: friends have met
And mingled tears o'er those who answered not;
And where are they whose eyelids then were wet?
Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot;
They, too, are landed in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

This is a place of fear: the firmest eye
Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.

JOHN BETHUNE.

Lines Written in Richmond Church- yard, Yorkshire.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—Matt. xvii. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? ah, no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For, see! they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? ah, no!—she forgets
The charms which she wielded before—
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside;
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid, in their turn have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford—
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above;
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve!
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor
fear—
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark
stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, that insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the
skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

Thanatopsis.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet, the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron, and maid,

And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, may I join the Choir Invisible!

OH, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,

And with their mild persistence urge men's
minds

To vaster issues. So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized,
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.

And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better,—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,

Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love,—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever. This is life to come,—
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us, who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion evermore intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Meditations of a Hindoo Prince and Skeptic.

ALL the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never
have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and
the steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean and northward ayont
the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the
wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and
swarm,
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops or the
gusts of a gathering storm.
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the
rocks are seen,
Yet we all say: "Whence is the message, and what
may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open and ever the censer
swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol or the figures of
ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless
cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loath
to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a
pass of the hills;
Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the
shot that kills.
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a
hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter and press our lips
to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock
frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of a demon are caught
in the twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the
mountain-crest,
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there
and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the
faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the
mountain-side.
Forever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted
breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is
only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an
ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field and women
who died in flame:
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they
are spirits who guard our race;
Ever I watch and worship, they sit with a marble
face.

And the myriad idols around me and the legion of
muttering priests,
The revels and riots unholy, the dark, unspeakable
feasts,
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath
even a whisper come
Of the secret—Whence and Whither? Alas! for
the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come
from the uttermost sea?
“The secret, hath it been told you, and what is
your message to me?”

It is naught but the wide-world story, how the
earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and Deity once
was man.

I had thought: “Perchance in the cities where the
rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle
the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or
measured the unknown main.”
Sadly they turn from the venture and say that the
quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall
the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what
if the mirror break?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that
is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at
morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heaven above, whence the
rain and the levin are hurled,
But the wind that is swept round us by the rush of
the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me
to silence and sleep,
With the dirge and sounds of lamenting, and voices
of women who weep.

SIR ALFRED COMYNS LYALL.

Over the River.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another, the household pet;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
 We felt it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
 We know she is safe on the farther side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be:
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day;
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit-land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.

Life.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me 's a secret yet.
 But this I know: when thou art fled,
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,

No clod so valueless shall be
 As all that then remains of me.
 Oh, whither, whither dost thou fly,
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
 And in this strange divorce,
 Ah, tell me where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
 From whence thy essence came,
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
 From matter's base encumbering weed?
 Or dost thou, hid from sight,
 Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
 Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
 To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
 Oh, say, what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

The Death of the Virtuous.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fanned by some angel's purple wing;
 Where is, O grave! thy victory now?
 And where, insidious death! thy sting?

Farewell conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell!
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the day,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!"

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Would You be Young again?

WOULD you be young again?
 So would not I!
 One tear to memory given,
 Onward I'd hie.
 Life's dark flood forded o'er,
 All but at rest on shore,
 Say, would you plunge once more,
 With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
 Retrace your way?
 Wander through stormy wilds,
 Faint and astray?
 Night's gloomy watches fled,
 Morning all beaming red,
 Hope's smiles around us shed,
 Heavenward—away!

Where, then, are those dear ones,
 Our joy and delight?
 Dear and more dear, though now
 Hidden from sight!
 Where they rejoice to be,
 There is the land for me:
 Fly, time, fly speedily!
 Come, life and light!

LADY NAIRNE.

He who Died at Azan.

He who died at Azan sends
 This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
 Pale and white and cold as snow:
 And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
 Weeping at the feet and head.
 I can see your falling tears,
 I can hear your sighs and prayers;

Yet I smile and whisper this:
 I am not the thing you kiss.
 Cease your tears, and let it lie;
 It was mine—it is not I.

Sweet friends! what the women lave
 For its last bed of the grave,
 Is a hut which I am quitting,
 Is a garment no more fitting,
 Is a cage from which, at last,
 Like a hawk my soul hath passed;
 Love the inmate, not the room,
 The wearer, not the garb; the plume
 Of the falcon, not the bars
 That kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye.
 What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a wistful tear.
 'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
 Out of which the pearl has gone.
 The shell is broken, it lies there;
 The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
 'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of his treasury,
 A mind that loved him: let it lie!
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
 Now Thy world is understood;
 Now the long, long wonder ends!
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss instead,
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
 By such light as shines for you;
 But, in the light ye cannot see,
 Of unfulfilled felicity,
 In enlarging paradise
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! yet not farewell—
 Where I am ye too shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face,
 A moment's time, a little space.

When ye come where I have slept,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all and there is naught.
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain,
 Sunshine still must follow rain,
 Only not at death; for death,
 Now I know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain, all seems love,
 Viewed from Allah's throne above!
 Be ye stout of heart and come
 Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
 Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Elegy Written in a Country Church- yard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
 sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
 heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
 shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly
 bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
 stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

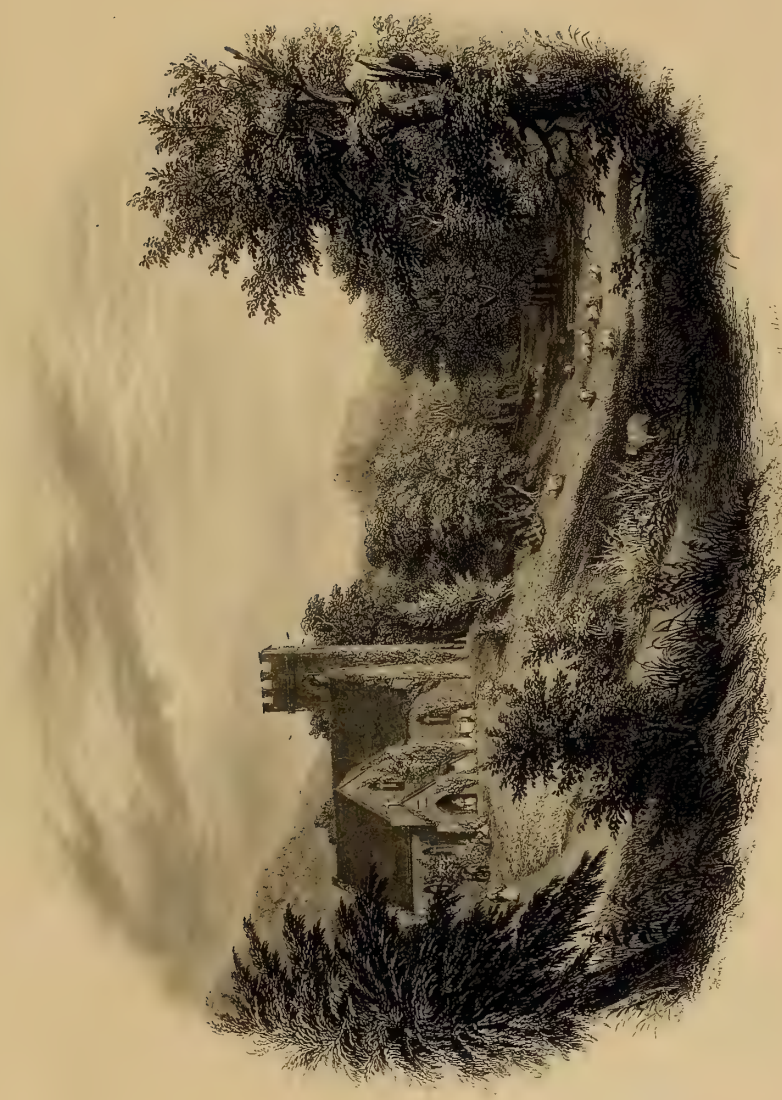
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire —
 Hands that the rod of empire might have
 swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.



THE HOUSE OF THE FINEST VIEW

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood —
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove—
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
 Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne:

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere—
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

Death Carol.

COME, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriv-
ing
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge
curious ;
And for love, sweet love ; but praise ! praise ! praise !
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding
Death.

Dark mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest wel-
come ?
Then I chant it for thee ; I glorify thee above all ;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed
come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress !
When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joy-
ously sing the dead,

Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee ; adorn-
ments and feastings for thee ;
And the sights of the open landscape, and the
high-spread sky, are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thought-
ful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star ;
The ocean-shore, and the husky whispering wave,
whose voice I know ;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-
veiled Death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song !
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad
fields, and the prairies wide ;
Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teeming
wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O
Death !

WALT WHITMAN.

PART X.

POEMS OF RELIGION.

Oh ! what is man, great Maker of mankind !
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear —
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer ?

Oh ! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire !
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire !

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thon in man hast writ ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath raised man, since God a man became ;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the same.

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend :
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

POEMS OF RELIGION.

Darkness is Thinning.

DARKNESS is thinning; shadows are retreating :
Morning and light are coming in their beauty.
Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,
God the Almighty !

So that our Master, having mercy on us,
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,
Granting us, Father, of Thy loving kindness
Glory hereafter !

This of His mercy, ever blessed Godhead,
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us—
Whom through the wide world celebrate for ever
Blessing and glory !

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT. (Latin.)

Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

Rules and Lessons.

WHEN first thy eies unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowres.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring
Or leafe but hath his morning hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not
sing ?

O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto Him; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light,
truth

Is stil'd their starre, the stone, and hidden food.
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
Should move: they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse,
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force ?
But what's not good and just ne'er go about.

Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick ;
That gain is dreadful which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true ;
If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.
Who sells religion is a Judas Jew ;
And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be sound.
The perjury 's a devil let loose : what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man ?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd ; stick
thou

To thy sure trot ; a constant, humble mind
Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too ;
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.
A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Out-runs the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open heart ;
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap ;
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap ;
It is the good man's feast, the prince of flowres
Which thrives in storms, and smels best after
showres.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor ; but give
Proportion to their merits, and thy purse :
Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince relieve,
Who when thy sins call for 't, can fence a curse.
Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though waters
stray,
The bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own ; if thou giv'st words,
Dash not with them thy friend, nor heav'n ; O
smother

A viperous thought ; some syllables are swords.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double ;
They shame their owners, and their hearers trouble.

Injure not modest bloud, while spirits rise
In judgement against lewdness ; that's base wit,
That voyds but filth and stench. Hast thou no
prize

But sickness or infection ? stifle it.
Who so makes his jest of sins, must be at least,
If not a very devill, worse than beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed ;
But meet to quench his longings and thy thirst ;
Allow your joyes religion ; that done, speed,
And bring the same man back thou wert at first.
Whoso returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what business e'er thou
hast,

Observe God in His works ; here fountains flow,
Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th' earth
stands fast ;

Above are restles motions, running lights,
Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, nights.

When seasons change, then lay before thine eyes
His wondrous method ; mark the various scenes
In heav'n ; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow, and
ice,

Calmes, tempests, light, and darknes by His means.
Thou canst not misse His praise : each tree, herb,
flowre,

Are shadows of His wisdom and His pow'r.

To meales when thou doest come, give Him the
praise

Whose arm supply'd thee ; take what may suffice.
And then be thankful ; O admire His ways
Who fills the world's unempty'd granaries !
A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays ; provide
Thee other thoughts ; away with friends and
mirth ;

The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams to hide
Under the dark and melancholy earth.
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the man
Whose rise, height, and descent is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy beams home with thee ; trim thy lamp, buy
oyl,

And then set forth, who is thus drest, the fall
Furthers his glory, and gives death the foyle.
Man is a summer's day ; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way

'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays;

But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say,
"Ther's one sun more strung on my bead of days."

What's good score up for joy; the bad well scann'd

Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave one hour

Before thy time; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; life's poor flow'r

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This conversation; but the good man lyes
Intombed many days before he dyes.

Being laid, and drest for sleep, close not thy eies
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts; so when the day shall rise,

And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring

New flames; besides where these lodge, vain heats mourn

And die; that bush where God is shall not burn.

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake

In that dead age; one beam i' th' dark outvies
Two in the day; then from the damps and ake

Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste; God prys

Through thickest nights; though then the sun be far,

Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, doe as thou would'st be done unto,
Love God, and love thy neighbour; watch, and pray.

These are the words and works of life; this do,
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost heav'n's way.

O lose it not! look up, wilt change those lights
For chains of darknes and eternal nights?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The Philosopher's Devotion.

SING aloud! His praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned;
He that on Olympus high
Tends His flock with watchful eye;
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus, as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray;
Nimble they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Never slack they; none respire,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Through heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all comers press —
Music, that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love,
Fills the listening sailor's ears,
Riding on the wandering spheres.
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong —
Witness all the creature-throng —
Is confessed by every tongue.
All things back from whence they sprung,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now myself I do resign;
Take me whole, I all am Thine.
Save me, God! from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, Thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!
Lo! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute —

India, Egypt, Araby,
 Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
 Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,
 With the Mountains of the Moon,
 From whence muddy Nile doth run;
 Or, wherever else you won,
 Breathing in one vital air —
 One we are though distant far.

Rise at once — let's sacrifice!
 Odors sweet perfume the skies.
 See how heavenly lightning fires
 Hearts inflamed with high aspires;
 All the substance of our souls
 Up in clouds of incense rolls!
 Leave we nothing to ourselves
 Save a voice — what need we else?
 Or a hand to wear and tire
 On the thankful lute or lyre.
 Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
 Who hath made the universe.

HENRY MORE.

The Elder Scripture.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need —
 Pure eyes and loving hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
 Within us, and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Father's love;
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like His grace:
 It steals in silence down;
 But where it lights, the favored place
 By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to desery
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the earth and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee
 And read Thee everywhere.

JOHN KEBLE.

The Spirit-Land.

FATHER, Thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom
 strayed;
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed;
 In finding Thee are all things round us found;
 In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
 Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;
 And to our eyes the vision is denied;
 We wander in the country far remote,
 Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
 Or on the records of past greatness dote,
 And for a buried soul the living sell;
 While on our path bewildered falls the night
 That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

For New-Year's Day.

ETERNAL source of every joy!
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports the steady pole;
 The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at Thy command
 Embalms the air, and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigor shine
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;
 And winters, softened by Thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make Thy mercies known,
Around Thy board, and round our own.

Oh may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore
Where days and years revolve no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Evening.

FATHER, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou whose genial dews distil

On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Lull Thy children to repose.
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray:
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
Secret faults, and undescried,
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view,
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm:
Yet awhile before we sleep
We with Thee will vigils keep;
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence,

Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence:
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still!

Blessed Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Let your angels' guardian host,
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning's rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

ANONYMOUS.

An Ode.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

In a Clear Starry Night.

LORD, when those glorious lights I see
 With which Thou hast adorned the skies,
 Observing how they moved be,
 And how their splendor fills mine eyes,
 Methinks it is too large a grace,
 But that Thy love ordained it so —
 That creatures in so high a place
 Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there
 In size and lustre doth exceed
 The noblest of Thy creatures here,
 And of our friendship hath no need.
 Yet these upon mankind attend,
 For secret aid, or public light;
 And from the world's extremest end
 Repair unto us every night.

Oh! had that stamp been undefaced
 Which first on us Thy hand had set,
 How highly should we have been graced,
 Since we are so much honored yet!
 Good God, for what but for the sake
 Of Thy beloved and only Son,
 Who did on Him our nature take,
 Were these exceeding favors done!

As we by Him have honored been,
 Let us to Him due honors give;
 Let His uprightness hide our sin,
 And let us worth from Him receive.
 Yea, so let us by grace improve
 What Thou by nature dost bestow,
 That to Thy dwelling-place above
 We may be raised from below.

GEORGE WITHER.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring —
 For so the holy sages once did sing —
 That He our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
 Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal
 clay.

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome Him to this His new abode —
 Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
 bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!
 Oh! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
 Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
 From out His secret altar touched with hallowed
 fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies —
 Nature, in awe to Him,
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize;
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw —
 Confounded that her maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed peace;

She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and
 land.

Nor war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around —
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood;
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began;
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
 wave.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence;
 And will not take their flight
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them
 go.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlightened world no more should need;
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could
 bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
 Full little thought they then
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy
 keep.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet
 As never was by mortal finger strook —
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
 close.

Nature, that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
 The helmed cherubim
 And sworded seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
 Harping in loud and solemn choir,
 With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born
 heir —

Such music as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
 keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
 Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
 Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
 And speckled vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
 And hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
 day.

Yea, truth and justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
 And heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest fate says No—
 This must not yet be so ;
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss,
 So both Himself and us to glorify.
 Yet first to those ye chained in sleep
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
 the deep,

With such a horrid clang
 As on Mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;
 The aged earth, aghast
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake—
 When, at the world's last session,
 The dreadful judge in middle air shall spread his
 throne.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is—

But now begins ; for from this happy day
 The old dragon, under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving ;
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving ;
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
 cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The lares and lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
 In urns and altars round
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the flamens at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted
 seat.

Peor and Baälím
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn—
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
 mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain, with cymbal's ring,
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast —
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis — haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud,
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest —
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
 In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped
 ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded infant's hand —
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide —
 Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine;
 Our babe, to show His God-head true,
 Can in His swaddling-bands control the damned
 crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail —
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
 loved maze.

But see the virgin blest
 Hath laid her babe to rest —
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
 Heaven's youngest teemed star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-
 ing;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON.

Epiphany.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining —
 Maker, and monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine —
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean —
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

REGINALD HEBER.

Messiah.

YE nymphs of Solyma, begin the song —
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times the bard begun:
 A virgin shall conceive — a virgin bear a son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies!
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid —
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale,

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh spring to light! auspicious babe, be born!
 See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring!
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance;
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply —
 The rocks proclaim the approaching deity.
 Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold —
 Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
 'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
 The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear —
 From every face He wipes off every tear.
 In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs He raises in His arms —
 Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms:
 Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage —
 The promised father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed shall reap the
 field;

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed;
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
 mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake —
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently
 play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
 kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabea springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall
 shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

Twelfth Day, or the Epiphany.

THAT so Thy blessed birth, O Christ,
 Might through the world be spread about,
 Thy star appeared in the east,
 Whereby the Gentiles found Thee out;
 And offering Thee myrrh, incense, gold,
 Thy threefold office did unfold.

Sweet Jesus, let that star of Thine —
 Thy grace, which guides to find out Thee —
 Within our hearts for ever shine,
 That Thou of us found out mayst be;
 And Thou shalt be our king therefore,
 Our priest and prophet evermore.

Tears that from true repentance drop,
 Instead of myrrh, present will we;
 For incense we will offer up
 Our prayers and praises unto Thee;
 And bring for gold each pious deed
 Which doth from saving grace proceed.

And as those wise men never went
 To visit Herod any more;
 So, finding Thee, we will repent
 Our courses followed heretofore;
 And that we homeward may retire,
 The way by Thee we will inquire.

GEORGE WITHER.

The Reign of Christ on Earth.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed —
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;

To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared
 While sun and moon endure —
 Beloved, obeyed, revered;
 For he shall judge the poor,
 Through changing generations,
 With justice, mercy, truth,
 While stars maintain their stations
 Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth;
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee,
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see;
 With offerings of devotion
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing:
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows, ascend —
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end;
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever;
 That name to us is — love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Jesus shall Reign.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run,—
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet
 To pay their homage at His feet,
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend His word.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

Passion Sunday.

THE royal banners forward go,
 The cross shines forth in mystic glow,
 Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid;

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
 Life's torrent rushing from His side,
 To wash us in that precious flood
 Where mingled water flowed and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
 In true prophetic song of old:
 Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
 Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.

O tree of beauty, tree of light!
 O tree with royal purple dight!
 Elect on whose triumphal breast
 Those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
 The weight of this world's ransom hung —
 The price of human kind to pay,
 And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, eternal three in one,
 Let homage meet by all be done,
 Whom by the cross Thou dost restore,
 Preserve, and govern evermore. Amen.

VENANTIVS FORTUNATUS. (Latin.)

Anonymous Translation.

Gethsemane.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from his griefs away —
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

Follow to the judgment-hall —
 View the Lord of life arraigned!
 Oh the wormwood and the gall!

Oh the pangs his soul sustained!
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss —
 Learn of Him to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time —
 God's own sacrifice complete!
 "It is finished!" — hear the cry —
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
 Where they laid His breathless clay —
 All is solitude and gloom;
 Who hath taken Him away?
 Christ is risen! — he meets our eyes!
 Saviour, teach us so to rise!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Weeping Mary.

MARY to her Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought, and rich perfume—
 But the Lord she loved was gone.
 For a while she weeping stood,
 Struck with sorrow and surprise,
 Shedding tears, a plenteous flood—
 For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,
 Though too often unperceived,
 Comes his drooping child to cheer,
 Kindly asking why she grieved.
 Though at first she knew him not—
 When He called her by her name,
 Then her griefs were all forgot,
 For she found He was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled
 When she heard His welcome voice;
 Just before she thought Him dead,
 Now He bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change His word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Though you now are tempest-tossed.
 On His word your burden cast,
 On His love your thoughts employ;
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

JOHN NEWTON.

An Easter Hymn.

AWAKE, thou wintry earth—
 Fling off thy sadness!
 Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
 Your ancient gladness!
 Christ is risen!

Wave, woods, your blossoms all—
 Grim death is dead!
 Ye weeping funeral trees,
 Lift up your head!
 Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green;
 It is light; let's go
 Where our loved ones rest
 In hope below!
 Christ is risen?

All is fresh and new,
 Full of spring and light;
 Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue
 Of sleep and night?
 Christ is risen!

Leave thy cares beneath,
 Leave thy worldly love!
 Begin the better life
 With God above!
 Christ is risen!

THOMAS BLACKBURN.

Easter.

RISE, heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
 Without delays
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With Him mayst rise—
 That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art!
 The cross taught all wood to resound His name
 Who bore the same;
 His stretched sinews taught all strings what key
 Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long!
 Or since all music is but three parts vied
 And multiplied,
 Oh let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
 And make up our defects with His sweet art.

I got me flowers to strew thy way —
 I got me boughs off many a tree;
 But thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The sun arising in the east,
 Though he give light and th' east perfume,
 If they should offer to contest,
 With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many suns to shine endeavor?
 We count three hundred, but we miss —
 There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Hymn.

FROM my lips in their defilement,
 From my heart in its beguilement,
 From my tongue which speaks not fair,
 From my soul stained everywhere —
 O my Jesus, take my prayer!

Spurn me not, for all it says, —
 Not for words, and not for ways, —
 Not for shamelessness endured!
 Make me brave to speak my mood,
 O my Jesus as I would!
 Or teach me, which I rather seek,
 What to do and what to speak.

I have sinned more than she
 Who, learning where to meet with Thee,
 And bringing myrrh the highest priced,
 Anointed bravely, from her knee,
 Thy blessed feet accordingly —
 My God, my Lord, my Christ!
 As thou saidest not "Depart,"
 To that suppliant from her heart,
 Scorn me not, O Word, that art
 The gentlest one of all words said!
 But give Thy feet to me instead,
 That tenderly I may them kiss,
 And clasp them close, and never miss,
 With over-dropping tears, as free
 And precious as that myrrh could be,
 T' anoint them bravely from my knee!

Wash me with Thy tears! draw nigh me,
 That their salt may purify me!

Thou remit my sins who knowest
 All the sinning, to the lowest —
 Knowest all my wounds, and seest
 All the stripes Thyself decreest;
 Yea, but knowest all my faith —
 Seest all my force to death, —
 Hearest all my wailings low
 That mine evil should be so!
 Nothing hidden but appears
 In Thy knowledge, O Divine,
 O Creator, Saviour mine! —
 Not a drop of falling tears,
 Not a breath of inward moan,
 Not a heart-beat — which is gone!

ST. JOANNES DAMASCENUS. (Greek.)

Translation of MRS. BROWNING.

My God, I Love Thee.

My God, I love Thee! not because
 I hope for heaven thereby;
 Nor because those who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
 Upon the cross embrace!
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony,
 Yea, death itself — and all for one
 That was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
 Should I not love Thee well?
 Not for the hope of winning heaven,
 Nor of escaping hell!

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
 Not seeking a reward;
 But as Thyself hast loved me,
 O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
 And in Thy praise will sing —
 Solely because Thou art my God,
 And my eternal king.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. (Latin.)

Translation of EDWARD CASWELL.

I Journey through a Desert Drear and Wild.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love — the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place ;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears —
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,
I love again and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His glory — on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays ;
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Thoughts of His coming — for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray ;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
Oh ! what a sunrise will that advent be !

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

ANONYMOUS.

Wrestling Jacob.

FIRST PART.

COME, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am ;
My sin and misery declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name ;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there ;

But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free ;
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art Thou the man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold ;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am ;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ;
I rise superior to my pain ;
When I am weak, then am I strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquered by my instant prayer ;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love.

'Tis love ! 'tis love ! Thou diedst for me ;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal love Thou art ;
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face ;
I see Thee face to face and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;

Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings ;
Withered my nature's strength ; from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend ;
Nor have I power from Thee to move ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The Stranger and his Friend.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask His name,
Whither He went, or whence He came ;
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love, — I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered. Not a word He spake.
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all ; He blessed it, brake,
And ate ; but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; His strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked His thirst ;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ; —
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out, — it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest —
Laid Him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side ;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; He was healed.
I had, myself, a wound concealed —
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in His hands I knew —
My Saviour stood before mine eyes.
He spake ; and my poor name he named —
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not ! thou didst them unto me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Call.

COME, my way, my truth, my life —
Such a way as gives us breath ;
Such a truth as ends all strife ;
Such a life as killeth death.

Come my light, my feast, my strength —
 Such a light as shows a feast;
 Such a feast as mends in length;
 Such a strength as makes His guest.

Come my joy, my love, my heart!
 Such a joy as none can move;
 Such a love as none can part;
 Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Odor.

How sweetly doth My Master sound! — My Master!
 As ambergris leaves a rich scent
 Unto the taster,
 So do these words a sweet content
 An oriental fragranciness — My Master!

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
 My mind even thrust into them both —
 That I might find
 What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master shall I speak? Oh that to Thee
 My servant were a little so
 As flesh may be:
 That these two words might creep and grow
 To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before
 A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
 And tell me more;
 For pardon of my imperfection
 Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
 And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
 Shall call and meet
 My servant, as Thee not displeasing,
 That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweet'ning me,
 (As sweet things traffick when they meet)
 Return to Thee;
 And so this new commerce and sweet
 Should all my life employ, and busy me.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Feast.

Oh come away!
 Make no delay —
 Come while my heart is clean and steady!
 While faith and grace
 Adorn the place,
 Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent
 Is permanent —
 Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit;
 Short sips and sights
 Endear delights;
 Who seeks for more he would inherit.

Come then, true bread,
 Quick'ning the dead,
 Whose eater shall not, cannot die!
 Come, antedate
 On me that state
 Which brings poor dust the victory! —

Aye, victory!
 Which from thine eye,
 Breaks as the day doth from the east,
 When the spilt dew,
 Like tears, doth shew
 The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring up, O wine!
 And springing shine
 With some glad message from His heart,
 Who did, when slain,
 These means ordain
 For me to have in Him a part! —

Such a sure part
 In His blest heart,
 The well where living waters spring,
 That, with it fed,
 Poor dust, though dead,
 Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,
 Which strikes death dead,
 The food of man's immortal being!
 Under veils here
 Thou art my cheer,
 Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost Thou fly,
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and, like a quick
And knowing lamp,
Hunt out each damp
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick.

Oh what high joys !
The turtle's voice
And songs I hear ! O quick'ning showers
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hills with wells and flowers !

For this true ease,
This healing peace,
For this brief taste of living glory,
My soul and all,
Kneel down and fall,
And sing His sad victorious story.

O thorny crown,
More soft than down !
O painful cross, my bed of rest !
O spear, the key
Opening the way !
O Thy worst state my only best.

Oh, all Thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my sins Thy sorrows were ;
And what can I
To this reply ?
What, O God ! but a silent tear !

Some toil and sow
That wealth may flow,
And dress this earth for next year's meat ;
But let me heed
Why Thou didst bleed,
And what in the next world to eat.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Sonnets.

How orient is Thy beauty ! How divine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to Thine !
Thy veiled eyes outshine heaven's greater light,
Unconquered by the shady cloud of night ;

Thy curious tresses dangle, all unbound,
With unaffected order to the ground :
How orient is Thy beauty ! How divine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to Thine !

Nor myrrh, nor cassia, nor the choice perfumes
Of unctious nard, or aromatic fumes
Of hot Arabia do enrich the air
With more delicious sweetness than the fair
Reports that crown the merits of Thy name
With heavenly laurels of eternal fame,
Which makes the virgins fix their eyes upon Thee,
And all that view Thee are enamored on Thee.

Who ever smelt the breath of morning flowers
New sweetened with the dash of twilight showers,
Of pounded amber, or the flowing thyme,
Or purple violets in their proudest prime,
Or swelling clusters from the cypress-tree ?
So sweet's my love ; aye, far more sweet is He —
So fair, so sweet, that heaven's bright eye is dim,
And flowers have no scent, compared with Him.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns ! e'en as the flowers in spring —
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness ? It was gone
Quite under ground ; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown,
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power :
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour,
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss,
This or that is —
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were—
 Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither!
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
 Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring-shower,
 My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
 Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
 Thy anger comes, and I decline;
 What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
 Where all things burn,
 When Thou dost turn
 And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again—
 After so many deaths I live and write;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing; O my only light,
 It cannot be
 That I am he
 On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love—
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
 Which when we once can find and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
 Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A Prayer Living and Dying.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone—
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring—
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked come to Thee for dress—
 Helpless look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly—
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

The Example of Christ.

My dear Redeemer, and my God,
 I read my duty in Thy word;
 But in Thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
 Such deference to Thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
 The desert Thy temptations knew—
 Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of Thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

Come unto Me.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and
 I will give you rest."

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice—
 Come and make my paths your choice!
 I will guide you to your home—
 Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain —
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise —

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care —
A wounded spirit who can bear !

Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound —
Peace, that ever shall endure —
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

The Watchman's Report.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night —
What its signs of promise are !
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller, yes ; it brings the day —
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night —
Higher yet that star ascends !
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller, ages are its own —
See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight —
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace —
Lo ! the Son of God is come.

JOHN BOWRING.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord ! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall ;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll, —
I feel Thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave :
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death !
In ocean-cave, still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality !
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA WILLARD.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past :
Safe into Thy haven guide —
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none —
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone —
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall —
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care;
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
 While I of Thy strength receive!
 Hoping against hope I stand —
 Dying, and behold I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want —
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name —
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am —
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound —
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art —
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart —
 Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Friend of All.

FRIEND of all who seek Thy favor,
 Us defend
 To the end —
 Be our utmost Saviour!

Us, who join on earth to adore Thee,
 Guard and love,
 Till above
 Both appear before Thee!

Fix on Thee our whole affection —
 Love divine,
 Keep us Thine,
 Safe in Thy protection!

Christ, of all our conversation
 Be the scope —
 Lift us up
 To Thy full salvation!

Bring us every moment nearer;
 Fairer rise
 In our eyes —
 Dearer still, and dearer!
 Infinitely dear and precious,
 With Thy love
 From above
 Evermore refresh us!

Strengthened by the cordial blessing,
 Let us haste
 To the feast,
 Feast of joys unceasing!

Perfect let us walk before Thee —
 Walk in white
 To the sight
 Of Thy heavenly glory!

Both with calm impatience press on
 To the prize —
 Scale the skies,
 Take entire possession —

Drink of life's exhaustless river —
 Take of Thee
 Life's fair tree —
 Eat, and live for ever!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Litany.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes —
 Oh, by all thy pains and woe
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years;
 By Thy life of want and tears;
 By Thy days of sore distress,
 In the savage wilderness;
 By the dread, mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power —
 Turn, O turn a favoring eye —
 Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within the fold —
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the wail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice —
Listen to our humble cry:
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God!
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord —
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Hymn.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do, —
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,

He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

The Dead Christ.

TAKE the dead Christ to my chamber —
The Christ I brought from Rome;
Over all the tossing ocean,
He has reached His western home:
Bear Him as in procession,
And lay Him solemnly
Where, through weary night and morning,
He shall bear me company.

The name I bear is other
Than that I bore by birth;
And I've given life to children
Who'll grow and dwell on earth;
But the time comes swiftly towards me —
Nor do I bid it stay —
When the dead Christ will be more to me
Than all I hold to-day.

Lay the dead Christ beside me —
 Oh, press Him on my heart;
 I would hold Him long and painfully,
 Till the weary tears should start —
 Till the divine contagion
 Heal me of self and sin,
 And the cold weight press wholly down
 The pulse that chokes within.

Reproof and frost, they fret me;
 Towards the free, the sunny lands,
 From the chaos of existence,
 I stretch these feeble hands —
 And, penitential, kneeling,
 Pray God would not be wrath,
 Who gave not the strength of feeling
 And strength of labor both.

Thou'rt but a wooden carving,
 Defaced of worms, and old;
 Yet more to me Thou couldst not be
 Wert Thou all wrapt in gold,
 Like the gem-bedizened baby
 Which, at the Twelfth-day noon,
 They show from the Ara Coeli's steps
 To a merry dancing tune.

I ask of Thee no wonders —
 No changing white or red;
 I dream not Thou art living,
 I love and prize Thee dead.
 That salutary deadness
 I seek through want and pain,
 From which God's own high power can bid
 Our virtue rise again.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

My Spirit Longeth for Thee.

My spirit longeth for Thee
 Within my troubled breast,
 Although I be unworthy
 Of so divine a Guest.

Of so divine a Guest
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet has my heart no rest
 Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from Thee,
 In vain I look around;
 In all that I can see
 No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
 But in Thy blessed love:
 Oh, let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above!

THE ANSWER.

Cheer up, desponding soul!
 Thy longing pleased I see;
 'Tis part of that great whole
 Wherewith I longed for thee.

Wherewith I longed for thee,
 And left my Father's throne,
 From death to set thee free,
 To claim thee for my own.

To claim thee for my own
 I suffered on the cross.
 Oh, were my love but known,
 No soul could fear its loss.

No soul could fear its loss,
 But, filled with love divine,
 Would die on its own cross,
 And rise forever mine.

JOHN BYROM.

Sonnet.

In the desert of the Holy Land I strayed,
 Where Christ once lived, but seems to live no more;
 In Lebanon my lonely home I made;
 I heard the wind among the cedars roar,
 And saw far off the Dead Sea's solemn shore —
 But 'tis a dreary wilderness, I said,
 Since the prophetic spirit hence has sped.
 Then from the convent in the vale I heard,
 Slow chanted forth, the everlasting Word —
 Saying, "I am He that liveth, and was dead;
 And lo I am alive for evermore."
 Then forth upon my pilgrimage I fare,
 Resolved to find and praise Him everywhere.

ANONYMOUS.

A Hymn.

DROP, drop, slow tears,
 And bathe those beauteous feet
 Which brought from heaven
 The news and Prince of Peace.
 Cease not, wet eyes
 His mercies to entreat,
 To cry for vengeance
 Sin doth never cease;
 In your deep floods
 Drown all my faults and fears;
 Nor let His eye
 See sin, but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

A Christmas Hymn.

It was the calm and silent night!
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars;
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
 The senator of haughty Rome,
 Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home;
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
 What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor;
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
 Across his path. He passed — for naught
 Told what was going on within;

How keen the stars, his only thought;
 The air how calm and cold and thin,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
 Drowsed over common joys and cares;
 The earth was still — but knew not why;
 The world was listening, unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for ever!
 To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever —
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness — charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

Christmas.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night —
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new —
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land —
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

St. Peter's Day.

THOU thrice denied, yet thrice beloved,
 Watch by thine own forgiven friend!
 In sharpest perils faithful proved,
 Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard — else why so deep
 His slumber on the eve of death?
 And wherefore smiles he in his sleep,
 As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again —
 Can his soul choose but be at rest?
 Sorrow hath fled away, and pain
 Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone;
 For his winged thoughts are soaring high,
 Where never yet frail heart was known
 To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps; but more than tears
 Have sealed Thy welcome and his love —
 One look lives in him, and endears
 Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove —

That gracious chiding look, Thy call
 To win him to himself and Thee,
 Sweetening the sorrow of his fall
 Which else were rued too bitterly;

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,
 The memory of that kindly glance;
 The angel, watching by, divines,
 And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake
 His vision wafts him back, to talk
 With Jesus, ere his flight he take,
 As in that solemn evening walk.

When to the bosom of his friend,
 The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,
 Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,
 Both bought and nourished with His blood;

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,
 Which, firm embraced with heart and arm,
 Might cast o'er hope and memory,
 O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,
 His passport through th' eternal gates,
 To his sweet home — so nearly won,
 He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear
 Of angel song and angel motion,
 Rising and falling on the ear
 Like waves in joy's unbounded ocean.

His dream is changed — the tyrant's voice
 Calls to that last of glorious deeds —
 But as he rises to rejoice,
 Not Herod, but an angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,
 Glancing around his prison-room;
 But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light
 That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame that in a few short years
 Deep through the chambers of the dead
 Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,
 Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touched, he upstarts — his chains unbind —
Through darksome vault, up massy stair,
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind
To freedom and cool, moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,
Though for awhile his hand forego,
Just as it touched, the martyr's palm,
He turns him to his task below :

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,
To wield awhile in gray-haired might —
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,
And follow Jesus out of sight.

JOHN KEBLE.

The Emigrants in Bermudas.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom, unespied —
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The list'ning winds received this song :

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples — plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault ;
Which, then, perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze —
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams —
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.

But Thou hast said, the blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize —
A contrite heart, and humble thoughts,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Laborer's Noonday Hymn.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim ;

Nor will He turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide :
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night ;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God !

Each field is then a hallowed spot —
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray —
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

My Psalm.

I MOURN no more my vanished years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear ;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong ;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—
To build as to destroy ;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track;
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
 Through Memory's sunset air,
 Like mountain-ranges overpast,
 In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
 And all the angles of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west-winds play;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

To Keep a True Lent.

Is this a fast — to keep
 The larder lean,
 And clean
 From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour —
 Or ragged to go —
 Or show
 A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate —
 To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin —
 And that's to keep thy lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Priest.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine
 That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;
 That men might hear out of this mouth of mine,
 How God doth make His enemies His friends;
 Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
 Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be —
 But a religious servant of my God;
 And know there is none other God but He,
 And willingly to suffer mercy's rod —
 Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
 And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,
 For all estates within the state of grace,
 That careful love might never know despair,
 Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
 And this would I both day and night devise
 To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;
 Persuade the troubled soul to patience;
 The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
 To child and servant due obedience;

Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all : that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Humility.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade, where all things rest ;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet :
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends :
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends :
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

On a Prayer-Book Sent to Mrs. M. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,
(Fear it not, sweet —
It is no hypocrite !)
Much larger in itself than in its look !

It is — in one rich handful — heaven and all
Heaven's royal hosts encamped — thus small
To prove, that true schools use to tell,
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.
It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie

Close couched in your white bosom, and from
thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armory of light —
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles — chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise,
Here is a friend shall fight for you ;
Hold but this book before your heart —
Let prayer alone to play his part.

But oh! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure house-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong —
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings —
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's son.

But if the noble bridegroom, when he comes,
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad —
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasures, and to play,
And keep the devil's holiday —
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling,
But beguiling —

Spear of sweet and sugared lies —
Some slippery pair
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Flattering but forswearing eyes —

Doubtless some other heart
 Will get the start,
 And, stepping in before,
 Will take possession of the sacred store
 Of hidden sweets and holy joys —
 Words which are not heard with ears,
 (These tumultuous shops of noise)
 Effectual whispers, whose still voice
 The soul itself more feels than hears —

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
 Sightings which are not seen with eyes —
 Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,
 Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
 Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,
 And melts it down in sweet desire;
 Yet doth not stay
 To ask the windows leave to pass that way —
 Delicious deaths; soft exhalations
 Of soul, dear and divine annihilations —
 A thousand unknown rites
 Of joys and rarefied delights —
 An hundred thousand loves and graces,
 And many a mystic thing
 Which the divine embraces
 Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring,
 For which it is no shame
 That dull mortality must not know a name.
 Of all this hidden store
 Of blessings, and ten thousand more,
 If, when He come,
 He find the heart from home,
 Doubtless He will unload
 Himself some otherwhere,
 And pour abroad
 His precious sweets
 On the fair soul whom first He meets.

Oh fair! oh fortunate! oh rich! oh dear!
 Oh happy and thrice happy she —
 Dear silver-breasted dove,
 Whoe'er she be —
 Whose early love
 With wingèd vows
 Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,
 And close with His immortal kisses —
 Happy soul! who never misses
 To improve that precious hour,

And every day
 Seize her sweet prey —
 All fresh and fragrant as He rises,
 Dropping with a balmy shower,
 A delicious dew of spices!

Oh! let that happy soul hold fast
 Her heavenly armful; she shall taste
 At once ten thousand paradises —
 She shall have power
 To rifle and deflower
 The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets
 Which, with a swelling bosom, there she meets —
 Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
 Of pure inebriating pleasures:
 Happy soul! she shall discover
 What joy, what bliss,
 How many heavens at once, it is
 To have a God become her lover.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

The True Use of Music.

LISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music, alas! too long has been
 Pressed to obey the devil —
 Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
 Flowed to the soul's undoing —
 Widened and strewn with flowers, way
 Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
 Innocent sound recover —
 Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover —
 Strip him of every moving strain,
 Every melting measure —
 Music in virtue's cause retain,
 Rescue the holy pleasure?

Come let us try if Jesus' love
 Will not as well inspire us;
 This is the theme of those above —
 This upon earth shall fire us.
 Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing
 Is there a subject greater?
 Harmony all its strains may bring;
 Jesus' name is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is —
 His is the noblest passion;
 Jesus' name is joy and peace,
 Happiness and salvation;
 Jesus' name the dead can raise —
 Show us our sins forgiven —
 Fill us with all the life of grace —
 Carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right like us to sing —
 Us whom His mercy raises?
 Merry our hearts, for Christ is King;
 Cheerful are all our faces;
 Who of His love doth once partake
 He evermore rejoices;
 Melody in our hearts we make —
 Melody with our voices.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath —
 He that in God is merry —
 Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
 Joyful and never weary;
 Offer the sacrifice of praise,
 Hearty and never ceasing —
 Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
 Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

Then let us in His praises join —
 Triumph in His salvation;
 Glory ascribe to love divine,
 Worship and adoration;
 Heaven already is begun —
 Opened in each believer;
 Only believe, and still sing on:
 Heaven is ours for ever.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The Field of the World.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thine hand —
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed —
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock —
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
 Expect not here nor there;
 O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found;
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive —
 The late or early sown;
 Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
 When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain —
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God is come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry "Harvest home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Martyrs' Hymn.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 The martyrs' ashes, watched,
 Shall gathered be at last;
 And from that scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed
 Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath;
 And vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death;
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And trumpet-tongued proclaim,
 To many a waking land,
 The one availing name.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Translation of WILLIAM JOHN FOX.

What is Prayer?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed —
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear —
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try —
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath —
 The Christian's native air —
 His watchword at the gates of death —
 He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
 In word, and deed, and mind,
 While with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone —
 The Holy Spirit pleads —
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God —
 The life, the truth, the way!
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Hymn.

In darker days and nights of storm,
 Men knew Thee but to fear thy form;
 And in the reddest lightning saw
 Thine arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days we read Thy love
 In flowers beneath, in stars above;
 And in the track of every storm
 Behold Thy beauty's rainbow form.

And in the reddest lightning's path
 We see no vestiges of wrath,
 But always wisdom,— perfect love,
 From flowers beneath to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
 On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
 No hour of wrath shall mortal fear,
 For Thou, the God of Love, art here.

THEODORE PARKER.

Trust in Providence.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To Thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
 That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by Thee!

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart shall rest on Thee!

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Oh, yet we Trust.

OH, yet we trust that somehow good

Will be the final goal of ill,

To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,

That not one life shall be destroyed,

Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;

That not a moth with vain desire

Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not any thing;

I can but trust that good shall fall

At last — far off — at last, to all —
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?

An infant crying in the night —

An infant crying for the light —
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Hymn.

WHEN the angels all are singing,

All of glory ever-springing,

In the ground of heaven's high graces

Where all virtues have their places,

Oh that my poor soul were near them,

With an humble faith to hear them!

Then should faith, in love's submission,

Joying but in mercy's blessing,

Where that sins are in remission

Sing the joyful soul's confessing —

Of her comforts high commending,

All in glory never-ending.

But, ah wretched sinful creature!

How should the corrupted nature

Of this wicked heart of mine

Think upon that love divine,

That doth tune the angels' voices

While the host of heaven rejoices?

No! the song of deadly sorrow

In the night that hath no morrow —

And their pains are never ended

That have heavenly powers offended —

Is more fitting to the merit

Of my foul infected spirit.

Yet while mercy is removing

All the sorrows of the loving,

How can faith be full of blindness

To despair of mercy's kindness —

While the hand of Heaven is giving

Comfort from the ever-living?

No, my soul, be no more sorry —

Look unto that life of glory

Which the grace of faith regardeth,

And the tears of love rewardeth —

Where the soul the comfort getteth

That the angels' music setteth.

There — when thou art well conducted,

And by heavenly grace instructed

How the faithful thoughts to fashion

Of a ravished lover's passion —

Sing with saints, to angels highest,

Hallelujah in the highest!

Gloria in excelsis Domino!

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Exhortation to Prayer.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed

Compose thy weary limbs to rest;

For they alone are blessed

With balmy sleep

Whom angels keep;

Nor, though by care oppressed,

Or anxious sorrow,

Or thought in many a coil perplexed

For coming morrow,

Lay not thy head

On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
 That earthly cares and woes
 To thee may e'er return ?
 Arouse, my soul !
 Slumber control,
 And let thy lamp burn brightly ;
 So shall thine eyes discern
 Things pure and sightly ;
 Taught by the Spirit, learn
 Never on prayerless bed
 To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
 That calls for holy prayer ?
 Has thy day been so bright
 That in its flight
 There is no trace of sorrow ?
 And thou art sure to-morrow
 Will be like this, and more
 Abundant ? Dost thou yet lay up thy store
 And still make plans for more ?
 Thou fool ! this very night
 Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
 That ploughs the ocean deep,
 And when storms sweep
 The wintry, lowering sky,
 For whom thou wak'st and weepst ?
 Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
 Seek then the covenant ark of prayer ;
 For He that slumbereth not is there —
 His ear is open to thy cry.
 Oh, then, on prayerless bed
 Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
 Till in communion blest
 With the elect ye rest —
 Those souls of countless number ;
 And with them raise
 The note of praise,
 Reaching from earth to heaven —
 Chosen, redeemed, forgiven ;
 So lay thy happy head,
 Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

Mary.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer ;
 Nor other thought her mind admits
 But — he was dead, and there he sits,
 And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
 All other, when her ardent gaze
 Roves from the living brother's face,
 And rests upon the life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
 Borne down by gladness so complete,
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
 With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
 Whose loves in higher love endure ;
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Joy and Peace in Believing.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing in His wings.
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may !

It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe His people too.

Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed;
 And He who feeds the ravens
 Will give His children bread.

The vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there:
 Yet God the same abiding
 His praise shall tune my voice,
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Charity.

COULD I command, with voice or pen,
 The tongues of angels and of men,
 A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
 My speech and preaching would surpass;
 Vain were such eloquence to me,
 Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
 Give all my goods to feed the poor—
 Had I the faith from Alpine steep
 To hurl the mountain to the deep—
 What were such zeal, such power to me
 Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye
 Things future, as the things gone by—
 Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
 And mete out heaven with a span—
 Poor were the chief of gifts to me
 Without the chiefest, charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind—
 Charity bears a humble mind,
 Rejoices not when ills befall,
 But glories in the weal of all;
 She hopes, believes, and envies not,
 Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
 Prophets discern not things to come,

Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
 And miracles no more be wrought;
 But charity shall never fail—
 Her anchor is within the veil.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Desiring to Love.

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee?
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

Stronger His love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see—
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God—
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine—
 Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice—
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this—
 To hear the bridegroom's voice.

Oh that, with humbled Peter, I
 Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
 My faithfulness to prove!
 Thou knowest, for all to Thee is known—
 Thou knowest, O Lord, and Thou alone—
 Thou knowest that Thee I love.

O that I could, with favored John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
 My everlasting rest!

Thy only love do I require —
 Nothing in earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heaven above!
 Let earth and heaven and all things go —
 Give me Thy only love to know,
 Give me Thy only love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Divine Love.

Thou hidden love of God! whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows —
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
 My heart is pained; nor can it be
 At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
 And fain I would; but though my will
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way —
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee!
 Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.
 Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to Theeward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone —
 The Lord of every motion there!
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive!
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
 To save me from low-thoughted care;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there;

Make me Thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry!

Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn —
 Thine wholly, Thine alone I am;
 Thrice happy he who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame.
 Oh, help, that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of Thy love!

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

GERHARD TERSTERGEN. (German.)

Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

For Believers.

Thou hidden source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if Thou art mine!
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above;
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love;
 To me, with Thy dear name, are given
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art —
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart;
 In war my peace; in loss my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame my glory and my crown:

In want my plentiful supply;
 In weakness my almighty power;
 In bonds my perfect liberty;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death, my heaven in hell.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Litany to the Holy Spirit.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
Because my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed —
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying —
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes — it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

Oh, Fear not Thou to Die.

Oh, fear not thou to die —
Far rather fear to live! — for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of death;
But life — the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

Oh, fear not thou to die —
 No more to suffer or to sin —
 No snare without, thy faith to try —
 No traitor heart within;
 But fear, oh rather fear
 The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
 The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
 From heaven thy heart to wean.

Oh, fear not thou to die —
 To die and be that blessed one
 Who in the bright and beauteous sky
 May feel his conflict done —
 May feel that never more
 The tear of grief, of shame, shall come,
 For thousand wanderings from the power
 Who loved and called thee home.

ANONYMOUS.

Rest is not Here.

WHAT 's this vain world to me ?
 Rest is not here;
 False are the smiles I see,
 The mirth I hear.
 Where is youth's joyful glee!
 Where all once dear to me ?
 Gone as the shadows flee —
 Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
 Blithely and fair ?
 Why did those tints so fine
 Vanish in air ?
 Does not the vision say,
 Faint lingering heart, away,
 Why in this desert stay —
 Dark land of care !

Where souls angelic soar,
 Thither repair :
 Let this vain world no more
 Lull and ensnare.
 That heaven I love so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell ;
 All things around me tell
 Rest is found there.

LADY NAIRNE.

The Land beyond the Sea.

The Land beyond the Sea !
 When will life's task be o'er ?
 When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
 O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar ?
 When shall we come to thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea ?

The Land beyond the Sea !
 How close it often seems,
 When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams ;
 And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and
 dreams !
 It longs to fly to thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
 Sometimes distinct and near
 It grows upon the eye and ear,
 And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere ;
 We seem half-way to thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
 Sometimes across the strait,
 Like a drawbridge to a castle-gate,
 The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
 For us to pass to thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
 Oh, how the lapsing years,
 'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,
 Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
 Of those we love to thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
 How dark our present home !
 By the dull beach and sullen foam
 How wearily, how drearily we roam,
 With arms outstretched to thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
 When will our toil be done ?
 Slow-footed years, more swiftly run
 Into the gold of that unsetting sun !

Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen toward night?
Dear Land, look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's breast
Upon thy shores eternally possess;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither could nor care, John;
The day is aye fair
I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And oh, we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
I' the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
O dry your glistening e'e, John.
My soul langts to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

O haud ye leal and true, John;
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John!
This world's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
I' the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRNE.

Hymn.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown —
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er,
And hast borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy wandering feet
To reach His blest abode.
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
On his Father's faithful breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail;
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovest best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Thus the solemn priest hath said —
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

Hymn.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought—

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear?

But Thou hast told the troubled mind
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Thou art Gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not de-
plore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb;

The Saviour has passed through its portals before
thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion for-
saking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the sera-
phim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to
deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy
guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour
hath died.

REGINALD HEBER.

Death.

Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare;
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled—
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
Whose relics with envy I see—
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again ;
 No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay ;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanished away.

This languishing head is at rest —
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet, immovable breast
 Is heaved by affliction no more ;
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat —
 It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep —
 Sealed up in their mortal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep —
 The fountains can yield no supplies —
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death ;
 What now with my tears I bedew
 Oh might I this moment become !
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consigned to the tomb !

CHARLES WESLEY.

For a Widower or Widow

DEPRIVED OF A LOVING YOKEFELLOW.

How near me came the hand of death,
 When at my side he struck my dear,
 And took away the precious breath
 Which quickened my beloved peer !
 How helpless am I thereby made —
 By day how grieved, by night how sad.

And now my life's delight is gone,
 Alas, how am I left alone !

The voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key,
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day —
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be held or seen ;
 But what I once enjoyed in them
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus —
 So little hold of them have we
 That we from them or they from us
 May in a moment ravished be ;
 Yet we are neither just nor wise
 If present mercies we despise,
 Or mind not how there may be made
 A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,
 Though these beseeeming tears I drop,
 The loss of my beloved one
 As they that are deprived of hope ;
 But in expressing of my grief
 My heart receiveth some relief,
 And joyeth in the good I had,
 Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust
 Which my dear spouse reposed in me !
 To him now dead preserve me just
 In all that should be performed be ;
 For though our being man and wife
 Extendeth only to this life,
 Yet neither life nor death should end
 The being of a faithful friend.

Those helps which I through him enjoyed,
 Let Thy continual aid supply —
 That, though some hopes in him are void,
 I always may on Thee rely ;
 And whether I shall wed again,
 Or in a single state remain,
 Unto Thine honor let it be,
 And for a blessing unto me.

GEORGE WITHER.

They are All Gone.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility—
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just—
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may
know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Each Sorrowful Mourner.

EACH sorrowful mourner, be silent!
Fond mothers, give over your weeping!
Nor grieve for those pledges as perished—
This dying is life's reparation.

Now take him, O earth, to thy keeping,
And give him soft rest in thy bosom;
I lend thee the frame of a Christian—
I entrust thee the generous fragments.

Thou holily guard the deposit—
He will well, He will surely, require it,
Who, forming it, made its creation
The type of His image and likeness.

But until the resolvable body
Thou recallest, O God, and reformest,
What regions, unknown to the mortal,
Dost Thou will the pure soul to inhabit?

It shall rest upon Abraham's bosom,
As the spirit of blest Eleazar,
Whom, afar in that Paradise, Dives
Beholds from the flames of his torments.

We follow Thy saying, Redeemer,
Whereby, as on death Thou wast trampling,
The thief, Thy companion, Thou willedst
To tread in Thy footsteps and triumph.

To the faithful the bright way is open,
Henceforward, to Paradise leading,
And to that blessed grove we have access
Whereof man was bereaved by the serpent.

Thou leader and guide of Thy people,
Give command that the soul of Thy servant
May have holy repose in the country
Whence, exile and erring, he wandered.

We will honor the place of his resting
 With violets and garlands of flowers,
 And will sprinkle inscription and marble
 With odors of costliest fragrance.

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS. (Latin.)

Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

A Little While.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
 Beyond the coming and the going,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
 I shall be soon ;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the rock waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Our Father's Home.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
 To the first man thou mayest meet
 In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he, and we, and all men, move
 Under a canopy of love
 As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
 And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
 That death itself shall not remain ;—

That weary deserts we may tread,
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,
 Through dark ways underground be led,—

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
 The dreariest path, the darkest way,
 Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
 Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
 All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
 Yet one word more : They only miss
 The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that love,
 Blessing not cursing, rules above,
 And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, or with curses rife,—
That this is blessing, this is life.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

God the Everlasting Light of the Saints above.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

The Heavenly Canaan.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

The New Jerusalem;

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE HEAVENLY
COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,
Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.
No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darkness night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
 There envy bears no sway;
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
 But pleasures every way.
 Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !

Would God I were in thee !
 Oh ! that my sorrows had an end,
 Thy joys that I might see !

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
 No woeful night is there;
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard —
 No well-away, no fear.
 Jerusalem the city is
 Of God our king alone;
 The lamb of God, the light thereof,
 Sits there upon His throne.

O God ! that I Jerusalem
 With speed may go behold !
 For why ? the pleasures there abound
 Which here cannot be told.
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 With carbuncles do shine —
 With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
 Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows crystal clear,
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold —
 There angels do appear.
 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond square,
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl —
 O God ! if I were there !

Within thy gates nothing can come
 That is not passing clean;
 No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,
 No filth may there be seen.
 Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
 And end my griefs and complaints —
 Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
 And place me with Thy saints !

Who there are crowned with glory great,
 And see God face to face,
 They triumph still, and aye rejoice —
 Most happy is their case.

But we that are in banishment,
 Continually do moan;
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep —
 Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixèd is with gall,
 Our pleasures are but pain,
 Our joys not worth the looking on —
 Our sorrows aye remain.
 But there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure and such play,
 That unto them a thousand years
 Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
 Thy joys when shall I see —
 The King sitting upon His throne,
 And thy felicity ?
 Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
 So wonderfully rare,
 Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,
 Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.
 There cinnamon and sugar grow,
 There nard and balm abound;
 No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
 The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring —
 There music's ever sweet;
 There many a fair and dainty thing
 Are trod down under feet.
 Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
 The flood of life doth flow;
 Upon the banks, on every side,
 The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit —
 For evermore they spring;
 And all the nations of the world
 To thee their honors bring.
 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
 Full sore I long to see;
 Oh ! that my sorrows had an end,
 That I might dwell in thee !

There David stands, with harp in hand,
 As master of the choir;
 A thousand times that man were blest
 That might his music hear.
 There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
 With tunes surpassing sweet;
 And all the virgins bear their part,
 Singing about her feet.

"Te Deum," doth St. Ambrose sing,
 St. Austin doth the like;
 Old Simeon and Zacharie
 Have not their songs to seek.
 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
 And cheerfully doth sing,
 With all blest saints whose harmony
 Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Thy joys fain would I see;
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
 And take me home to Thee;
 Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,
 And take me hence away,
 That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
 And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home —
 Jehovah's throne on high!
 O sacred city, queen, and wife
 Of Christ eternally!
 O comely queen with glory clad,
 With honor and degree,
 All fair thou art, exceeding bright —
 No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
 The comfort of us all;
 For thou art fair and beautiful —
 None ill can thee befall.
 In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
 No darkness dare appear —
 No night, no shade, no winter foul —
 No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
 No glittering star to light;
 For Christ, the king of righteousness,
 For ever shineth bright.

A lamb unspotted, white and pure,
 To thee doth stand in lieu
 Of light — so great the glory is
 Thine heavenly king to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
 In midst His servants' sight:
 And they, His happy household all,
 Do serve Him day and night.
 There, there the choir of angels sing —
 There the supernal sort
 Of citizens, which hence are rid
 From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
 The apostles six and six,
 The glorious martyrs in a row,
 And confessors betwixt.
 There doth the crew of righteous men
 And matrons all consist —
 Young men and maids that here on earth
 Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
 The snare of death and hell,
 Triumph in joy eternally,
 Whereof no tongue can tell;
 And though the glory of each one
 Doth differ in degree,
 Yet is the joy of all alike
 And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
 And Christ is all in all,
 Whom they most perfectly behold
 In joy celestial.
 They love, they praise — they praise, they love;
 They "Holy, holy," cry;
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
 But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,
 If, after wretched days,
 I might with listening ears conceive
 Those heavenly songs of praise,
 Which to the eternal king are sung
 By happy wights above —
 By saved souls and angels sweet,
 Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,
 Might I be worthy found
 To wait upon my God and king,
 His praises there to sound;
 And to enjoy my Christ above,
 His favor and His grace,
 According to His promise made,
 Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth he, "let them
 Which Thou hast put of old
 To me, be there where lo! I am —
 Thy glory to behold;
 Which I with Thee, before the world
 Was made in perfect wise,
 Have had — from whence the fountain great
 Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
 Thee, let him follow me;
 For where I am, he there, right sure,
 Then shall my servant be."
 And still: "If any man loves me,
 Him loves my Father dear,
 Whom I do love — to him myself
 In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
 That then I may be bold
 With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
 Thy glory to behold;
 And so in Zion see my king,
 My love, my Lord, my all —
 Where now as in a glass I see,
 There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart —
 Their sovereign they shall see;
 O ye most happy, heavenly wights,
 Which of God's household be!
 O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
 These gins and fetters strong;
 For I have dwelt within the tents
 Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!
 Fetch me Thy fold unto,
 That all Thy angels may rejoice,
 While all Thy will I do.

O mother dear! Jerusalem!
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
 To quit me from all strife,
 That to 'Thy hill I may attain,
 And dwell there all my life —
 With cherubim and seraphim
 And holy souls of men,
 To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!
 Forever and amen!

ANONYMOUS.

The Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
 "O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All His bounty shall bestow.
 Still in undisturbed possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light."

WILLIAM COWPER.

Peace.

My soul, there is a country
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged sentry,
 All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
 And (O my soul awake!)
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace —
 The rose that cannot wither —
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One who never changes —
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Of Heaven.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed treasure
 Of an eternal pleasure!

Thy throne is seated far
 Above the highest star,
 Where Thou preparest a glorious place,
 Within the brightness of Thy face,

For every spirit
 To inherit
 That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
 And loves Thee with a holy charity.
 What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes
 Clear as the morning rise,
 Can speak, or think, or see
 That bright eternity,
 Where the great king's transparent throne
 Is of an entire jasper stone?

There the eye
 O' the chrysolite,
 And a sky

Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase —
 And above all, Thy holy face —
 Makes an eternal charity.
 When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind, that day
 Remember us, we pray —
 That where the beryl lies,
 And the crystal 'bove the skies,
 There Thou mayest appoint us place
 Within the brightness of Thy face —
 And our soul
 In the scroll
 Of life and blissfulness enroll,
 That we may praise Thee to eternity. Allelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The Wilderness Transformed.

AMAZING, beauteous change!
 A land created new!
 My thoughts with transport range,
 The lovely scene to view;
 In all I trace,
 Saviour divine,
 The work is Thine —
 Be Thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play
 Amidst the burning sands;
 The river's winding way
 Shines through the thirsty lands;
 New grass is seen,
 And o'er the meads
 Its carpet spreads
 Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,
 Entwined with horrid thorn,
 Gay flowers, for ever new,
 The painted fields adorn —
 The blushing rose
 And lily there,
 In union fair
 Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood
 All bare and disarrayed,
 See the wide-branching wood
 Diffuse its grateful shade;

Tall cedars nod,
 And oaks and pines,
 And elms and vines
 Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain
 Their savage chase give o'er —
 No more they rend the slain,
 And thirst for blood no more;
 But infant hands
 Fierce tigers stroke,
 And lions yoke
 In flowery bands.

Oh when, Almighty Lord,
 Shall these glad scenes arise,
 To verify Thy word,
 And bless our wondering eyes!
 That earth may raise,
 With all its tongues,
 United songs
 Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

All Well.

No seas again shall sever,
 No desert intervene;
 No deep, sad-flowing river
 Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs, upward towering,
 Shall bound our eager sight;
 No tempest, darkly lowering,
 Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsevered union
 Of soul with those we love,
 Nearness and glad communion,
 Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
 No thought of ache or pain,
 No fretting hours of weakness,
 Shall mar our peace again.

No death, our homes o'ershading,
 Shall e'er our harps unstring;
 For all is life unfading
 In presence of our king.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Praise to God.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days —
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse —

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe —
 Source whence all our blessings flow!
 And for these my soul shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear —
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit —

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store —
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall —

Should Thine altered hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain,
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise,
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love Thee — for Thyself alone.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Veni, Creator!

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee!

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gifts with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts;
Our frailties help, our vice control—
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name!
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

Paraphrase of JOHN DRYDEN.

ST. AMBROSE. (Latin.)

The Lord the Good Shepherd.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I
know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when op-
pressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I
stray,
Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
Oh! what shall I ask of Thy Providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom
of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sonnet.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed.
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it; Father! thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my
mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

MICHEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of SAMUEL WORDSWORTH.

Psalm Thirteen.

LORD, how long, how long wilt Thou
Quite forget, and quite neglect me?
How long, with a frowning brow,
Wilt Thou from Thy sight reject me?

How long shall I seek a way
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my grieved mind, night and day,
Is with thinking tired and vexed?
How long shall my scornful foe,
On my fall his greatness placing,
Build upon my overthrow,
And be graced by my disgracing?

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries!
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;
And illuminate mine eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing —
Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite to number,
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into death's eternal slumber —

Lest my foes their boasting make:
Spite of right, on him we trample;
And a pride in mischief take,
Hastened by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor;
And, undaunted, will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancor.

These black clouds will overblow —
Sunshine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dulled heart, I know,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.
Therefore I'll rejoice, and sing
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,
Who to happy pass will bring
My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

Psalm Eighteen.

PART FIRST.

O God, my strength and fortitude, of force I must
love Thee!

Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity —
My God, my rock in whom I trust, the worker of
my wealth,

My refuge, buckler, and my shield, the horn of all
my health.

When I sing laud unto the Lord most worthy to
be served,

Then from my foes I am right sure that I shall be
preserved.

The pangs of death did compass me, and bound
me everywhere;

The flowing waves of wickedness did put me in
great fear.

The sly and subtle snares of hell were round about
me set;

And for my death there was prepared a deadly
trapping net.

I, thus beset with pain and grief, did pray to God
for grace;

And He forthwith did hear my plaint out of His
holy place.

Such is His power that in His wrath He made the
earth to quake —

Yea, the foundation of the mount of Basan for to
shake.

And from His nostrils came a smoke, when kindled
was His ire;

And from His mouth came kindled coals of hot
consuming fire.

The Lord descended from above, and bowed the
heavens high;

And underneath His feet He cast the darkness of
the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubim full royally He rode;
And on the wings of all the winds came flying all
abroad.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

Psalm Nineteen.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord !
 In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold Thy word,
 We read Thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days Thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume Thou hast writ
 Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So, when Thy truth begun its race
 It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
 Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest
 That see the light or feel the sun.

Great sun of righteousness, arise !
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise —
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven ;
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make Thy word my guide to heaven !

ISAAC WATTS.

Psalm Twenty-three.

God, who the universe doth hold
 In His fold,
 Is my shepherd, kind and heedful —
 Is my shepherd, and doth keep
 Me, His sheep,
 Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in His fields, which been
 Fresh and green,
 Mottled with spring's flowery painting —
 Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
 Crystal brooks,
 To refresh my spirit's fainting.

When my soul from heaven's way
 Went astray,
 With earth's vanities seduced,
 For His name's sake, kindly, He
 Wandering me
 To His holy fold reduced.

Yea, though I stray through death's vale,
 Where His pale
 Shades did on each side enfold me,
 Dreadless, having Thee for guide,
 Should I bide ;
 For Thy rod and staff uphold me.

Thou my board with messes large
 Dost surcharge ;
 My bowls full of wine Thou pourest ;
 And before mine enemies'
 Envious eyes
 Balm upon my head Thou showerest.

Neither dures Thy bounteous grace
 For a space ;
 But it knows no bound nor measure ;
 So my days, to my life's end,
 I shall spend
 In Thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

Psalm Twenty-three.

Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine !
 Want shall never more be mine.
 In a pasture fair and large
 He shall feed His happy charge,
 And my couch with tenderest care
 'Midst the springing grass prepare.

When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams that, still and slow,
 Through the verdant meadows flow.
 He my soul anew shall frame ;
 And, His mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way.

Though the dreary vale I tread
 By the shades of death o'erspread;
 There I walk from terror free,
 While my every wish I see
 By Thy rod and staff supplied —
 This my guard, and that my guide.

While my foes are gazing on,
 Thou Thy favoring care hast shown;
 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
 Thou with oil refreshed my head;
 Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows;
 For Thy love no limit knows.
 Constant, to my latest end,
 This my footsteps shall attend,
 And shall bid Thy hallowed dome
 Yield me an eternal home.

JAMES MERRICK.

Psalm Forty-six.

God is the refuge of His saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
 Down to the deep, and buried there —
 Convulsions shake the solid world;
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God —
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode;

That sacred stream Thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls;
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threat'ning hour;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on His truth, and armed with power.

ISAAC WATTS.

Psalm Forty-six.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
 A trusty shield and weapon;
 He'll help us clear from all the ill
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The ancient prince of hell
 Hath risen with purpose fell;
 Strong mail of craft and power
 He weareth in this hour —
 On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can —
 Full soon were we down-ridden;
 But for us fights the proper man,
 Whom God himself hath bidden.
 Ask ye, Who is this same?
 Christ Jesus is His name,
 The Lord Zebaoth's son —
 He and no other one
 Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
 And watching to devour us,
 We lay it not to heart so sore —
 Not they can overpower us.
 And let the prince of ill
 Look grim as e'er he will,
 He harms us not a whit;
 For why? His doom is writ —
 A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
 One moment will not linger;
 But, spite of hell, shall have its course —
 'Tis written by His finger.
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small;
 These things shall vanish all —
 The city of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER. (German.)

Translation of THOMAS CARLYLE.

Psalm Sixty-five.

SECOND PART.

'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal power!
 The sea grows calm at Thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light and evening shade
 Successive comforts bring;
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad —
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
 Heaven, earth, and air, are Thine;
 When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
 The author is divine.

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
 Borne by the winds around,
 With watery treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still —
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

ISAAC WATTS.

Psalm One Hundred.

With one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise —
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before Him songs of praise —

Convinced that He is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed —
 We whom He chooses for His own,
 The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.

Oh enter then His temple gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still His name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord supremely good,
 His mercy is forever sure;
 His truth, which all times firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY.

Hymn.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by Thy care,
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
 Made every region please;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes
 Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
 In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free;
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer
 My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave;
 I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
 Obedient to Thy will;
 The sea, that roared at Thy command,
 At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore—
 And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Hymn.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravished heart?—
 But Thou canst read it there!

Thy providence my life sustained,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently cleared my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face,
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk
 Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Psalm One Hundred and Seventeen.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord—
 Eternal truth attends Thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

The Creator and Creatures.

God is a name my soul adores —

The almighty Three, the eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

From Thy great self Thy being springs,
Thou art Thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things;
And self-sufficiency bears them all.

Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.

A glance of Thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose Thy robes;
Thy guards are formed of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace —
Beneath Thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of Thy face!

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but Thy wisdom knows Thy might —
None but Thy word can speak Thy name.

ISAAC WATTS.

Light Shining out of Darkness.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Search after God.

I sought Thee round about, O Thou my God!
In thine abode.
I said unto the earth: "Speak! art thou he?"
She answered me:
"I am not." I enquired of creatures all,
In general,
Contained therein — they with one voice pro-
claim
That none amongst them challenged such a
name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abyss —
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Enquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air, if that were he; but lo,
 It told me no.
 I from the towering eagle to the wren
 Demanded then
 If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such;
 But they all, much
 Offended with my question, in full choir
 Answered: "To find thy God thou must look
 higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars—but they
 Said: "We obey
 The God thou seekest." I asked, what eye or ear
 Could see or hear—
 What in the world I might descry or know,
 Above, below;
 With an unanimous voice, all these things said:
 "We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass,
 If that God was;
 Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
 As stupefied:
 "I am not He, O man! for know that I
 By Him on high
 Was fashioned first of nothing; thus instated
 And swayed by Him, by whom I was created."

I sought the court; but smooth-tongued flattery
 there
 Deceived each ear;
 In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
 Swearing and lying;
 I' the country, craft in simpleness arrayed—
 And then I said:
 "Vain is my search, although my pains be
 great—
 Where my God is, there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I, then,
 Even thus, began:
 "O man, what art thou?"—What more could I say
 Than dust and clay—
 Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
 That cannot last—
 Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
 Formed from that earth to which I must re-
 turn?

I asked myself, what this great God might be
 That fashioned me;
 I answered: The all-potent, solely immense,
 Surpassing sense—
 Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,
 Lord over all;
 The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
 Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
 To all that live
 Both breath and being. He is the creator
 Both of the water,
 Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
 He hath the list—
 Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
 He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace,
 Thy glorious face
 (So far forth as it may discovered be)
 Methinks I see;
 And though invisible and infinite,
 To human sight
 Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest—
 In which to our weak sense Thou comest nearest.

Oh make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
 Thou God, most kind!
 Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
 Thou God, most just!
 Remit all our offences, we entreat—
 Most good, most great!
 Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest
 May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the
 blest.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

NEARER, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly —
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Walking with God.

OH for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed —
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!
 Sweet messenger of rest:
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

WILLIAM COWPER.

On Another's Sorrow.

CAN I see another's woe,
 And not be in sorrow too?
 Can I see another's grief,
 And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
 And not see my sorrow's share?
 Can a father see his child
 Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
 An infant groan, an infant fear?
 No! no! never can it be —
 Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
 Hear the wren with sorrows small,
 Hear the small bird's grief and care,
 Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,
 Pouring pity in their breast?
 And not sit the cradle near,
 Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
 Wiping all our tears away?
 Oh, no! never can it be —
 Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;
 He becomes an infant small,
 He becomes a man of woe,
 He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy.
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

God is Love.

All I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of Thee.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance —
All around, and all above,
Hath this record: God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred —
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden: God is love.

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart,
All the quiet bliss that lies,
All our human sympathies —
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering: God is love.

ANONYMOUS.

The Resignation.

O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,—
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial night,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain —
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain;
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow —
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Chorus.

KING of kings! and Lord of lords!
Thus we move, our sad steps timing
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
Where Thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to Thee —
To the shadow of Thy wings,
Lord of lords! and King of kings!

Behold, O Lord! the heathen tread
The branches of Thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.

And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us—the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of Thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of Thine hand,
Thou wilt save Thy chosen land!
By all Thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,
Scattered on the Red Sea coast—
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us, in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress—
On the sand and sea-weed lying—
Israel poured her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flowed,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their fathers' God they prayed,
To the Lord of hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the prophet stood;
And the summoned east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves that took their stand
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words:
King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came;
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring,
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud,
The Lord looked down upon the proud;

And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank—they sank like lead—
Down sank without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

The Universal Prayer.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored—
By saint, by savage, and by sage—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this: that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away,
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Oh think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see —
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot —
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE.

Divine Ejaculation.

GREAT God! whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil Thy fear into my heart,
That, being rapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good Thou art;
Open my lips, that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my king.

Great God! Thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay:
Oh call to mind Thy promise past —
Restore Thou them, cut these away;
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee;
Oh make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee;
Lord, let Thy gracious trials show
That I am just — or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine,
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone, this heart of mine?
No, Lord, till Thou new-bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of gods! before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, oh what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
We have no offerings to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou that sitt'st in heaven and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my prince, be Thou my priest —
Command my soul, and cure my sin;
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in Thee:
What I enjoy, oh make it mine,
In making me, that have it, Thine.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
 Of summer friends — when eyes grow strange —
 When plighted faith forgets its vows,
 When earth and all things in it change —
 O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never;
 Where once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

Great God! whose kingdom hath no end,
 Into whose secrets none can dive,
 Whose mercy none can apprehend,
 Whose justice none can feel and live,
 What my dull heart cannot aspire
 To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

JOHN QUARLES.

Thou, God, Seest Me.

O God, unseen but not unknown,
 Thine eye is ever fixed on me;
 I dwell beneath Thy secret throne,
 Encompassed by Thy deity.

Throughout this universe of space
 To nothing am I long allied;
 For flight of time, and change of place,
 My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they?
 Friends whom I knew I know no more;
 Companions, once that cheered my way,
 Have dropped behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst a crowd
 Of life and action hurrying round;
 Now left alone — for, like a cloud,
 They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part —
 Unconscious sleep is nightly death —
 Yet surely by my couch Thou art,
 To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done and said
 How little can I now recall!
 Forgotten things to me are dead;
 With Thee they live, Thou know'st them
 all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
 Witness to every conflict here;
 Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb —
 Before Thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, the only one
 Of all my time to be foretold;
 Yet when, and how, and where, can none
 Among the race of man unfold:

The moment comes when strength shall fail,
 When, health, and hope, and courage flown,
 I must go down into the vale
 And shade of death with Thee alone.

Alone with Thee! — in that dread strife
 Uphold me through mine agony;
 And gently be this dying life
 Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
 Where flesh and blood have never trod,
 And in the unveiled presence stands,
 Of Thee, my Saviour and my God,

Be mine eternal portion this,
 Since Thou wert always here with me:
 That I may view Thy face in bliss,
 And be for evermore with Thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Delight in God only.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth —
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good.
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
 She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air — her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
 Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their
 flesh,

And with their polyphonic notes delight me:
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea — she is my fellow-creature,
 My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
 She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye —
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to
 Thee?
 Without Thy presence, heaven's no heaven to
 me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no refection;
 Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure;

Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;
 Without Thy presence, heaven's itself no pleasure:

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
 The brightest beams of glory are, at most,
 But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;
 The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But nightly glow-worms if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
 Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares,
 Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;

Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have their being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
 Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
 And having Thee alone, what have I not?
 I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Time Past, Time Passing, Time to Come.

LORD, Thou hast been Thy people's rest,
 Through all their generations —
 Their refuge when by troubles pressed,
 Their hope in tribulations:
 Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
 Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
 Art God from everlasting.

Our life is like the transient breath,
 That tells a mournful story —
 Early or late stopped short by death —
 And where is all our glory?
 Our days are threescore years and ten,
 And if the span be lengthened then,
 Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes
 All our misdeeds and errors;
 Our secret sins from darkness rise
 At Thine awakening terrors:
 Who shall abide the trying hour?
 Who knows the thunder of Thy power?
 We flee unto Thy mercy.

Lord, teach us so to mark our days
 That we may prize them duly;
 So guide our feet in wisdom's ways
 That we may love Thee truly;
 Return, O Lord! our griefs behold,
 And with Thy goodness, as of old,
 Oh satisfy us early!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Thou God Unsearchable.

THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
 Who still conceal'st Thyself from me,
 Hear an apostate spirit groan —
 Broke off and banished far from Thee!
 But conscious of my fall I mourn,
 And fain I would to Thee return.

Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
 Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
 To guide me through the gulf of night —
 My poor desponding soul to cheer,

Till Thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all Thy glorious love.

A hidden God indeed Thou art —
Thy absence I this moment feel;
Yet must I own it from my heart —
Concealed, Thou art a Saviour still;
And though Thy face I cannot see,
I know Thine eye is fixed on me.

My Saviour Thou, not yet revealed;
Yet will I Thee my Saviour call,
Adore Thy hand — from sin withheld —
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
And show Thyself for ever mine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

God.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide —
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God — there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone —
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er, —
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep — may count
The sands or the sun's rays — but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so
high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence — Lord! in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee — of light, joy, har-
mony,

Sole Origin — all life, all beauty Thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious!
Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround —
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from
Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss —
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light —
A glorious company of golden streams —
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright —
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost: —
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? — Heaven's unnumbered
host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness — is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence — for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity,
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! — directing, guiding all — Thou art!

Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;

Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth —
On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me —

In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit — deity!

I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave — a worm, a god!

Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word

Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!

Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring

Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing

Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source, to Thee, its author there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! oh visions blest!

Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,

Thus seek Thy presence — Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

GABRIEL ROMANOWITCH DERZHAVIN. (Russian.)

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

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